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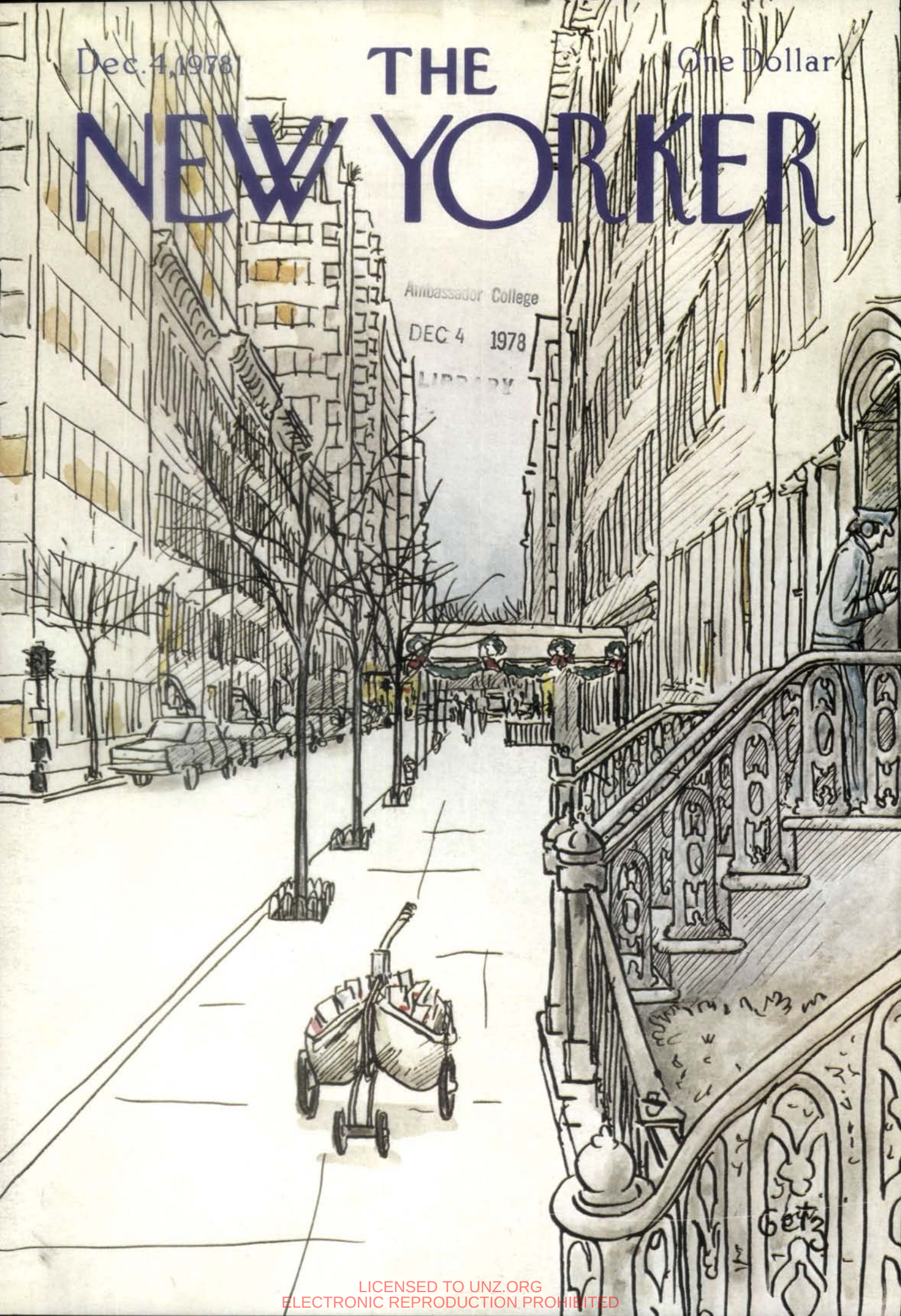
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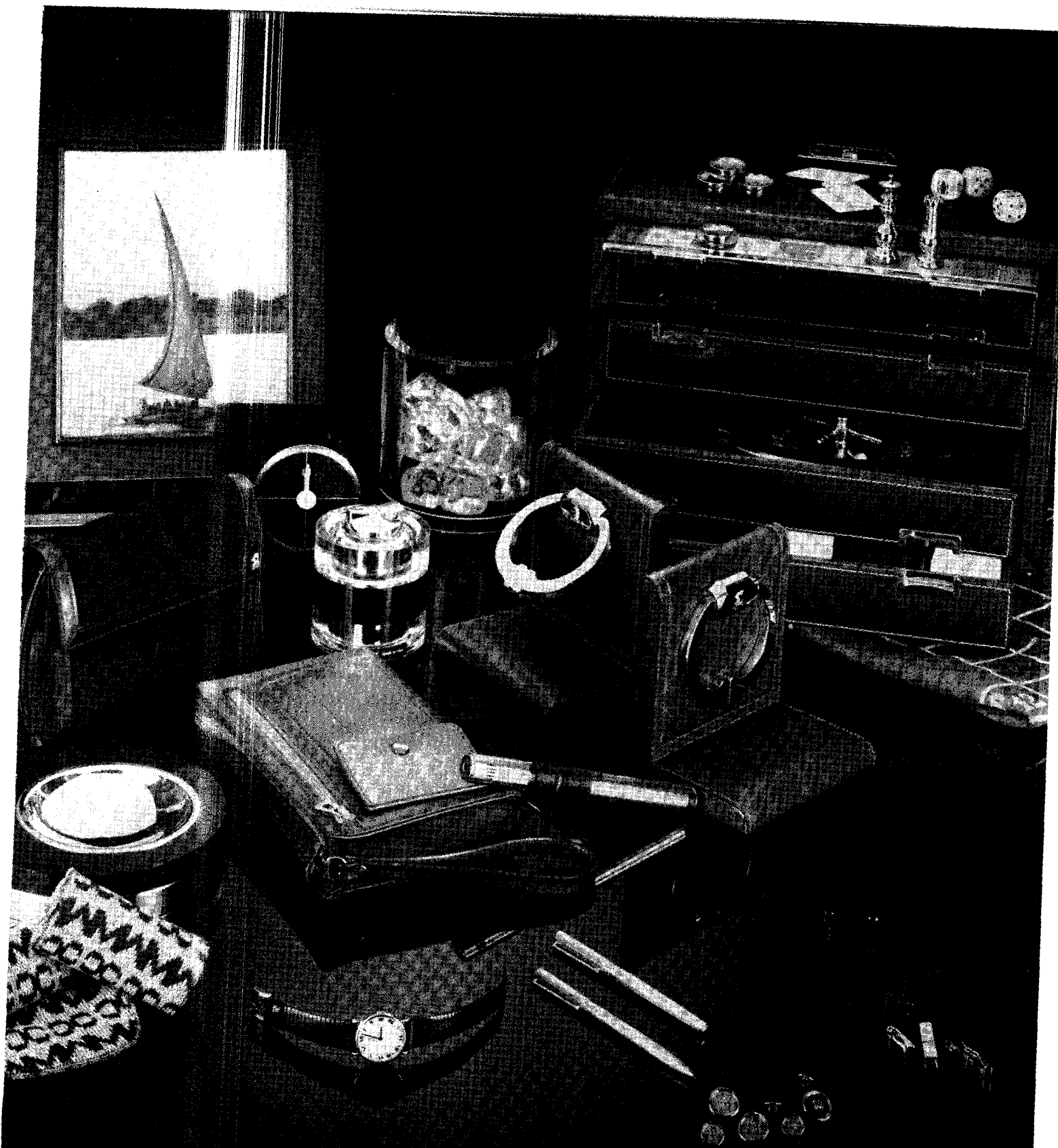
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMERICAN DANCE MACHINE—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 3.)

ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons, among them that the impersonations by the actors on hand are indifferent, at best. Peggy Cass (through Sunday, Dec. 3) reads Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BALLROOM IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL—A play by Louis Phillips. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 29. Opens officially on Friday, Dec. 1. (Colonades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—Paxton Whitehead makes a splendidly crisp and authoritative Sherlock Holmes in this clever pastiche of A. Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Bernard Hughes his late Da. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DANCIN'—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DRINKS BEFORE DINNER—E. L. Doctorow's pre-tentious and boring melodrama about a garrulous guest who hijacks a dinner party, more or less at gunpoint. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

EMLYN WILLIAMS AS "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WEEKEND WORLD"—Mr. Williams in a one-man show adapted by him from the short stories of H. H. Munro (Saki). Reviewed in this issue.

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(Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Cole Porter's musical CAN-CAN, with a book by Abe Burrows, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EUBIE!—A delightful old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-five. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays

at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FIRST MONDAY IN OCTOBER—Henry Fonda, Jane Alexander, and Larry Gates play their roles to perfection in an amusing comedy about the United States Supreme Court and its discomfiture, when the President appoints a woman Justice. (10/16/78) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and

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COVER: Arthur Getz

DRAWINGS: Lee Lorenz, Mischa Richter, Mort Gerberg, Stan Hunt, Barney Tobey, Edward Koren, Michael Maslin, Ed Fisher, Arnie Levin, Boris Drucker, Edward Frascino, Tom Funk, Jack Ziegler, Everett Opie, Dana Fradon, Saul Steinberg, Warren Miller, Charles Barsotti, Nurit Karlin, Henry Martin

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes at the Public on Sunday, Dec. 3, and will reopen at the Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St., on Friday, Dec. 15.)

THE KINGFISHER—Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose in a comedy by William Douglas Home, imported from London. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. Previews through Tuesday, Dec. 5. Opens officially on Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinees Saturdays and also Thursday, Nov. 30, and Friday, Dec. 8, at 2.)

KING OF HEARTS—A catastrophe mitigated by the charm and cleverness of Santo Loquasto's sets. (10/30/78) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LAUGH A LIFETIME—An Israeli-Yiddish musical, with Shimon Dzigan and Ben Bonus. (Norman Thomas Theatre, Park Ave. at 33rd St. 686-3535. Saturday at 8:30 and Sunday at 2 and 5. Closes Sunday, Dec. 3.)

THE LESSON—A depressing revival of Ionesco's one-acter, preceded by a deeply depressing documentary movie about the Nazi Party in California. (10/30/78) (Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. 270-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Victor Herbert's *BABES IN TOYLAND* is the second in this season's series of fifteen productions. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 29, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 14. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA—A play based on Mikhail Bulgakov's novel, adapted and directed by Andrei Serban. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. May close Sunday, Dec. 3. Free.)

NONGOGO—A play by Athol Fugard. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

PINS AND NEEDLES—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17.)

PLATINUM—One is happy to be in the presence of Alexis Smith, modestly singing and dancing in a musical that has no other reason to exist. (11/20/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

P. S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

REAR COLUMN—Based on a historical episode, this strong play by Simon Gray is about the demoralization of a group of British officers who, with their troops, were left behind by H. M. Stanley in the late eighteen-eighties to spend a year in the Congo jungle. The performance, under James Hammerstein's direction, is excellent. With Remak Ramsay, John Horton, Paul Collins, Josh Clark, Benjamin Hendrickson, and Alvin Alexis. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

RUNAWAYS—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range



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in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TAKE A GIANT STEP—Louis Peterson's 1953 play will be the second in a series of five black plays from the forties and fifties to be performed by the New Federal Theatre. Opens Thursday, Nov. 30, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 10. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TRIBUTE—A resourceful performance by Jack Lemmon as a lovable scamp makes this implausible comedy by Bernard Slade something well worth seeing. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING—A play by Lee Kalcheim. Directed by George Abbott. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE: A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. David Groh plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,728 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE GIN GAME**: Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have

his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **I LOVE MY WIFE**: Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE KING AND I**: An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) ... **MUMMENSCHAUZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY**: Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

ICE DANCING—A company of thirteen skaters, headed by John Curry and Jo Jo Starbuck, performing works created by, among others, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, Kenneth MacMillan, Peter Martins, Twyla Tharp, and Mr. Curry himself. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 3.)

CIRCUS—The hundred-and-eighth edition of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey wingding. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 29-30, at



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Dec. 1, at 3:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 2, at 11, 3, and 8; and final performances Sunday, Dec. 3, at 1 and 5:30.)

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE SCHOOL: FIFTIETH-ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION—A benefit program of song, dance, and drama. Among the performers will be Neighborhood Playhouse graduates Tony Randall, Joanne Woodward, Maureen Stapleton, Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, and Jon Voight. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 580-3373.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Sunday, Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 3, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 5-7, at 6; Friday, Dec. 8, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 17—Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 7:30: "Toccata," "Blues Suite," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations," plus excerpts from seven other ballets, performed by both present and former members of the company. (A benefit performance.)... ♪ Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8: "Gazelle," "Butterfly," "Facets," and "Suite Otis."... ♪ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Streams," "Cry," "Medusa" (premiere), and "Revelations."... ♪ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Coverage II," "Gazelle," and "Revelations."... ♪ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," and "Revelations."... ♪ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Butterfly," "Facets," and "Suite Otis."... ♪ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 7:30: "Streams," "Cry," "Medusa," and "Suite Otis."... ♪ Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8: "Gazelle," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ♪ Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Love Songs," "Flowers," and "Suite Otis."... ♪ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8: "Congo Tango Palace," "Hobo Sapiens," "Toccata," "Sunrise... Sunset" (premiere), and "Caravan."... ♪ Friday, Dec. 8, at 8: "Streams," "The Time Before the Time After," "Medusa," and "Suite Otis."... ♪ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2: "Congo Tango Palace," "Reflections in D," "Toccata," "Flowers," and "Revelations."... ♪ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Butterfly," "Hobo Sapiens," "Sunrise... Sunset," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8089.)

ABRAŠEVIĆ—A Yugoslavian folk company of sixty musicians, dancers, and singers. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town... ♪ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Sort of a ma-and-pa jazz loft, owned and managed by drummer **RASHIED ALI**, who will perform here with his quintet starting Tuesday, Dec. 5. Before that—through Saturday, Dec. 2—tenor saxophonist **FRANK WRIGHT** leads his sextet. Mondays now belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret-loft on SoHo's main drag, but it's so gussied up with carpeting and white furniture that at first glance it doesn't look like a loft space. Julie Kurnitz, a singer who has in the past brightened up more than a few Al Carnines

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musicals, will be on hand Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2. Shows begin at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. **HELEN HUMES**, cute, cuddly, and ever smiling, has moved in to sing delicate ballads and authoritative blues. She's here from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup begins with the legendary folk guitarist **JOHN FAHEY**, who will hypnotically jog up and down his fingerboard on Thursday, Nov. 30. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, belong to blues singer and guitarist **JOHN HAMMOND**, who stomps, whoops, whines, and bottlenecks his way into authenticity; on Sunday, Dec. 3, **LARRY CORVELL**, who now performs as an arty solo guitarist, will be on hand; on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 4-5, **JERRY JEFF WALKER**, a singing-and-guitar-playing good old boy, will sing and play country-folk tunes; and on Thursday, Dec. 7, singer **FLORA PURIM** will arrive with her band to perform South American fusion music—a blend of rock, jazz, and Brazilian jungle music with a pinch of bossa nova. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **ROLAND HANNA** is on duty through Saturday, Dec. 2; Monday through Saturday, Dec. 4-9, **DAVE MCKENNA**, an exemplary solo pianist, will be in charge. Sundays are claimed by pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An authentic-sounding Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—plays Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven, and after a set of Bonfais, Jobims, Gils, and Gilbertos, one actually feels capable of dancing the samba. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, is leading a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his two stalwart sidemen—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—hold Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight... ♪ In the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** fills in through Saturday, Dec. 2, for **BARBARA CARROLL**, who will return

on Monday, Dec. 4. Music weeknights from nine until one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** plays in this noisy restaurant with a trio Mondays through Fridays from six until eleven. Jambalaya crawfish pie and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

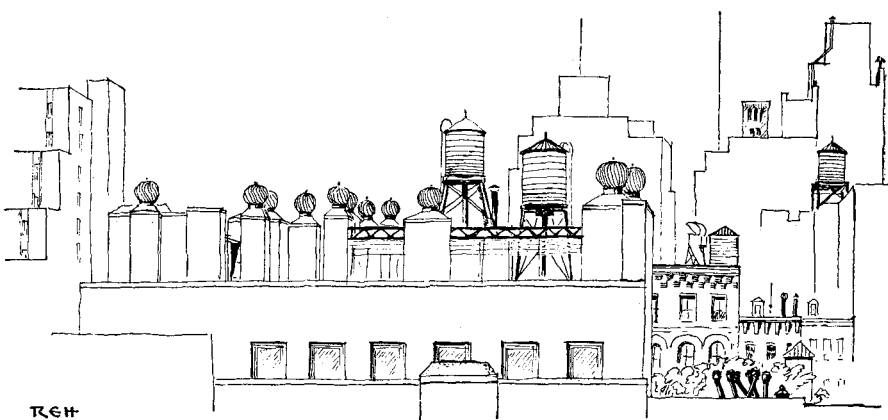
DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer is back on Third Avenue. He's here Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet occupies a bandstand that faces a wall made up entirely of striking blown-up photographs of jazz musicians smiling or playing. The six-part group of regulars plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 3, **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young tenor saxophonist influenced by the swing era, will lead a quintet that will feature **BUDDY TATE**, a tenor saxophonist who influenced the swing era, from eight-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays, from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with **HOD O'BRIEN** on piano, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist **Alicia Sherman**. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**ZOOT SIMS**, who plays buoyant and dancing tenor-sax solos, leads his quartet Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-0700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Bluesy pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and his bassist play duets from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays. The music is well miked, so that even when the place bustles, one can hear the music clearly. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A dense concentration of Texas accents, Lone Star beer bottles, and good, solid country and rock music. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB CABARET, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"A Lady Needs a Change," a tribute to Dorothy Fields, with Kelly Bishop, Chip Garnett, Carolyn Mignini, Patti Allison, Tyra Ferrell, and Scott Robertson, is being given Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at eight-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Freddie Cole sings and plays piano nicely and in a style not unlike his older brother, Nat Cole. He works with a trio through Saturday, Dec. 2. On Tuesday, Dec. 5, pianist **DICK HYMAN** will move in with a quintet that will perform George Gershwin music exclusively. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants, and a fine place to hear **MILT JACKSON** play lovely, fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp. Jackson and his quintet are scheduled to be present Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9. Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A venerable folk and rock club. **JAMES COTTON**, the exuberant Chicago-blues-harp player and singer who is best heard in smaller, intimate clubs, like this one, leads his quartet on Wednesday, Nov. 29; and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, belong to folkies **Brewer and Shipley**. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Various young singers will perform on the black-and-white-tiled stage during the next two weeks. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, which is still so new that most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned. Bassist **Teruo Nakamura** leads his sextet, the Rising Sun, Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2; and on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 5-6, tenor saxophonist **BENNIE WALLACE** will lead his quartet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Drummer **ELVIN JONES** heads up a quintet in this large, square, comfortable club through Saturday, Dec. 2; on Wednesday, Dec. 6, bassist **RON CARTER** will bring in his quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flugelhornist **ART FARMER** and his lively young quartet finish up on Sunday, Dec. 3; on Monday, Dec. 4, altoist **BOB MOYER** will receive first-rate backing up from pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**—three-quarters of Ron Carter's regular quartet; and on Tuesday, Dec. 5, guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** will bring in a quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-

0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**, a slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime duo—Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings—will perform Thursday, Nov. 30 at nine and eleven, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, at ten and midnight. Singer **BABY JANE DEXTER** will perform here Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The management has reestablished live music at the Top of the Gate, and it's a good thing. **OLATUNJI** and **MONGO SANTAMARIA**, who used to share double bills at Birdland more than fifteen years ago, head their respective African- and Latin-percussion-spiced combos on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2; the Olatunji group stays on until Thursday, Dec. 7; and on Saturday, Dec. 9, guitarist **Baird Hershey** will perform with his eleven-piece outfit. Music from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight other nights.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **ARNETT COBB**, who was billed as "The Wildest Tenorman in the World" in the forties, leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 3. Cobb, who nowadays works out of Houston, plays old-fashioned breathy, sinuous, honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that very often anymore. On Tuesday, Dec. 5, tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Bassist **SAM JONES** and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** co-pilot a twelve-piece band on Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, **Sonellus Smith** is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to **Armen Donelian**. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Drummer **JO JONES** and a quartet perform on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 29-30; on Friday, Dec. 1, a quintet called **Two-Tenor Boogie**—the two tenors are **PAUL QUINICHETTE** and **GEORGE KELLY** and the boogie is supplied by pianist **SAMMY PRICE**—will be in charge; on Saturday, Dec. 2, pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER** will work with a quintet; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 5-6, trombonist and singer **CLYDE BERNHARDT** will lead his Harlem Blues and Jazz Band; and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, will be given over to **George Kelly's Jazz Sultans**. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DALIDA—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.

GRATEFUL DEAD—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8.

JESSE COLIN YOUNG, **LIVINGSTON TAYLOR**, and **JACK TEMPCHIN**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday,

Dec. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

DAVE BURRELL and **THE MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON TRIO**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Dec. 1, at 10:30.

RICHIE HAVENS and **TOM PAXTON**—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.

BLACK IMAGES II, JAZZORAMA 1929-1970s—Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8: Jazz dance on film from 1929 to the sixties, performed by, among others, Bill (Bojangles) Robinson, Buck and Bubbles, and the Nicholas Brothers. With, onstage, the Harlem All-Star Big Band. . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8: "Then and Now: Rhythm & Blues at the Apollo, Soul in Concert," with Curtis Mayfield, Isaac Hayes, Roberta Flack, the Jackson Five, the Temptations, Cannonball Adderley, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Admission by contribution.)

RAY CHARLES and **HIS ORCHESTRA** with **THE RAELETTES** and **THE STAPLE SINGERS**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.

ANDREW CYRILLE QUINTET and **INTERFACE**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 10:30.

SALUTE TO GREAT AMERICAN SONGWRITERS—The free concerts continue with Emme Kemp performing the songs of W. C. Handy. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St. Monday through Thursday, Dec. 4-7, at 6.)

CHAKA KHAN and **LENNY WHITE**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.

STYX and **ANGEL**—Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.

DARYL HALL and **JOHN OATES** and **CITY BOY**—Palladium. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 8-9, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

DARREL AUSTIN—Paintings done during the seventies by this specialist in moonlit, phosphorescent swamps populated by nymphs and tigers. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

WILLI BAUMEISTER (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Dec. 29. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—An autobiography conveyed in richly colored collages that take him from the Carolina cotton fields to the mills of Pittsburgh. Through Dec. 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

JAKE BERTHOT—Eight new abstract paintings, and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

EMILE BRANCHARD and **WILLIAM FELLINI**—Paintings by two self-taught artists who worked in the first half of the century. Through Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

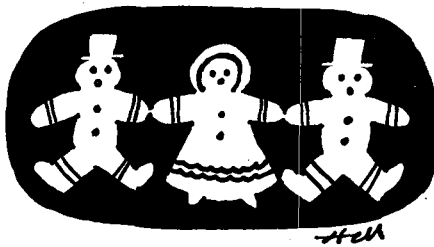
BERNARD CATHELIN—A retrospective covering the past fifty years of this painter's fluent work in Russia, Japan, Malaysia, India; Mexico, Spain, and at home in France. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917)—A benefit loan show of fifty-four works, including studies of dancers and horse-racing scenes. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Dec. 16. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

WILLIAM DOLE—Geometric collage paintings, covering a twenty-year period, whose printed fragments include ticket stubs, marbled paper, and Arabic lettering. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN DUFF—A two-gallery sculpture exhibit of open geometric forms, mostly polygonal. Drawings and table-size pieces made of copper rods, the largest thirty-four inches long, are at the Willard, 29 E. 72nd St., and bigger ones, made of welded-steel rods (the



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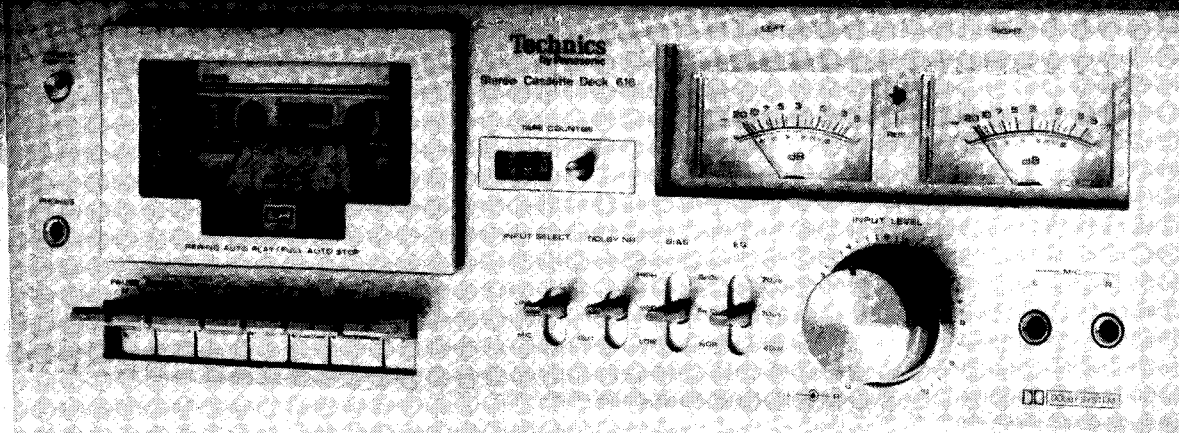
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largest piece is eight feet long, six feet wide, and five feet high), are in a showroom on the third floor of 623 Broadway, just north of Houston St. Through Dec. 23.

MARY FAULCONER—Small, precise portraits (S. J. Perelman in a mandarin jacket, standing beside his pet myna bird; Irving Penn behind a tripod), still-lives (cigar boxes), and building facades (a Paris charcuterie). Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GARY KUEHN—Monochromatic paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

PAT MAINARDI—Vigorously composed landscapes, many of which seem to be centered on a vortex, plus some quickly drawn life studies. Through Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

LARRY RIVERS—This accomplished draftsman retraces his steps in these paintings and drawings, resurrecting the Dutch Master cigar series, the studies of Napoleon, the last Civil War veteran, French money, and so on. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

DAVID ROTH—Overlapping curtains of painted string plus recent works in which dime-size discs of bright-colored acrylics are painted in a pattern on a grid. Through Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG—Literal play with words. For instance, fragments of cutout letters are fixed to acetate sheets hanging one behind the other and so arranged that when the viewer gets himself (or the sheets) properly aligned, the fragments fit together and form letters, words, and even sentences. Through Dec. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID SMITH (1906-65)—Sculptures from the fifties and sixties. Through Dec. 14. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

WALASSE TING—Paintings of women. Through Jan. 6. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)

WARIK WHEATLEY—Highly romanticized landscapes—fawns frolicking, children wading through fields of flowers, full-blown still-lives. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Ta-Nisia, 741 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the GUREWITSCH, 55 E. 74th St.: Four artists who move their studios to Provincetown in the summer—Fritz Bultman and Carmen Cicero (paintings), Leo Manso (collages), and Nora Speyer (drawings). Through Dec. 22. (Opens at 1.)... **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: "Abstract Expressionism and Its Disciples" contains paintings by de Kooning, Kline, Leslie, Strautmanis, and others, and sculptures by John Chamberlain. Through Dec. 21.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ENRICO BAJ—Silk damask is one of the background materials for these portrayals of primitive-looking creatures, some of them rather bawdy, made up of seashells, toy compasses, medals, buttons, and other odds and ends. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

PINCHAS COHEN GAN—This artist has invented his own pictographic language, and he tells cryptic stories in it, scrawled on wood or paper. Through Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES COINER/ROBERT SIVARD—Bucks County landscapes, among others. Through Saturday, Dec. 2./Paris shops and Dublin pubs are the subjects for a series of watercolors. Through Dec. 16. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

SALLY HAZELET DRUMMOND/LEIGH BEHNKE—Minuscule dots of oil color radiating from a glowing center, the canvas as a whole reminiscent of those photographs of distant galaxies./Paired watercolors, one done in a predominant color, the other in its opposite on the color wheel. The subjects range from refrigerator interiors to cityscapes. Through Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

RUBE GOLDBERG (1883-1970)—Original drawings for political cartoons, and bronzes. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GOODMAN—Drawings, pastels, watercolors, and prints. Through Friday, Dec. 8. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

HOWARD KANOVITZ—Surreal pastels that use a Photo-Realist technique. Through Dec. 13. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

VANCE KIRKLAND—A fifty-year retrospective of the works of this Colorado artist, ranging from realist watercolors of ghost towns to his large, latter-day oils depicting galactic explosions. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

YASUHIKO KOBASHI—A screen of variously shaped terra-cotta weights that can be raised or lowered individually is the major work among numerous joking and sometimes ghoulish pieces by this descendant of a long line of master potters in Japan. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

ALFRED LESLIE—This realist, noted for his heroic figures, has five new paintings, one of them his largest work to date—a triptych containing fourteen larger-than-life-size figures. Through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JACK LEVINE—A show of graphics which coincides with his retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Through Dec. 15. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

JOAN MIRÓ—Recent works. Through Dec. 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—A dozen small bronzes, five drawings, and thirty prints. Through Dec. 16. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist, who uses abstract means to express classical themes. Of special interest are a group of low reliefs incised in wet clay before firing. Through Jan. 20. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN PORTER/BRUCE TIPPETT—Abstract sculpture involving simple basic forms, made of wood or metal, and a few tricks done with mirrors./Large landscapes done in charcoal and heightened (not to say electrified) with watercolor. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

CLIFFORD ROSS—Large abstract paintings in which areas of acrylic stain (orderly, formal, flat) are contrasted with tumultuous seas of gel. Through Thursday, Dec. 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

THEODORE ROSZAK—A dazzling show of Constructivist sculpture, both free-standing rocket-like pieces and intricate wall boxes, combining metal, plastic, and painted wood, done during the thirties and forties. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Zabriskie, 20 W. 57th St.)

MARK ROTHKO (1903-70)—A group of murals dated 1958-59, done in rich burgundies, reds, oranges, browns. This show is running concurrently with his retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—Among the new sculptures on view is the work entitled "In Memory of May 4, 1970, Kent State: Abraham and Isaac." Starts Friday, Dec. 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

RICHARD SMITH—Kite-like panels of painted canvas stretched on wooden or aluminum rods and arranged in overlapping groups on the wall; one piece, consisting of five panels, is roughly nine feet tall and twelve feet wide. Through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

LYNTON WELLS/MERRILL WAGNER—Jagged, unpleasant-looking tree trunks superimposed in black paint on huge photographs of placid Connecticut landscapes which have been printed on photo-sensitized linen and retouched with rubbed-in raw pigment. Through Saturday, Dec. 2./Large works involving acrylic or pastel drawings done on masking tape and then applied to Plexiglas. Through Dec. 30. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SUSAN WILMARTH—Large canvases on which the artist uses oil and warm wax to achieve the

effect of rich fabrics. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the AARON BERMAN, 50 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of styles and mediums by Walkowitz, Goings, Chryssa, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 1.... **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Fanny Brennan's small oils and Rex Lau's painted wooden sculptures are included in a show devoted to landscapes, seascapes, and cityscapes. Through Dec. 22.

SCULPTURE—Small-scale works by Mary Frank, Kenneth Snelson, George Segal, Phyllis Mark, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

DOTTY ATTIE—Four enigmatic stories, told in alternating panels of text and illustrations, displayed on the gallery walls. Through Wednesday, Dec. 6. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

JOHN BAEDER/EDWARD MAYER—This specialist in portraying the American diner in situ has added several more specimens to his collection, including the one at Clarksville, N.J./Sculptures made of stacked wooden laths; the pieces are naturally architectural in form, and the largest is eleven feet tall. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

LYNDA BENGLIS—What look like regal door pulls are really wall sculptures made of wire mesh, plaster, and gesso covered with gold leaf. Some of the pieces are six feet in length. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

STEPHEN BROWN—Life-size male and female nudes, interiors, bar scenes, and self-portraits, done in oil on canvas. Through Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

KENT FLOETER—Sculptures that cover an entire wall and are made of quarter-inch cold-rolled sheet steel, cut through and folded back on itself here and there. The whole surface is painted with red lead. Through Dec. 14. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

GARRY RICH—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

SAL SIRUGO/MARY NICHOLAS—Works in ink on paper./Abstract wood sculptures. Through Dec. 14. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

CY TWOMBLY—Ten large, abstract paintings, some of them scribbled over with Greek phrases that tell the story of the Iliad all over again—at least some of the Alexander Pope version of it. Through Jan. 20. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

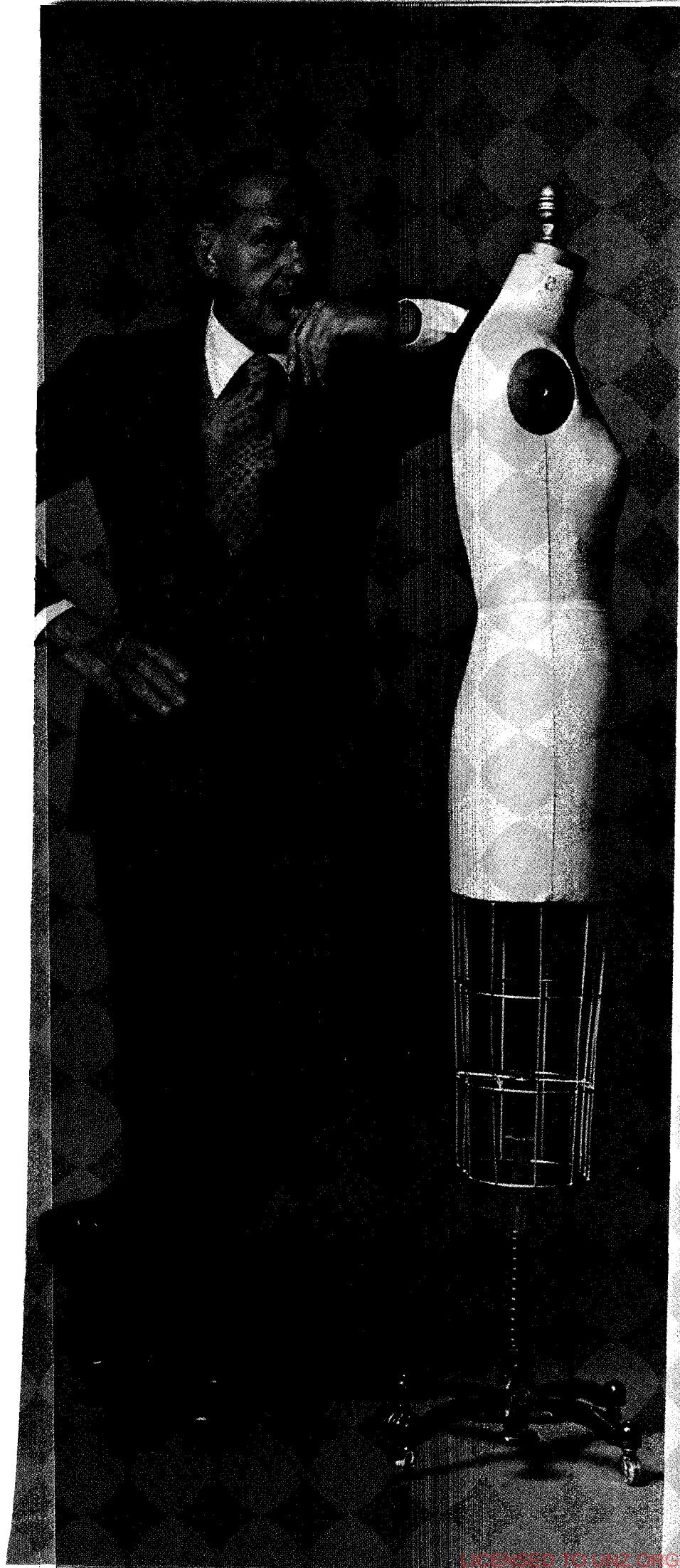
MARGARET WHARTON—Ten new assemblages made chiefly from chair parts. Some of the assemblages are constructed to look like different chairs, some are anthropomorphic, and some take shapes suggested by the chair they were made from—an insect that was once a garden chair. Through Jan. 6. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

UNA WILKINSON—Interiors, landscapes, horse shows, and still-lives of bird decoys are subjects for this painter, who works in East Hampton. Through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

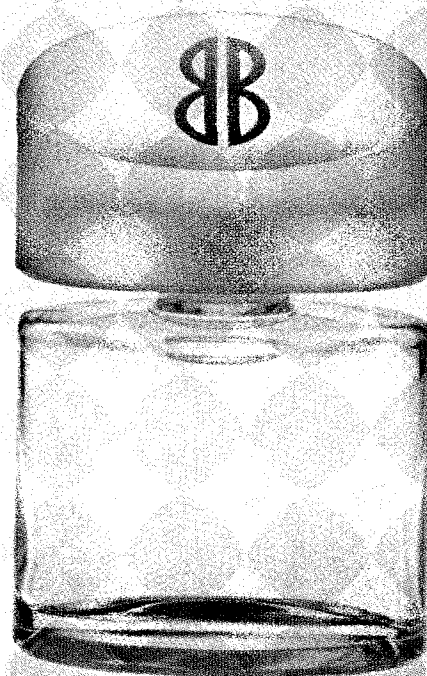
GROUP SHOWS—At the DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: A new crop of drawings selected from the thousands submitted to the center for appraisal. Three of the eleven artists whose works are being shown are Gary Falk, who makes Minimal drawings of architectural forms, and Jane Kaplowitz, who draws lively interiors with colored pencils, both of New York City, and Robert Kitchen, of Chattahoochee County, Georgia, who paints watercolors of china vases decorated with flamboyant roses. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays, and Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **HOFFMAN**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the gallery artists, including Jack Tworikov, Carolyn Brady, and Fumio Yoshimura. Through Jan. 11.

OTHER GALLERIES

TINA GIROUARD/KEITH SONNIER—New works using metal ceiling materials, plus earlier pieces incorporating wallpaper and linoleum./Four



The newest
Bill Blass creation
has no buttons,
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An accord
of mimosa, jonquil, hyacinth and jasmine.
Wooded and warmed and evoked for the lady.
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time for each other.
Yet when they're
together, time stops.
And they turn to the Slow
Glow. Cointreau. With its
hint of orange, it glows
opalescent on the rocks,
brilliantly clear straight
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

speakers in the gallery room give off the sounds (amplified) of the gallery's two telephones and the sounds picked up by two hidden microphones. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

MORRIS GRAVES—Works from throughout his career, in several mediums, including tempera, wax, ink, and gouache on paper and on Masonite. Through Friday, Dec. 8. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Artists from out of town, among them Tom Hatch of San Francisco, who plays carefully calculated tricks with mirrors and toy furniture; Janis Provisor, also of San Francisco, who paints enigmatic symbols in thick paint against a contrasting background; and Dan Rizzie, of Dallas, who uses simple cutout forms, acrylics, and graphite in his collages. Through Friday, Dec. 1. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **NEW YORK UNIVERSITY**: The Contemporary Arts Gallery, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl., has thirty-eight works by artists who belong to the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. The works cover the period from 1940 to 1978 and are by Will Barnett, Louise Nevelson, Chaim Gross, and others. Through Dec. 16. (Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

HILLA AND BERND BECHER/DEBORAH TURBEVILLE—Photographs of grain elevators, cooling towers, blast furnaces, coal bunkers, and water towers. Photographic collages, with text, by a *Vogue* photographer. Through Dec. 22. (Sonabend, 420 West Broadway.)

BARBARA BORDNICK—Polaroid portraits of women in jazz—Alberta Hunter, Mabel Mercer, Mary Lou Williams, Marian McPartland, Toshiko Akiyoshi. Through Dec. 21. (The Space, 154 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE (1904-71)—Photographic essays made for *Fortune* and *Life* between 1933 and 1957. Through Dec. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAY COLEN—Color pictures of quotidian Parisian life. Through Dec. 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

MICHAEL DE CAMP AND ANNE AND DAVID DOUBILET—Dye-transfer prints by three photographers who have found their subjects under the sea—the Andrea Doria, Weddell seals, the sharks of Isla Mujeres. Through Jan. 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FRANK GOHLKE—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

SHEILA METZNER—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lives; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOAN MYERS—Hand-tinted photographs of nudes and landscapes which have the appearance of soft watercolors. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

AARON SISKIND—Recent works. Through Dec. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GEORGIA O'KEEFE: A PORTRAIT BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ—Fifty-one photographs (chosen by O'Keeffe from the five hundred or so that Stieglitz took of her between 1917 and 1933) are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRENCH EMBASSY**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: An exhibition of about two hundred prints by as many photographers, among them Lotte Jacobi, Ruth Orkin, Mathew Brady, and W. Eugene Smith. Through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with

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examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Open Sundays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The second segment of the reinstallation of the Egyptian collection—this part holding materials from 1379 to 389 B.C.—consists of seven new galleries adjacent to the Temple of Dendur. Starts Thursday, Nov. 30....

¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters.... ¶ The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14.... ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30.... ¶ Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Jan. 2.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St.

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibit of early Abstract Expressionist paintings (covering the years 1935 to 1949), by Baziotes, de Kooning, Krasner, Stamos, and others. Through Sunday, Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, drawings, posters, photographs, sculptures, and graphics by George Inness, Edward Steichen, Maxfield Parrish, and other artists who worked at the turn of the century and were influenced by the Symbolist movement. Through Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-two artists (among them Elsie Manville, Robert Kulicke, and Carl Nicholas Titolo) are exhibiting paintings and drawings in the thir-

tieth annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about one-third of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums)....

¶ A memorial show of the works of William Gropper, John Koch, and Abraham Rattner. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A show of classical Indian sculptures from the Gupta period, fourth to seventh centuries A.D., contains sandstone images of Buddha (Gupta-period sculptors established Buddha's "human" appearance), and Hindu temple sculptures. Through Sunday, Dec. 3. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5. Additional hours Monday through Thursday, Dec. 4-7, from 5 to 8.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by Francois-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7.... ¶ The second annual exhibit of postcard designs (both the original designs and the cards printed from them) contains the efforts of Edward Koren, Martha Graham, Betye Saar, David Hockney, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of Japanese folk art spanning six centuries. Many periods and cultures are represented: Arita porcelains dating from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; a nineteenth-century lacquered food box used for picnics and made of woven paper string; a *bandori* (back pad), whose intricate design was woven from straw, yarn, and cloth, made for carrying a bridal chest to a wedding (also nineteenth century); more than a dozen seventeenth- and eighteenth-century *Otsu-e* folk paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) A complementary show (ending Saturday) of graphics is at Kennedy Galleries, 40 W. 57th St.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Sunday, Dec. 3.... ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Sunday, Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers dating from 1678 to 1865. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and thirty works by ceramicist Peter Voulkos. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of oil paintings and drawings by Bob Thompson (1937-66)—twenty-three works in all. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Nov. 29: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; conducted by James Levine. . . . Thursday evening, Nov. 30: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Mignon Dunn, John Alexander, Cornell MacNeil, Paul Plishka, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . Friday evening, Dec. 1: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Carlo Bini, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Saturday matinee, Dec. 2: "The Bartered Bride" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Nicolai Gedda, Jon Vickers, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . Saturday evening, Dec. 2: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Guy Chauvet, Ingvar Wixell, Ezio Flagello, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Monday evening, Dec. 4: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bini, Cornell MacNeil, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; James Levine. . . . Tuesday evening, Dec. 5: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, Ezio Flagello, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patané. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . Wednesday evening, Dec. 6: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Thursday evening, Dec. 7: A new production of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.) . . . Friday evening, Dec. 8: "Aida," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giorgio Lamberti, Ingvar Wixell, Ezio Flagello, and John Cheek; Giuseppe Patané. . . . Saturday matinee, Dec. 9: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Guy Chauvet, and Michael Devlin; Giuseppe Patané. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . Saturday evening, Dec. 9: "Luisa Miller," with Katia Ricciarelli, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bini, Mario Sereni, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7:30. Matinees Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 1:30.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." Staged by Calvin Morgan, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Sixten Ehrling. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Dec. 6, and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, Nov. 30, and Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, and Friday, Dec. 1, at 2 (all with Ursula Oppens, piano, and Joseph Robinson, oboe). . . . Mstislav Rostropovich conducting Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 12, at 7:30 (all with Martha Argerich, piano).

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Howard Shanet

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conducting. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

"**MISSA SOLEMNIS**"—Charlotte Bergen directing a symphony orchestra and a chorus in a performance of Beethoven's Mass, with Sheryl King Lazzarotti, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Misha Raitzin, tenor; and Theodore Lambrinos, baritone. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:30.)

WAVERLY WAITS—Michael Jaffee conducting an ensemble of twenty in a debut program of festive and ceremonial music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries played on authentic instruments of the times. (Alice Tully Hall, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting, with Masuko Ushioda, violin, and Tsuyoshi Tsutsumi, cello. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3.)

NEW YORK STRING ENSEMBLE—A small chamber orchestra that performs without a conductor; with Edmund Niemann, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting the complete Brandenburg Concertos of Bach. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Janos Starker, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

SINE NOMINE SINGERS—Harry Saltzman directing a program called "In Praise of Music," with the New York Consort of Viols and Allan Fast, countertenor. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

BARNARD-COLUMBIA CHORUS—Peter Schubert directing a program of settings of Psalm 130. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL CONCERT—John F. Grady directing the combined choirs of St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul in Philadelphia, with members of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Michael Hammond directing a program of sacred music of Schütz and Monteverdi with baroque instruments, and with Frank Hoffmeister and Howard Cook, tenors, and Walter Hilse, organ. (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

MOUNT HOLYOKE CHORUSES—Timothy Mount and Catharine R. Melhorn directing a benefit Christmas concert. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 371-2139.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing, with Jane Bryden, soprano; Jacqueline Pierce, mezzo-soprano; Arthur Williams, tenor; and Jonathan Reinhold, baritone. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

MASTERWORK CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Judith Blazer, soprano; Victoria Grof, mezzo-soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Frank Daniels, bass-baritone; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2 and 6:30.)

RECITALS

GUARNERI QUARTET—With Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

OLIVIER MESSIAEN—Peter Serkin, piano, and Tashi in a benefit concert of music by Messiaen, honoring his seventieth birthday. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

GREGORY ALLEN—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

MEYER KUPFERMAN—A program of his compositions, performed by David Wells, cello; Susan Jolles, harp; Kazuko Hayami, piano; David Starobin, guitar; David Walter, bass; and Mr. Kupferman himself, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 8.)

RAQUEL BOLDERINI—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

ANA MARIA TRENCHI DE BOTTAZZI—Piano. (French Institute/Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6100. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

ISAAC STERN AND DAVID GOLUB—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Hall, Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

ANDRÉ WATTS—Piano, in four in a series of eight all-Schubert recitals. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8, with Charles Treger, violin; Laurence Lesser, cello; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and James Van de Mark, double bass. Also Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3, with the Messrs. Treger and Lesser; Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8, with Bernard Krusyn, baritone, in a lieder recital; and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8, in a solo performance.)

LEAGUE-ISCAM—Daniel Asia conducting Musical Elements in a program of music by Allen Anderson, Judith Shatin-Allen, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8.)

ALICIA DE LARROCHA—Piano, in a benefit recital. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:45. For information about tickets, call 831-8110.)

JEANNE-MARIE DARRÉ—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8.)

LORIN HOLLANDER—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

IL DIVERTIMENTO—Michel Piguet, oboe; Hans Rudolf Stadler, clarinet; and others, in a program of early music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

THEATRE CHAMBER PLAYERS OF KENNEDY CENTER—A program of music from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MARTEN SAMETH—Baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

GERARD SCHWARZ, PAULA ROBISON, TIMOTHY EDDY, AND KENNETH COOPER—Trumpet, flute, cello, and harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2.)

IAN AND AARON SHAPINSKY—Piano and cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3.)

CANTILENA CHAMBER PLAYERS—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; Stephen Kates, cello; and Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

MUSIC PROJECT—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

GRAYSON HIRST, ZAIDEE PARKINSON, AND PAUL DUNKEL—Tenor, piano, and flute, in an all-Schubert program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

STEPHANIE BROWN—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

AMERICAN BRASS QUINTET—With Jacob Druckman, composer/conductor; Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano; and Benjamin Herman and Daniel Druckman, percussion. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

ILEANA COTRUBAS—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS—Joel Lester, violin;



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Joan Tower, piano; and André Emelianoff, cello, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

FRIEDMAN-VARDI-SILBERSTEIN TRIO—Erick Friedman, violin; Emanuel Vardi, viola; and Jascha Silberstein, cello. (Kaufman Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

NEW YORK VOCAL ARTS ENSEMBLE—A vocal quartet in a program of Russian music. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

PARNASSUS—A program of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

COMPOSERS' GUILD FOR PERFORMANCE—The New York New Music Ensemble in a program of twentieth-century music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET—A program consisting of the three string quartets of Elliott Carter, in honor of his seventieth birthday. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

FRANCO AND ENRICA CAVALLO GULLI—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

STANLEY PERSKY—Clarinet, in a program including several of his own works, with Janet Steele, soprano; André Emilianoff, cello; and Fritz Jahoda, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2.)

LAURIEN LAUFMAN—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30.)

JOSEPH PORRELLO—Tenor, with Fortunato Arico, cello; Susan Jolles, harp; Jane Rosenfeld, flute; Bert Lucarelli, oboe/English horn; and James Christensen, organ. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave. at 66th St. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

MISCELLANY

HOMAGE TO E. E. CUMMINGS—A program of solo, ensemble, choral, and danced settings of the poet's work. Ten composers and choreographers are represented. The performers are Jane Bryden, soprano; Bill Crofut, folksinger; Rebecca Perrin, dancer; the New York Motet Choir, directed by Stephen Sturk; Elizabeth Wright, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8. ... Knicks vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 7:30. ... Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8. ... **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. San Diego, Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Saturday, Dec. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 4. ... Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Sunday, Dec. 3: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. ... Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Shea Stadium, at 1.

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, Dec. 3, at 7:35. ... Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 7:35. ... **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8:05. ... Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At AQUEBUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Sunday, Dec. 31. The Buckpasser Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 2, and the Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 9. ... **MEADOWLANDS**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. ... LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 30.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 11.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY, PROSE, AND DRAMA READINGS—Marvin Cohen and Wallace Shawn reading from the poetry of Mr. Cohen, and David Mamet and Lindsay Crouse reading from the plays of Mr. Mamet. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8.) ... A benefit program, with Daniel Halpern, Stephen Koch, Stanley Kunitz, Carol Muske, Grace Paley, and Derek Walcott reading from their own works. (Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union, 51 Astor Pl. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) ... Carolyn Forché and Ntozake Shange reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Christmas Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, from noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At **SOOTHEY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 29, at 2, and Thursday, Nov. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, among them enamelled icons, silver, porcelains, bronzes, and pieces by Fabergé, along with a family photograph album containing pictures of Czar Nicholas II, Czarina Alexandra, and their children; from several owners. ... Friday, Dec. 1, at 2: Musical instruments, including a hundred and twenty-five French, Italian, and German violins; a large selection of violin bows, among them an ivory and gold mounted model by François Tourte; an eighteenth-century hurdy-gurdy; and a Clementi grand piano. From many sources. ... Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2: English furniture, clocks, and decorations; from various owners. ... Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: European ceramics, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 30. ... Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 10:15: Netsuke, inro, and lacquer ware; from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 1. ... Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 6-7, at 2: Jewelry, belonging to John Astor and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 1. ... **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Dec. 1, at 11 and 2: Art Nouveau and nineteenth-century sculptures, from many owners. ... Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2: Art Deco, including Lalique pieces, furniture, sculptures, and panels from the Roxy Theatre; from various collectors. ... Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 10:30: English, Continental, and American silver, and *objets de vertu*; the property of Mrs. Henry Duits and others. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 30. ... **FRENCH EMBASSY**, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 7: A benefit auction of photographic prints by Lotte Jacobi, Ruth Orkin, Mathew Brady, W. Eugene Smith, and others; donated by Ken Heyman, Victor Kessler, and others. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 29-Dec. 1, and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 4-7, from 10 to 5.)

NOTE—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at about 7:30 on Monday, Dec. 4.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Dec. 12 (San Diego), Dec. 17 (Atlanta), Dec. 19 (Indiana), Dec. 25 (Philadelphia), Dec. 28 (Washington), Dec. 30 (Kansas City), Jan. 2 (Phoenix), Jan. 6 (San Antonio), and Jan. 9 (Los Angeles).

The Nets at **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J.: Dec. 15 (Atlanta), Dec. 20 (Houston), Dec. 27 (Knicks), Dec. 29 (Kansas City), Jan. 5 (San Antonio), Jan. 7 (Phoenix), and Jan. 10 (Chicago).

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—The Garden State Bowl: Arizona State vs. Rutgers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Dec. 16.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—SUNDAY, DEC. 10: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Giants Stadium; the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland. ... **SUNDAY, DEC. 17**: Jets vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia.

HOCKEY—The Rangers at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Dec. 10 (Philadelphia), Dec. 13 (Los Angeles), Dec. 17 (Boston), Dec. 20 (Buffalo), Dec. 22 (Detroit), Dec. 31 (Atlanta), Jan. 3 (Montreal), and Jan. 5 (Vancouver). ... The Islanders at **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Dec. 12 (Los Angeles), Dec. 14 (Detroit), Dec. 21 (St. Louis), Dec. 23 (Rangers), Dec. 26 (Toronto), Dec. 30 (Atlanta), Jan. 2 (Vancouver), Jan. 6 (Philadelphia), and Jan. 9 (Los Angeles).

RACING—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 1-March 31.

SQUASH RACQUETS—New York State Singles Championships. (New York Athletic Club, Dec. 16-17.)

TENNIS—Colgate Grand Prix Masters. (Madison Square Garden, Jan. 10-14.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Dec. 12-30.

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 14. ... **EVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 5. ... Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 10. ... Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 15 and 17. ... Musica Sacra, Dec. 19. ... "Messiah" Sing-In, Dec. 22. ... **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Rudolf Serkin, piano, Dec. 11. ... Boston Pops Orchestra, Dec. 12. ... Boston Symphony, Dec. 13-14. ... Claudio Arrau, piano, Dec. 15. ... Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 19. ... New York String Orchestra, Dec. 24 and 29. ... National Opera Orchestra Workshop, Dec. 31. ... American Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 7. ... **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 10, 12, 15, and 17, and Jan. 5 and 7, as well as a Vocal Chamber Music debut concert, Jan. 9. ... Speculum Musicae, Dec. 10. ... American Composers Orchestra, Dec. 11. ... Clarion Concert, Dec. 13. ... André Watts, piano, Dec. 14. ... Canticum Novum Singers, Dec. 16. ... Gregg Smith Singers, Dec. 20. ... Ensemble for Early Music, Dec. 22. ... Paula Robison, flute, Jan. 6. ... **KAUFMAN CONCERT HALL**, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Anton Kuerti, piano, Dec. 12. ... Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano, Dec. 16. ... Sergiu Luca, violin, Dec. 17. ... Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 20. ... Elmar Oliveira, violin, Dec. 28. ... Mark Zeltser, piano, Jan. 6. ... **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Edward Aner, piano, Dec. 14. ... Music from Aston Magna, Jan. 5. ... Josef Suk, violin, Jan. 10.

DANCE—José Limón Dance Company, at the City Center, Dec. 19-24.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Ballroom," a musical based on the television play "Queen of the Stardust Ballroom" by Jerome Kass, who also wrote the book. Billy Goldenberg composed the music, Alan and Marilyn Bergman did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. ... Shaw's "Man and Superman," starring George Grizzard, Ann Sachs, and Philip Bosco. ... A musical called "A Broadway Musical," with music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, a book by William F. Brown, and a cast that includes Warren Berlinger, Gwyda DonHowe, and Irving Lee. ... Joel Grey in "The Grand Tour," a musical version of S. N. Behrman's play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," in turn adapted from the works of Franz Werfel. Jerry Herman provided the music and lyrics, and Michael Stewart and Mark Bramble are responsible for the book.

OTHER DATES—The first day of winter is Dec. 22. ... Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Mondays. ... Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Jan. 15.



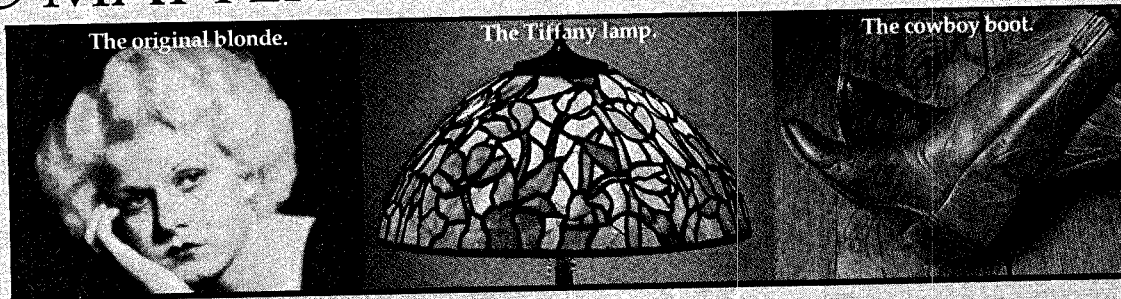
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Dec. 3: A program of anthropological films by Jean Rouch.

Dec. 4: Theatre closed.

From Dec. 5: A program of films by Danny Lyon.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Bread and Chocolate."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 2: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands" and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Dec. 3-5: "The Buddy Holly Story" and "Let the Good Times Roll."

From Dec. 6: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Magic."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Watership Down."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Wiz."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Death on the Nile."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Watership Down."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Movie Movie."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Comes a Horseman."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Boys from Brazil." (No evening performances on Wednesdays, Nov. 29 and Dec. 6.)

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Up in Smoke."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

GEMINI I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Midnight Express."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Dream of Passion."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Magic."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Death on the Nile."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 5: "The Big Fix."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Wiz."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Paradise Alley."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: "The Wild Geese."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"El Topo."

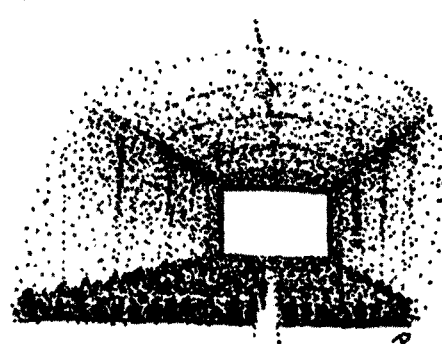
GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Midnight Express."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "A Wedding."
Theatre 2: "Interiors."
Theatre 3: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 30: "Interiors."
From Dec. 1: "The Great Georgia Bank Hoax."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Watership Down."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Caravans."

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 20. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Interiors."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (586-4448)
Through Dec. 5: "A Wedding."
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Boys from Brazil."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Violette."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Days of Heaven."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Magic."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Bread and Chocolate."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Midnight Express."
Theatre 2: "Up in Smoke."
Theatre 3: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 4: "A Wedding."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Interiors."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 5: "A Wedding" and "The Boys in the Band."
From Dec. 6 (tentative): "Interiors" and "New York, New York."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Comes a Horseman." (†)

EMBASSY I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Foul Play."
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 4: "Grease."

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Death on the Nile." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Wiz." (†)

LOEWS STATE I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Wild Geese." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Message from Space."

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Magic." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Paradise Alley." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Midnight Express." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Nov. 30: "Goin' South."

From Dec. 1: "The Great Georgia Bank Hoax." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 29: "The Traveling Players" (1975), in Greek, directed by Theo Angelopoulos.

Nov. 30: "Cantata de Chile" (1976), a Cuban film, in Spanish, directed by Humberto Solas; and "The Promised Land" (1974), a Chilean film, in Spanish, directed by Miguel Littin.

Dec. 1-2: "Blow-Up" (†) and "The Conversation." (†)

Dec. 3: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "King, Queen, Knave" (1972), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with David Niven, Gina Lollobrigida, and John Moulder-Brown.

Dec. 4: Three films by Jon Jost—"Angel City" (1976), "Last Chants for a Slow Dance" (1977), and another film, to be announced.

Dec. 5: "Sansho the Bailiff" (†); and "The Mistress" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Shiro Toyoda, with Hideko Takamine.

Dec. 6: "Pierrot le Fou" (†) and "Shock Corridor." (†)

Dec. 7: "The Other Francisco" (1975), in Spanish, directed by Sergio Giral; and "Mexico: The Frozen Revolution" (1971), in Spanish, directed by Raymondo Gleyzer.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Nov. 29: "When the Clouds Roll By" (1919), a silent film, directed by Victor Fleming, with Douglas Fairbanks and Kathleen Clifford; and "Carefree" (1938), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Jack Carson, Luella Gear, and Ralph Bellamy.

Nov. 30: "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "Happy New Year" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian.

Dec. 1: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal; and "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

Dec. 2: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

Dec. 3: "The Royal Ballet" (1960), with Margot Fonteyn performing in "Firebird" and "Ondine"; and three film performances by Martha Graham—"Appalachian Spring" (1950), "Night Journey" (1970), and "Lamentation" (1943).

Dec. 4: "Sunrise" (†); and "Traffic" (1971), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

Dec. 5: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (†) and "Love Affair" (1968), a Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev.

Dec. 6: "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ronald Colman, Irene Rich, May McAvoy, and Bert Lytell; and "Monte Carlo" (1930), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan.

Dec. 7: "Walkabout" (†) and "The Man Who Fell to Earth." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Nov. 30: "Elmer Gantry" (1960), directed by Richard Brooks, with Burt Lancaster, Jean Simmons, Shirley Jones, Edward Andrews, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Marjoe" (1972), directed by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, a *cinéma-vérité* film.

Dec. 1-2: "A Star Is Born" (1954), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford, and Jack Carson; and "Cabaret" (1972), directed by Bob Fosse, with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey.

Dec. 3-4: "Dear Inspector" (1978), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret; and "Man on the Roof" (1977), directed by Bo Widerberg, with Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt.

Dec. 5: "Iphigenia" (†) and "Phaedra." (†)
Dec. 6-7: "Lies My Father Told Me" (1975),

directed by Jan Kadar, with Yossi Yadin; and "Hester Street." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Nov. 29: "Easy Rider" (1969), directed by Dennis Hopper, with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "The Wild Angels" (1966), directed by Roger Corman, with Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, and Bruce Dern.

Nov. 30-Dec. 2: "Julia" (1977), directed by Fred Zinnemann, with Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, and Jason Robards; and "You Only Live Once" (1937), directed by Fritz Lang, with Sylvia Sydney, Henry Fonda, Jean Dixon, and Barton MacLane.

Dec. 3-4: "Coming Home" (†); and "Jezebel" (1938), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter.

Dec. 5-6: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "92 in the Shade" (1976), directed by Thomas McGuane, with Peter Fonda and Warren Oates.

From Dec. 7: "My Darling Clementine" (†) and "Drums Along the Mohawk." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Nov. 30: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939), directed by Victor Fleming, with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Ray Bolger, Jack Haley, and Frank Morgan; and "The Patchwork Girl of Oz" (1914), a silent film, directed by L. Frank Baum.

Dec. 1-2: "The Voyage" (1974), directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Richard Burton, and Ian Bannen; and "A Special Day." (†)

Dec. 3-4: "Marry Me! Marry Me!" (1969), in French, directed by, and with, Claude Berri; and "And Now My Love." (†)

Dec. 5: "Stagecoach" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Claire Trevor and John Wayne; and "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon." (†)

Dec. 6-7: "Distant Thunder" (1973), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray, with Soumitra Chatterji; and "Days and Nights in the Forest." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 29: "Just Imagine" (1930), directed by David Butler, with El Brendel, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Albertson, and Mischa Auer; and "The Floradora Girl" (1930), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Marion Davies, Lawrence Gray, Ilka Chase, Walter Catlett, and Claude Allister.

Nov. 30: "A Royal Scandal" (1945), directed by Otto Preminger, with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, Anne Baxter, and Vincent Price; and "Lifeboat" (1944), di-

rected by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, John Hodiak, Canada Lee, Henry Hull, and Heather Angel.

Dec. 1-2: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Dec. 3: "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1952), directed by Daniel Mann, with Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, and Richard Jaeckel; and "The Matchmaker" (1958), directed by Joseph Anthony, with Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins, Shirley MacLaine, Paul Ford, and Robert Morse.

Dec. 4: "The Firefly" (1937), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones; and "The Chocolate Soldier" (1941), directed by Roy del Ruth, with Risé Stevens and Nelson Eddy.

Dec. 5: "Let's Make It Legal" (1951), directed by Richard Sale, with Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey, Zachary Scott, Barbara Bates, Robert Wagner, and Marilyn Monroe; and "We're Not Married!" (1952), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Allen, and Victor Moore.

Dec. 6: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†) and "Christmas Holiday" (†)

Dec. 7: "Ben-Hur" (†); and "King of Kings" (1927), a silent film, directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with H. B. Warner, Dorothy Cumming, Ernest Torrence, and Joseph Schildkraut.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 30 at 2:30: "Teresa Venerdi" (1941), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with De Sica, Adriana Benetti, Irasema Dilian, and Anna Magnani; English subtitles. ... ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "La Cena delle Beffe" (1941), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Amedeo Nazzari, Osvaldo Valenti, Clara Calamai, and Valentina Cortese; no English subtitles. ... ¶ Nov. 30 at 8:30 and Dec. 1 at 2:30: "La Corona di Ferro" (1941), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Elisa Cegani, Luisa Ferida, Gino Cervi, and Massimo Girotti; no English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: A program of short films by Edwin S. Porter, including "Jack and the Beanstalk" (1904) and "The Life of an American Fireman" (1903). ... ¶ Dec. 2 at noon: "The Barnyard Concert" (1930) and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons, celebrating his fiftieth birthday. ... ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Sissignora" (1941), in Italian, directed by Ferdinando M. Poggioli, with Maria Denis,

Emma Gramatica, and Irma Gramatica; no English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 2 at 5: "Gelosia" (1942), in Italian, directed by Ferdinando M. Poggioli, with Luisa Ferida, Roldano Lupi, and Elena Zareschi; no English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 3 at noon: "The Barnyard Concert" and six other Mickey Mouse cartoons. ... ¶ Dec. 3 at 2:30: "Fari nella Nebbia" (1942), in Italian, directed by Gianni Franciolini, with Fosco Giachetti, Luisa Ferida, Mariella Lotti, and Antonio Centa; no English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 3 at 5: "Spartacus" (1960), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas, Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons, Charles Laughton, Peter Ustinov, John Gavin, and Tony Curtis. ... ¶ Dec. 4 at noon: "City of Gold" (1957), directed by Wolf Koenig and Colin Low; and "Life in a Tropical Forest" (1971). ... ¶ Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Sissignora." ... ¶ Dec. 4 at 6: "Un Colpo di Pistola" (1942), in Italian, directed by Renato Castellani, with Assia Noris and Fosco Giachetti; no English subtitles. ... ¶ Dec. 5 at noon: "City of Gold" and "Life in a Tropical Forest." ... ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: A program of short films by Edwin S. Porter, including "Jack and the Beanstalk" and "The Life of an American Fireman." ... ¶ Dec. 5 at 6: "They Are Their Own Gifts" (1978), directed by Margaret Murphy and Lucille Rhodes. ... ¶ Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Gelosia." ... ¶ Dec. 7 at 6: "Fari nella Nebbia." ... ¶ Dec. 7 at 8:30: "Quattro Passi fra le Nuvole" (1942), in Italian, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, with Gino Cervi, Adriana Benetti, and Giuditta Rissone; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Dec. 3: "If It Fits" (1978), directed by John Marshall and Mark Erder. ... ¶ Starting Dec. 5: "Homeboys" (1978), directed by Bill Yahr, Christine Burrell, and David Davis. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 30-Dec. 3: "The Wedding Camels" (1978), in Turkana, directed by David and Judith MacDougall, a documentary on the Turkana people of Kenya; English subtitles. ... ¶ Starting Dec. 7: A program of ten short films shown at the Ann Arbor film festival in 1978. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AND NOW MY LOVE (1975)—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Claude Lelouch. The man in this movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 3-4.)

AUTUMN SONATA—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar

Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

BEN-HUR (1925)—The Ramon Novarro-Francis X. Bushman version; it was a remake even then, but M-G-M put five million dollars into it, and so much Amazing, Gargantuan, Stupendous, and Mighty Biblical Pageantry that vast numbers of viewers were swept off their feet. There's the galley manned by a thousand slaves, the sea battle between Romans and ancient pirates, the Valley of the Lepers, and the chariot race staged in a mammoth stadium, with every L.A. man, woman, and child lying about as a super. Novarro has his adolescent charm and beauty, and Bushman's nose is majestically Roman. With Betty Bronson, May McAvoy, Carmel Myers, and Claire McDowell; directed by Fred Niblo. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 7.)

THE BIG FIX—A counterculture detective story, with a wisecracking detective—Moses Wine (Richard Dreyfuss)—who isn't the usual cynical down-at-the-heels private eye; he's warm and Jewish and disillusioned, with two sons to support from a failed marriage. The film's nostalgia for the great days of Berkeley in the late sixties—for the sit-ins, the strikes, the antiwar demonstrations—is like a form of intellectual mildew. Dreyfuss acts like a puppy surprising his master with little tricks he's thought of all by himself; you feel he wants petting after each scene. With F. Murray Abraham, Susan Anspach, Bonnie Bedelia, John Lithgow, and Rita Karin. Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (10/23/78) (72nd Street East; through Dec. 5.)

BLOW-UP (1966)—An oversensitized and wildly misaccented account of the mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1-2.)

THE BOYS FROM BRAZIL—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Little Carnegie. ... ¶ Coronet. No evening performances on Wednesdays, Nov. 29 and Dec. 6.)

THE BOYS IN THE BAND (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nelly, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Olympia; through Dec. 5.)

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE—With Nino Manfredi

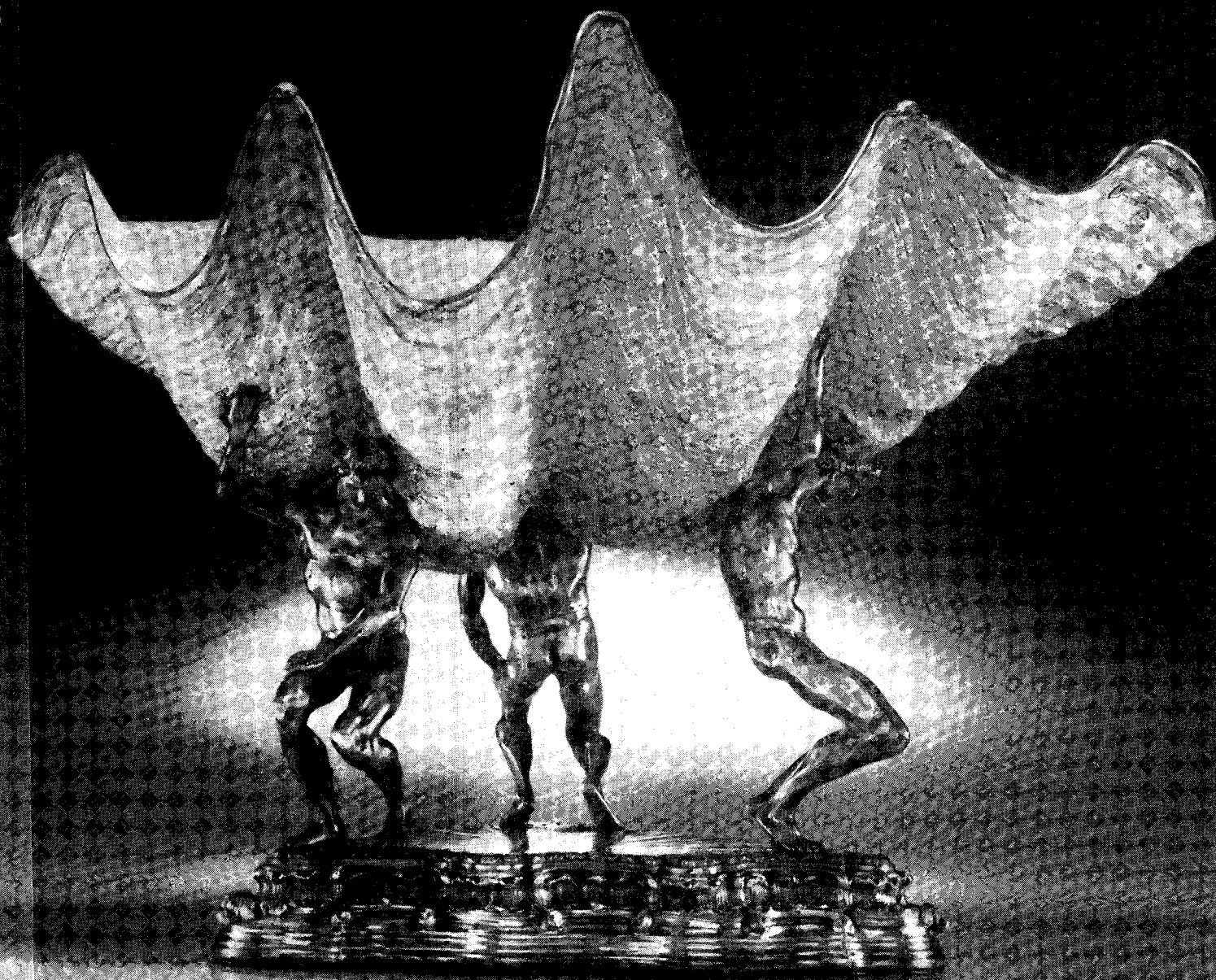
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and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Art, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Embassy 72nd St.)

THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 3-5.)

CARAVANS—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall.)

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY (1944)—The screenwriter, Herman J. Mankiewicz, took Somerset Maugham's novel of the same name, changed the setting from France to New Orleans, and turned it into a vehicle (more solid than most) for Deanna Durbin, who had outgrown her singing adolescent heyday. Though a bit chubby-cheeked (maturing child stars are rarely lucky in their bone structure), she's not objectionable in the role of a young singer from Vermont who marries a no-good charmer (Gene Kelly), scion of an old Creole family. The husband murders a bookmaker, and the wife blames herself for not having been a stronger influence on him; the director, Robert Siodmak, and his associates seem to take the melodrama and the sentiments unduly seriously. The wife is forced to sing in a dive, but this film was made in the days of the Code, and we have to accept her word that she is leading a degraded life, since what we see is peachy clean. Durbin gets to sing "Always" and "Spring Will Be a Little Late This Year," but Kelly neither sings nor dances. With Richard Whorf, Gladys George, Gale Sondergaard, and David Bruce. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

COMES A HORSEMAN—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, and Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hard-working rancher: now the honest rancher is a woman. But it's a film of few words (and about a quarter of them mangled by the sound recording), and the melodrama is smothered under sullen, overcast skies—how can you get involved in the conflict between the good guys and the bad guys if you can't even see them? Has the director, Alan J. Pakula, become perversely artistic, or is it that he let his cinematographer, Gordon Willis, get carried away? The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. Caan gives his lines wryly humorous readings, but Fonda's acting is disappointingly constricted, though she looks great in her tan weather-beaten makeup and tight jeans. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. (11/13/78) (Trans-Lux East, and Criterion.)

COMING HOME—Allowing for the differences in the wars, this may be the post-Vietnam equivalent of the post-Second World War movie "The Best Years of Our Lives," which also dealt with returning veterans in smooth, popular terms. Throughout, there's a strong element of self-admiration in the film's anti-Vietnam attitude. The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Regency; Dec. 3-4.)

THE CONVERSATION (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 1-2.)

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE FOREST (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterji and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (Thalia; Dec. 6-7.)

DAYS OF HEAVEN—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Cinema 3.)

DEATH ON THE NILE—Anthony Shaffer's adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1937 novel has wit and edge and structure—too much structure, as it turns out, for the methodical pacing of the director, John Guillermin. But if the over-all effect is disappointing, from moment to moment the details are never less than engaging. Peter Ustinov is an ideal fatuous, vain Hercule Poirot. With Maggie Smith, Angela Lansbury, Mia Farrow, Bette Davis, I. S. Johar, Simon MacCorkindale, Jon Finch, Jack Warden, David Niven, Olivia Hussey, Harry Andrews, and Jane Birkin. (10/23/78) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Forum.)

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 2.)

A DREAM OF PASSION—With Melina Mercouri



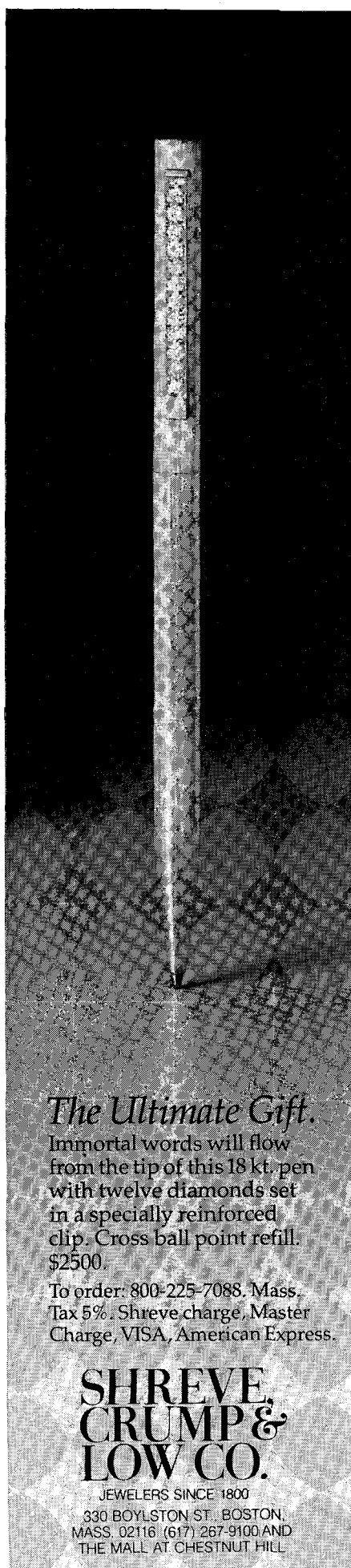


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and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Gemini 2.)

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK (1939)—One of John Ford's uninspired epics, this lavish color version of the Walter D. Edmonds novel never seems to get going. No one appears to know why the picture is being made, or what its point is, exactly. Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are the young couple who go to the Mohawk Valley of upstate New York and are caught up in the Revolutionary War; there are scraps with Indians and various upheavals, but one gets more involved in Colbert's spotless gowns—a tribute to pioneer laundering—and the fussy, dainty interiors, full of Early American decorator touches. The enormous cast includes Edna May Oliver, John Carradine, Ward Bond, Dorris Bowden, Jessie Ralph, and Mae Marsh. (Regency; starting Dec. 7.)

THE GREAT GEORGIA BANK HOAX—With Richard Basehart, Ned Beatty, Charlene Dallas, Burgess Meredith, Michael Murphy, and Paul Sand; directed by Joseph Jacoby. (Quad Cinema, and Victoria; starting Dec. 1.)

HESTER STREET (1975)—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. The weaknesses are in the casting and the handling of the aggressive characters, and in the thin, audience-pleasing attitudes toward the Americanization process. (Cinema Village; Dec. 6-7.)

INTERIORS—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. Nearly all the members of the family are afflicted by the pressures of a society that puts a premium on "self-expression." With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and New Yorker... Olympia; starting Dec. 6, tentative.)

IPHIGENIA (1977)—There's fervor and dedication in Michael Cacoyannis's version of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis," what's missing is the excitement of a new interpretation. And was there a little too much Arthur Miller in Euripides? The arguments have an ideological ring. But Costa Kazakos's robust, iridescent Agamemnon is very fine, and if Irene Papas' performance as Clytemnestra is over-scaled, her Clytemnestra certainly makes you believe in the vengeance she will take on Agamemnon. The role suffers from a topical flaw: Clytemnestra's female rage sounds too much like what we've been hearing for the last five years. She has become a precursor, and less of a character. In Greek. (1/16/78) (Cinema Village; Dec. 5.)

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE (1946)—Frank Capra's most relentless lump-in-the-throat movie. The hero (James Stewart) is a self-sacrificial good man who runs a small-town building-and-loan association that is threatened by the local ogre, the wickedly selfish Lionel Barrymore. The picture is fairly humorless, and, what with all the hero's virtuous suffering, it didn't catch on with the public; the Capra view of small-town life didn't match the post-Second World War mood. (It might have seemed patronizing even in the post-First World War period.) Thinking he has no resources left, the hero is on the brink of suicide when he is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, Gloria Grahame is the town "fast" girl, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own slurpy, bittersweet way, it's well done. But Capra takes a serious tone here even though there's no basis for the seriousness; this is doggerel trying to pass as art. (Marlo Thomas played the suffering protagonist in the 1977 TV remake, "It Happened One Christmas.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL (1973)—A documentary film about the fifties, and so, perhaps, not about the best of times. The film dwells on musicians, mostly. It would have been better

if there were more real footage of the period and less about where-are-their-waistlines-now. (St. Marks Cinema; Dec. 3-5.)

THE LORD OF THE RINGS—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

MAGIC—With Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter; directed by Richard Attenborough. (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and National.)

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7.)

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS—This is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. The film is like a porno fantasy about the sacrifice of a virgin. It rushes from torment to torment, treating Billy's ordeals hypnotically in soft colors—muted squalor—with a disco beat in the background. The prison itself is more like a brothel than a prison. All of this is packaged as social protest. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as Hamidou. (11/27/78) (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

MOVIE MOVIE—With George C. Scott, Harry Hamlin, Barry Bostwick, Trish Van Devere, Art Carney, and Eli Wallach; directed by Stanley Donen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE (1946)—John Ford's poetic Western with Henry Fonda as Wyatt Earp, Walter Brennan as hateful Old Man Clanton, and Victor Mature coaxed into a surprisingly good performance as a mutinous doctor. (Regency; starting Dec. 7.)

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (U. A. East, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

NEW YORK, NEW YORK (1977)—A piece of cheek, pilfering the title of a famous Bernstein-Comden-Green song. It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese, who made the fine "Mean Streets." (7/4/77) (Olympia; starting Dec. 6, tentative.)

ONCE IN PARIS—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

ONE SINGS, THE OTHER DOESN'T (1977)—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of the evolution of modern women's consciousness between 1962 and 1976. It's a cheery, educational feminism-can-be-fun movie, centering on two young women's abortions, careers, babies. The sunshiny, mass-cult-hip simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (11/14/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 2.)

PARADISE ALLEY—Sylvester Stallone wrote, directed, and stars in this story about three Italian brothers in Hell's Kitchen in 1946. The youngest (Lee Canalito) becomes a saloon wrestler, the oldest (Armand Assante) manages him, and the middle brother (Stallone) serves as his trainer. The film is an actor's baroque version of the lower depths, compounded of dime-a-dance girls, cripples, beggars, floozies, a good-hearted whore, a gentle giant who talks to a pet canary named Bella, and a Damon Runyonesque assortment of crooks and thugs. Not a single one of them seems capable of walking the two or three blocks that would get them out of Hell's Kitchen; instead, they all dream about escape or hatch near-impossible plans. Stallone

gives a blowhard performance, and he's a blowhard director, too. He's grotesquely eager to move the audience; he pounds you so hard that you come out feeling that you've been slammed on the head with a two-by-four. With Frank McRae, as Big Glory, and Terry Funk. (11/20/78) (Loews Ciné, and Rivoli.)

PHAEDRA (1962)—Jules Dassin's glossy, noveltish version featuring Melina Mercouri, who leaves her husband, Raf Vallone, to run away with Anthony Perkins, while the audience tries to figure out why. (Cinema Village; Dec. 5.)

PIERROT LE FOU (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 6.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR—Based on the Broadway play, with Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. Directed by Robert Mulligan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

SANSHO THE BAILIFF (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 5.)

SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON (1949)—John Ford's film begins with Custer and the disgrace of Little Big Horn, and it has the handsome, faintly melancholy look of Frederic Remington's work. The subject is the burden of command, and the cavalry-captain hero (John Wayne), an officer on his last mission before retirement, is a man who, unlike Custer, is worthy of his office. Like Ford's other large-scale, elegiac Westerns of this period, it's not a simple action film but a pictorial film with great set pieces. There's some tedious Irish comedy (Victor McLaglen is around too much) and a lamentable pair of lovers—John Agar and Joanne Dru. The cast includes Ben Johnson, Mildred Natwick, Noble Johnson, George O'Brien, Francis Ford, and Arthur Shields. Based on James Warner Bellah's "War Party," screenplay by Frank Nugent and Laurence Stallings. Filmed in Monument Valley. (Thalia; Dec. 5.)

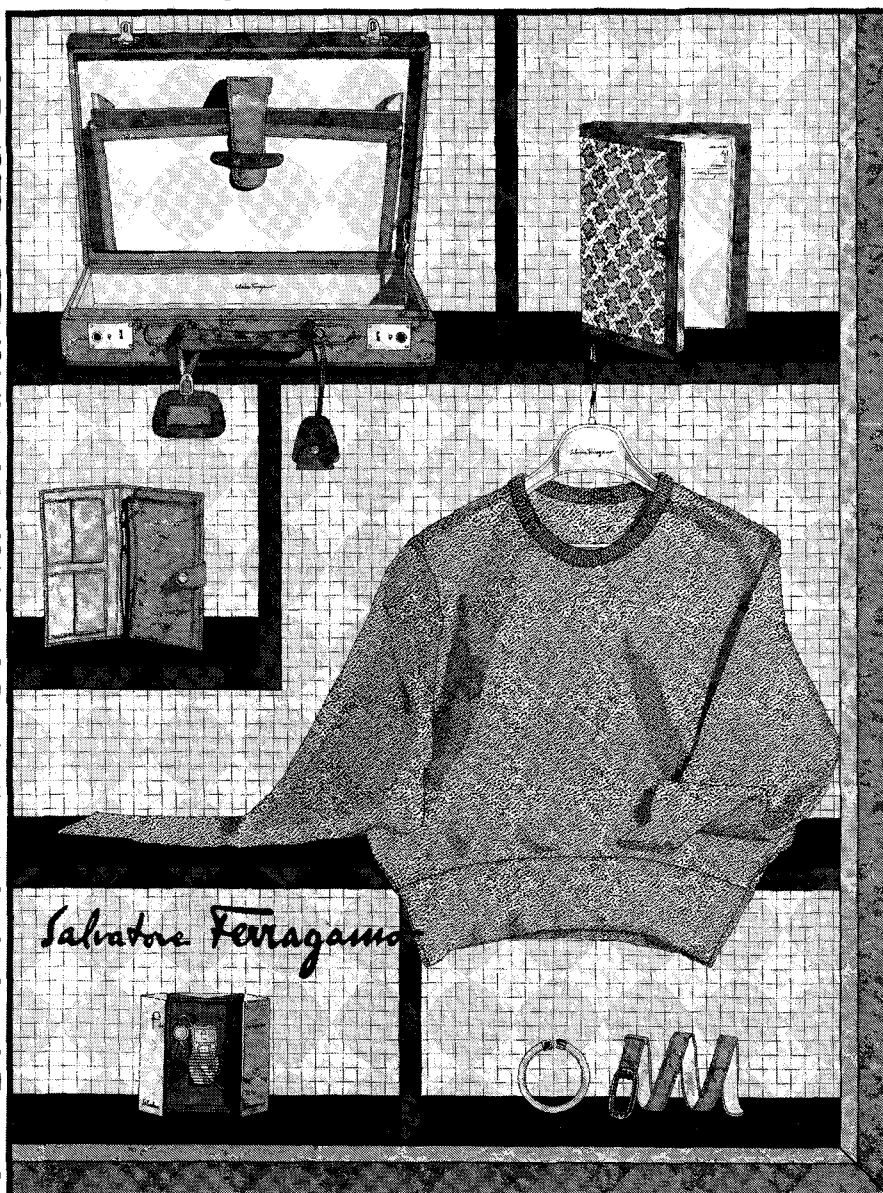
SHOCK CORRIDOR (1963)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 6.)

SLOW DANCING IN THE BIG CITY—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn), who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. This is a feminine fantasy (written by Barra Grant), yet it's inspired by the tough-guy-with-a-soft-heart school of journalism, and the film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner. It never once lands on target, and almost all the actors seem to be impaled by the camera. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky") are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. The ballerina, who has a prissy little-girl voice, talks to her parakeet, whose name is Orville Wright, and when she's loosening her muscles she thrashes around passionately to Carole King's "I Feel the Earth Move Under My Feet"—she's the Patti Smith of ballet, pouring sweat and suffering ecstatically for her art. You don't get scenes like this in every movie. (11/20/78) (Cinema II.)

A SPECIAL DAY (1977)—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (10/17/77) (Thalia; Dec. 1-2.)

SUNRISE (1927)—A strange (and silent) failed

Illustration by: Vincent Petragani



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

masterpiece by the great German director F. W. Murnau, who made this stylized, oddly Germanic movie in America. It got rather too self-consciously pictorial, but even in the alien milieu, Murnau's direction is frequently masterly, and there are splendid sequences. From a Sudermann story. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien, and with Margaret Livingston as the temptress. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 4.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (8th St. Playhouse.)

UP IN SMOKE—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

VIOLETTE—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Paris.)

WALKABOUT (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 7.)

WATERSHIP DOWN—An animated film, based on the Richard Adams story. Directed by Martin Rosen, with the voices of Zero Mostel, Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, John Bennett, and Denholm Elliott. (Bay Cinema, Eastside Cinema, and Guild.)

A WEDDING—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way. (10/2/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad, ... Playboy, and Olympia; through Dec. 5.)

THE WILD GESE—With Richard Burton, Roger Moore, Richard Harris, Hardy Krüger, and Stewart Granger; directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 1.)

THE WIZ—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot, growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Murray Hill, Plaza, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

WR—MYSTERIES OF THE ORGANISM (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makaveiev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 5.)



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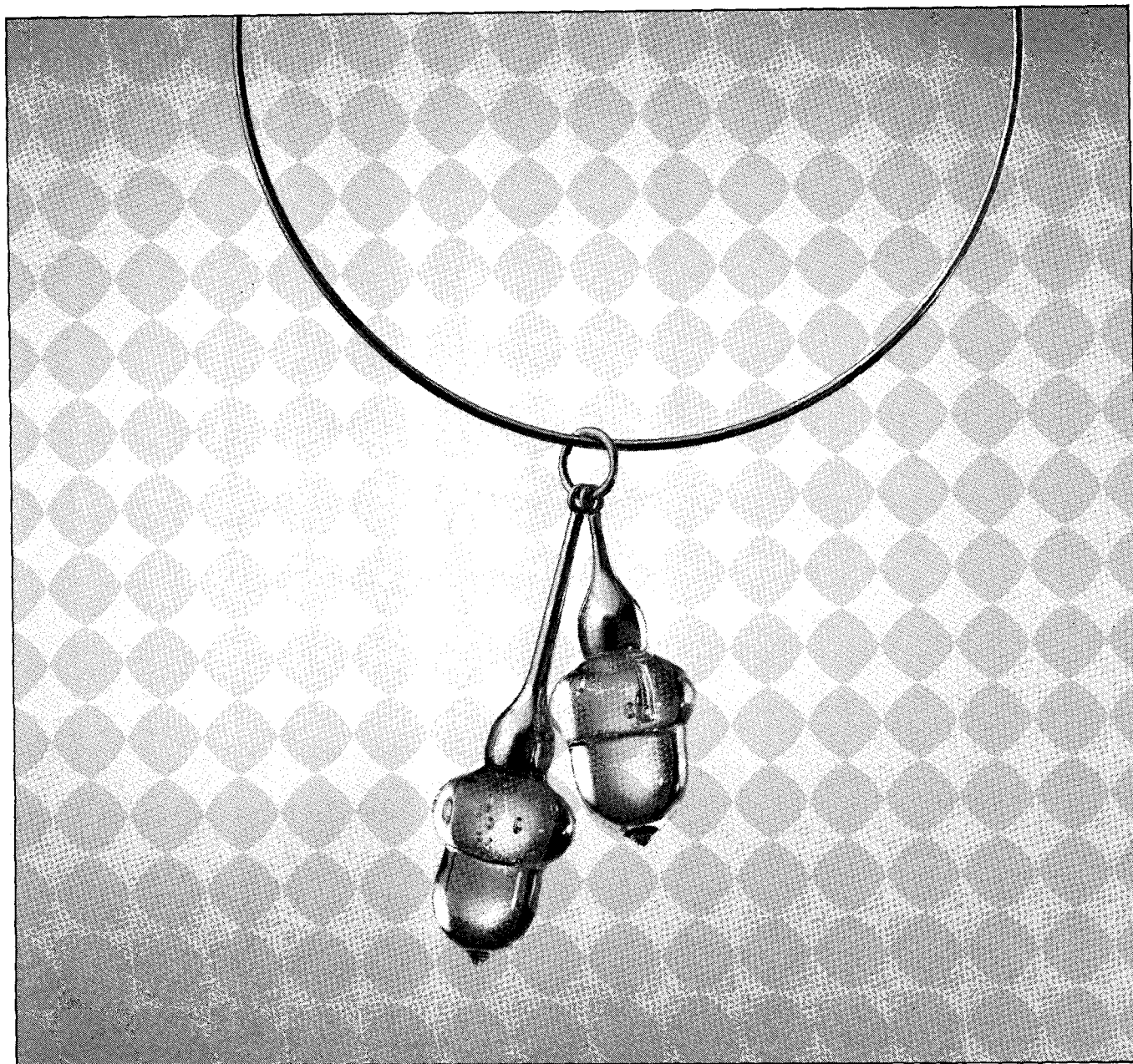
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Designer Paul Schulze has suggested the acorns' texture with tiny air-trap bubbles which provide

additional sparkle. Each acorn is formed separately by a Steuben craftsman and—as in nature—no two are exactly alike. The acorns' stems are 18 karat gold, suspended from a round, 14 karat gold necklace. The Acorns Pendant is presented in a red leather case, fitted and lined with velvet.

See the Acorns Pendant and five other new jewelry designs at Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. (For the new 1978-1979 Steuben Glass Catalogue, send \$3.00.)

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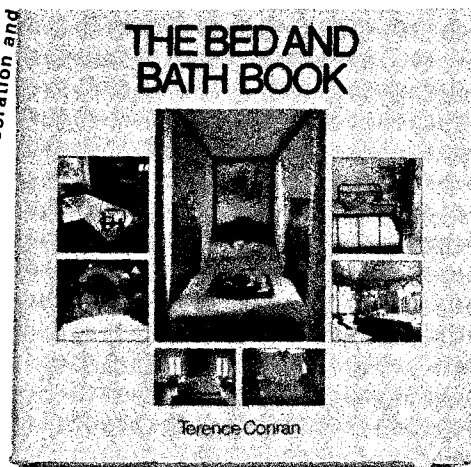


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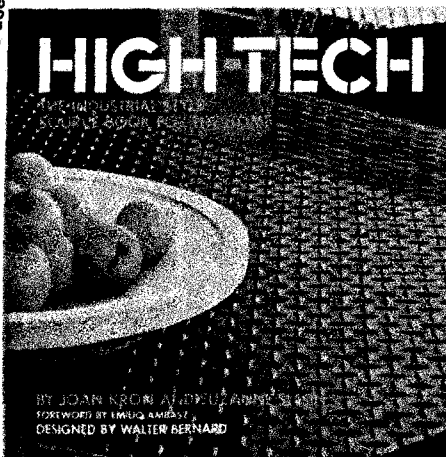
The Bed and Bath Book \$30.00. The author of The House Book and The Kitchen Book presents the last word in bedroom and bathroom planning, decoration and maintenance.



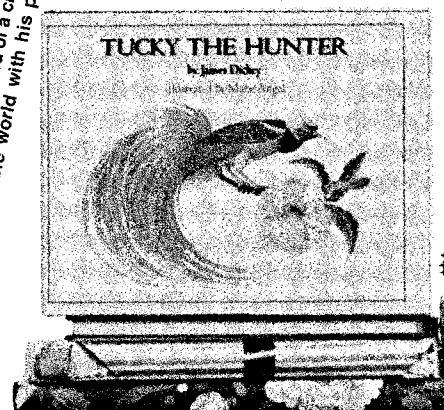
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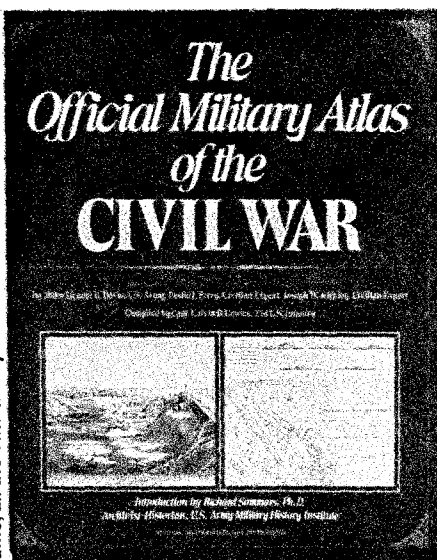


Tucky The Hunter \$6.95. James Dickey has written an enchanting poem about the mind of a child as he hunts animals of the world with his pop-gun.

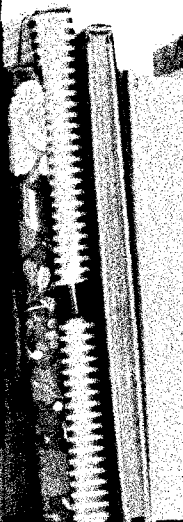
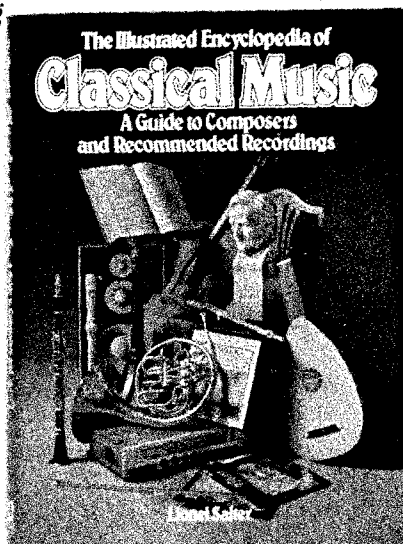


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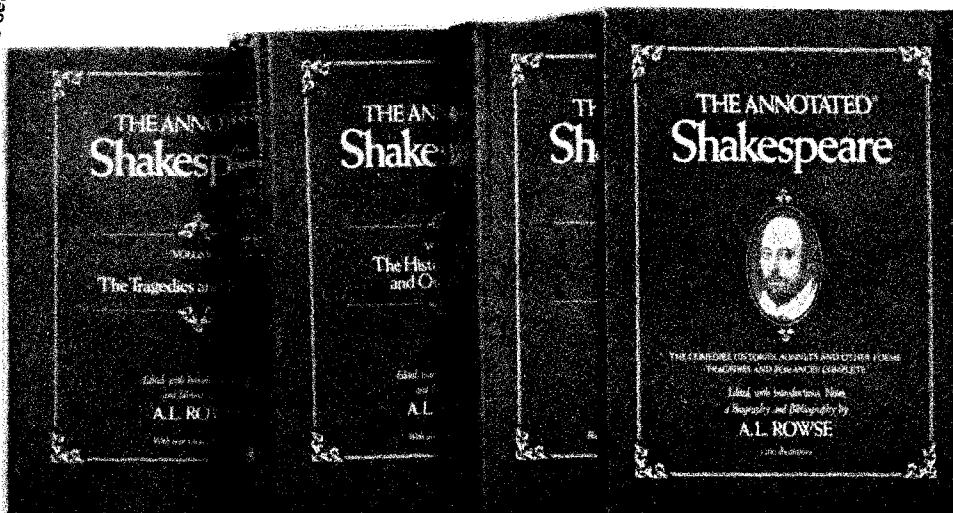
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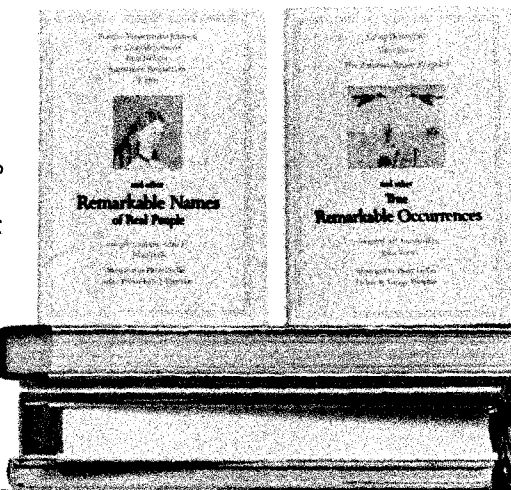


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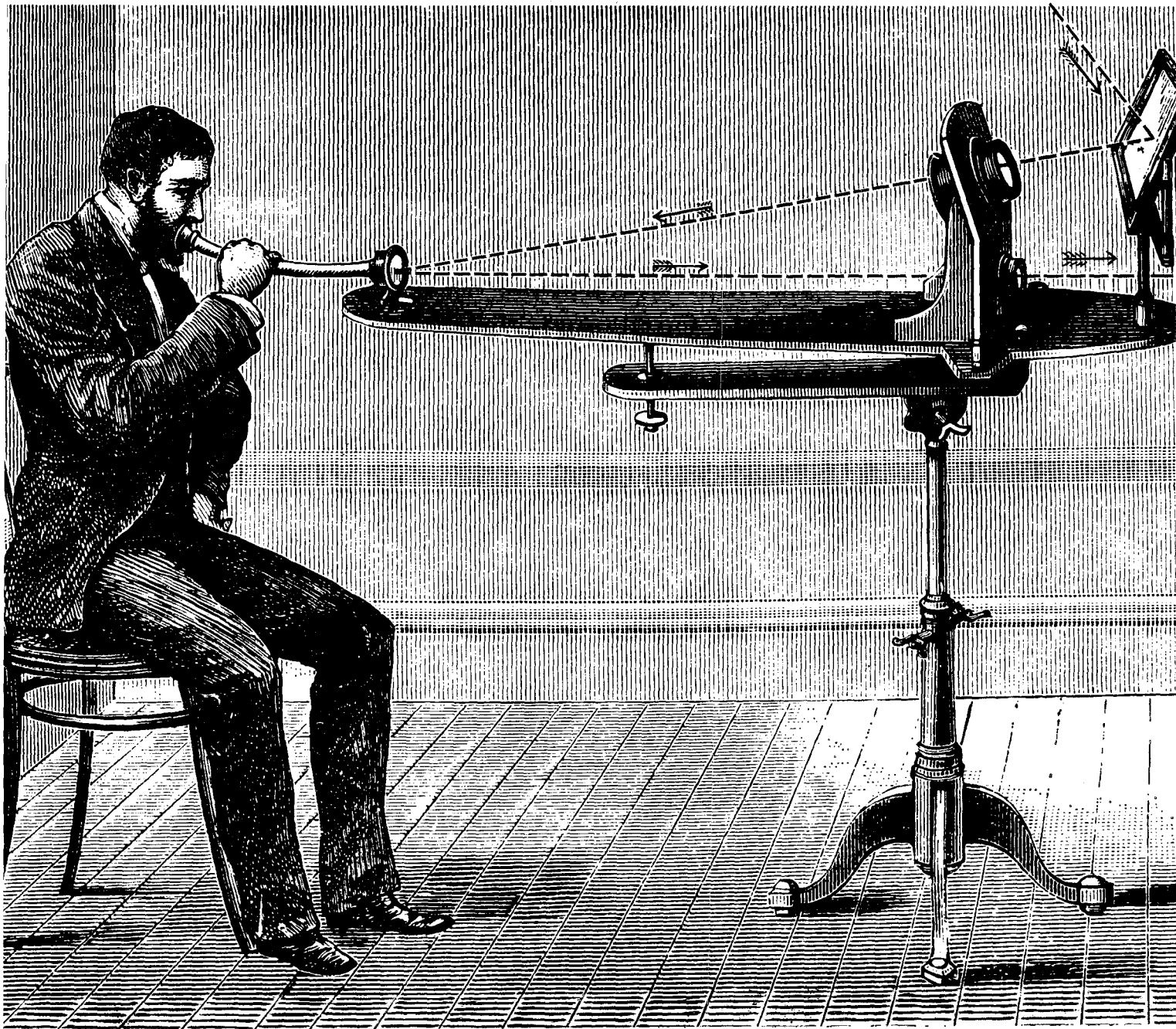
compendium of outlandish monikers, such as Warren Peace, Ophelia Legg, I.O. Silver and more, with illustrations by Pierre Le-Tan.
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In Bell's "Photophone," sunlight was bounced from a reflector through a lens to a mechanism that vibrated in response to speech. This caused the light beam to vary in intensity. At the receiving end, a selenium detector translated these variations into electrical current to recreate speech through a telephone receiver.

77 years before we invented the laser, Professor Bell had a perfect application for it.

In 1880, only four years after he invented the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell received a patent for a remarkable idea—using light, rather than wire, to carry phone calls.

Professor Bell built an experimental “Photophone” that transmitted his voice over a beam of sunlight. It didn’t work very well, however.

Sunbeams are scattered by air, rain and fog. In any event, the sun doesn’t always shine. The Photophone, unfortunately, was an idea whose time had not yet come.

A new kind of light

By the 1950’s, scientists again were looking for a way to use light for communications.

In September, 1957, Charles Townes, a Bell Labs consultant, and Bell Labs scientist Arthur Schawlow conceived a way of producing a new kind of light—extremely intense, highly directional, and capable of carrying immense amounts of information.

Townes and Schawlow received a basic patent on their

invention—the laser.

Since then, Bell Labs scientists have invented hundreds of lasers, including many firsts—gas and solid-state lasers capable of continuous operation, high-power carbon dioxide lasers, liquid dye lasers that produce pulses shorter than a trillionth of a second, and tiny semiconductor lasers that work reliably at normal temperatures. Some of these, no larger than grains of salt, may emit light continuously for 100 years.

Getting the light to the end of the tunnel

While we were developing lasers to generate light, we also looked for a way of shielding it and guiding it for long distances and around curves.

Extremely transparent glass fibers, perfected at Bell Labs and elsewhere, provide the answer. These hair-thin fibers can carry light many miles without distortion or the need for amplification.

In 1977, the Bell System took lightwave communications out

of the laboratory and put it to work under the streets of downtown Chicago. The system, the first to carry phone calls, computer data, and video signals on pulses of light, is working successfully.

Spin-off

Laser light is now used in many other ways—to perform delicate eye surgery, detect air pollution, read product codes at supermarket checkouts, and do a variety of manufacturing tasks. Western Electric, the Bell System’s manufacturing and supply unit, was the first company to put the laser to industrial use back in 1965. Hundreds of applications in many industries have followed.

Sometimes, it takes a lot of work and a long time to make a bright idea—like Professor Bell’s—a reality. Often, the things we invent, such as the laser, benefit not only Bell System customers, but society in general.

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Our convection oven uses the same kind of heating element as a conventional oven. However, a hot, temperature controlled wind blows continuously throughout the oven. Foods cook faster and at lower temperature settings and considerably more evenly.

The oven is portable (it even folds up), weighs less than 15 pounds, plugs into

any ordinary 110 volt current source and, we immodestly predict, will revolutionize the way you cook food.

THE CUISINART COOKING SCHOOL COLLECTION.

We had a problem with the professional cooking implements many people would like to use at home. Our concern was that very few people can figure out how to use them.

We went to the trouble of creating the Cuisinart Cooking School Collection. 35 professional implements, each one accompanied by an instruction guide that has chefs like the famed pastry chefs of The Four Seasons demonstrating how to use each implement.

THE FRENCH CATERER.

We have felt for a long time that it was virtually impossible for caring cooks to purchase the finest quality ingredients.

Thus, we have just put the finishing touches on a new program called The French Caterer. We will make the highest quality ingredients in the world available through the mail to those who really care about cooking.

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We believed there was a need for a publication that was written only for those who have a true love of cooking, a magazine with no commercial motivations.

And so we created "Cooking," a monthly magazine that we are proud of and one we believe is getting even better with each issue.

As a company, we have a single-minded attitude towards the products we bring you.

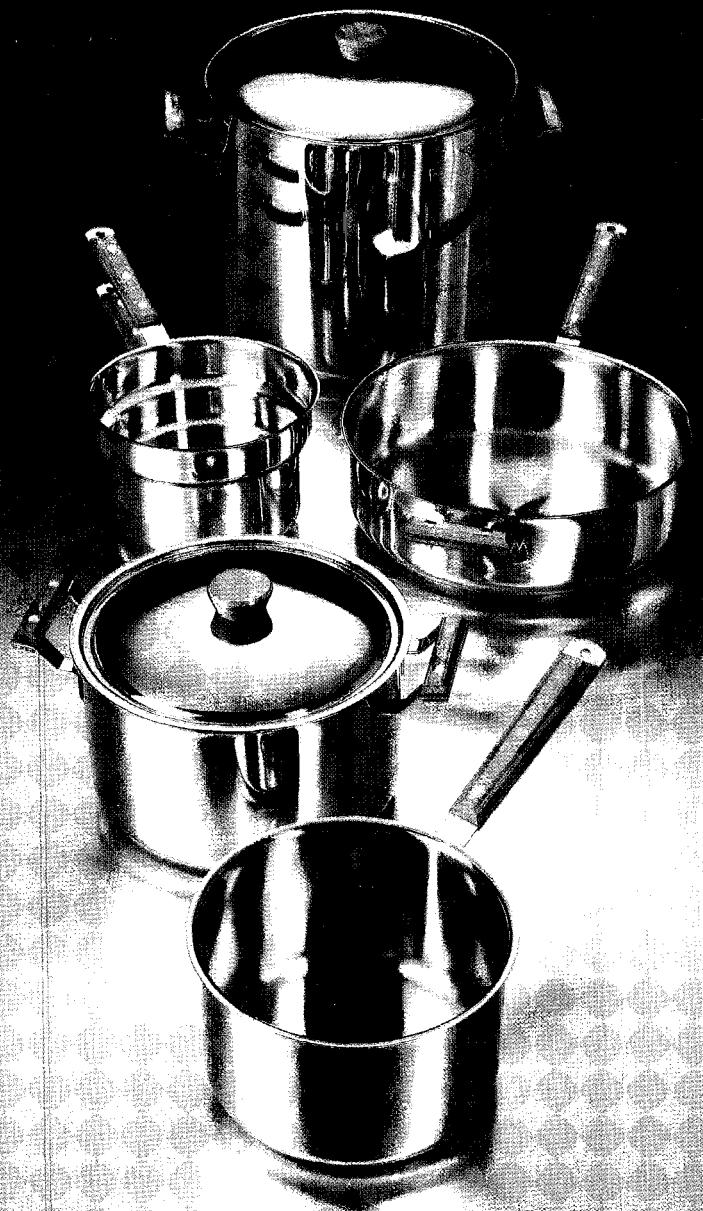
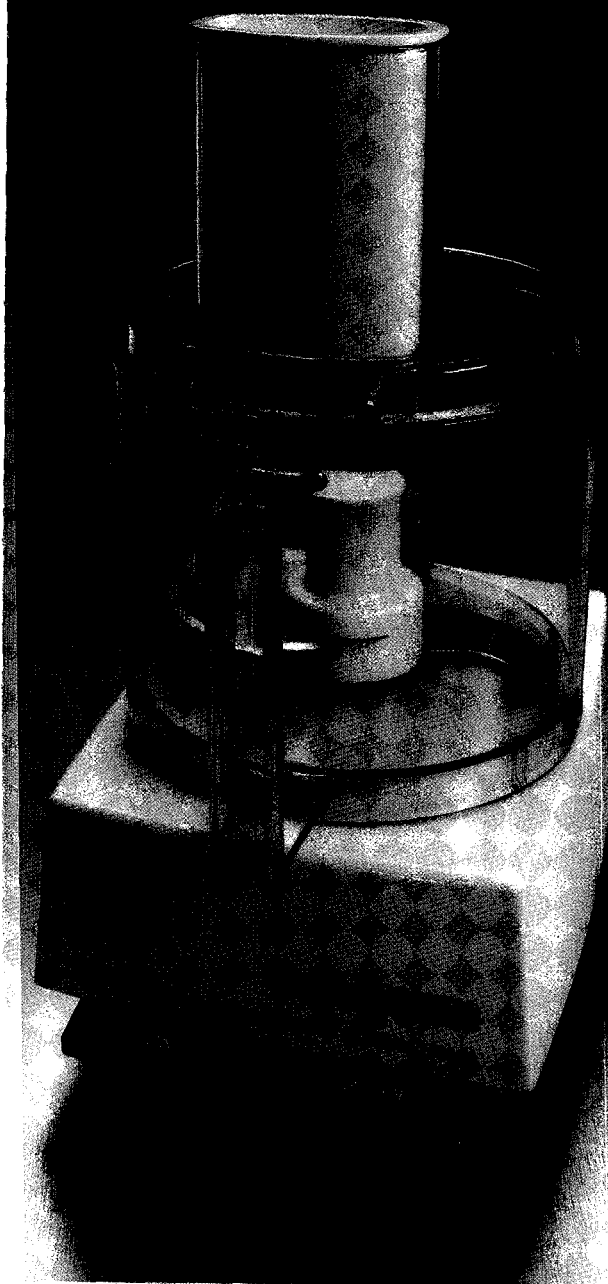
If you buy a Cuisinarts product and someone asks you six months later if you're really glad you spent your money on it, we want to be sure the answer is an adamant "yes!"

To this end, no product we make will ever be quite good enough.

But it will *always* be the best we can possibly do. Until we do it better.

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macy's
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:
When he came to look at the building, with a real-estate man hissing and oozing beside him, we lowered the blinds, muted or extinguished lights, threw newspapers and dirty clothes on the floor in piles, burned rubber bands in ashtrays, and played Buxtehude on the hi-fi—organ chords whose vibrations made the plaster falling from the ceiling fall faster. The new owner stood in profile, refusing to shake hands or even speak to us—a tall, thin young man suited in hopsacking, with a large manila envelope under one arm. We pointed to the plaster, to crevasses in the walls, to sag, to leaks. Nevertheless, he closed.

Soon he was slipping little rent bills into the mailboxes, slip slip slip slip slip. In sixteen years, we'd never had rent bills, but now we have rent bills. He's raised the rent, and lowered the heat. The new owner creeps into the house by night and takes heat away with him. He wants us out, out. If we were gone, the building would be decontrolled. The rents would climb into the air like steam.

Bicycles out of the halls, says the new owner. Shopping carts out of the halls. My halls.

The new owner stands in profile in the street in front of our building. He looks up the street, then down the street. This wondrous street where our friends and neighbors live in Christian, Jewish, and, in some instances, Islamic peace. The new owner is writing the Apartments Unfurn. ads of the future, in his head.

The new owner fires the old super, simply because the old super is a whole-hearted, widowed, shot-up, black, Korean War-sixty-five-per-cent-disability-vet drunk. There is a shouting confrontation in the basement. The new owner promises the police. The old super is locked out. A new super is hired who does not put out the garbage, does not mop the halls. Roaches

appear, because the new owner has stopped the exterminating service. The new owner wants us out.

We whisper to the new owner, through the walls: *Go away! Own something else! Don't own this building! Try the Sun Belt! Try Alaska, Hawaii! Sail away, new owner, sail away!*

The new owner arrives, takes out his keys, opens the locked basement. The new owner is standing in the basement, owning the basement, with its single dangling bare bulb and the slightly busted souvenirs of all our children's significant progress. He is taking away the heat, carrying it out with him under his coat, a few pounds at a time, and bringing in with him, a few hundred at a time, his hired roaches.

The new owner stands in the hall, his manila envelope under his arm, owning the hall.

The new owner wants our apartment, and the one below, and the two above, and the one above them. He's a bachelor, a tall, thin young man in cheviot—no wife, no children, only buildings. He's covered the thermostat with a locked clear-plastic case. His manila envelope contains estimates and floor plans and draft Apartments Unfurn. ads and documents from the Office of Rent and Housing Preservation which speak of Maximum Base Rents and Maximum Collectible Rents and under what circumstances a Senior Citizen Rent Increase Exemption Order may be voided.

Black handprints all over the green of the halls where the new owner has been feeling the building.

The new owner has informed the young cohabiting couple on the floor

above us (rear) that they are illegally living in sin and that for this reason he will give them only a month-to-month lease, so that at the end of each and every month they must tremble.

The new owner has informed the old people in the apartment above us (front) that he is prepared to prove that they do not actually live in their apartment in that they are old and so do not, in any real sense, live, and are thus subject to a Maximum Real Life Estimate Revision, which, if allowed by the city, will award him their space. Levon and Priscilla tremble.

The new owner stands on the roof, where the tomato plants are, owning the roof. May a good wind blow him to Hell.

Backstage

MARY MCFADDEN, the forty-year-old American designer whose inventive, idiosyncratic creations have won her two Coty Awards in the six years she has been in business, showed her spring collection at the Plaza the other day. Nearly a thousand people jammed the Grand Ballroom for a look at the extraordinarily elegant and extraordinarily expensive clothes (dresses *average* two thousand dollars), in a dizzying twenty-minute blur of textures and colors. Here is what we saw: Narrow rhubarb-pleated, hip-wrapped, cowl-necked satin-backed rusty-silver polyester. Peach, celadon green and lemon, rose and turquoise, lemon and rose, celadon green and lemon again. Gold cords crisscrossing the torso. White Botticelli chiffon with vine leaves of gold and of twisted gold thread. Ivory China silk, burnt-gold macramé straps encrusted with rhodochrosite, turquoise, crystal. Line-quilted silk-pongee bolero jackets splashed with Portuguese-tile designs, abstracted, and calligraphy from illuminated manuscripts, abstracted. Howard Johnson-ice-cream colors, palmettes, rondelles,



heraldry. Scissored circles, stripes, Matisse-paperwork prints. Hand-loomed linen with gold inset over silk chiffon, linen skirts with burnt-orange Crusader wraps around the waist. Bumpy Jacquard, nubbly silk. Gauzy avocado, lemon-seed and ivory, rose and silver, traffic-light green. Hand-painted tree symbol with abstracted leaves. Large flowers, butterflies crinkled by pleats, floating tunic worn back or front over silk pajama pants knotted at the ankle. Thick brass armlets stuck with amethysts, ceramic pendants, Biwa pearls and cracked-crystal beads hung around wrists in heavy clusters. Primrose coolie hats, white georgette wound at the waist with pleated silk. Mohair coats, turquoise. Chiffon with Lurex. Iridescent "Pretty Baby" linen, short hemlines. White restaurant suits with sleeves of tiered pleated satin. Veils covering the face from forehead to jawline, raffia cloches, retro hats, Celtic interlace, Fauve wildness, and the geometric writing of the Zimbabwe. *Quel* barrage! An organza wedding dress with a close-fitted helmet of gold-thread macramé and a further stream of gold thread veiling the face closed the show.

We found Miss McFadden backstage, smiling, accepting congratulations. "I had wanted to have sails on the stage—jibs—in motion, but that didn't work," she said. "Instead, we had to use them as a sort of sculptural idea. I spent ten hours on the taped music, the technicians a lot more. A lot of percussion, sea sounds, heartbeats, Mahler, the Albinoni Adagio for Strings and Organ—music to remind people of death, of marriage. It's meant to take you to a percussion peak every three minutes or so. You have to charge people up to keep them awake during the show, pace the show—a hundred and five garments in twenty minutes. If you don't, people start to yawn. We want the models to stand like princesses or goddesses, to hold their heads high. Every designer has an ideal type of beauty. The bigger the body, the bigger the proportions can be on the body, and the more arresting the colors. I do everything on myself

and then enlarge the proportions, because my models are five inches taller than I am. From this collection, I wore five daytime outfits for five days in a row each, to see how they felt."

Born in New York City, Miss McFadden attended Columbia, and left without graduating to be public-relations director for Christian Dior in New York. In 1964, she went to work in South Africa as a journalist, first for *Vogue South Africa* and then for the *Rand Daily Mail*. In Rhodesia, reporting a story on its National Gallery's work with a community of Shona artists, she met the National Gallery's director, and she later married him. "My husband had been initiated into the tribe, and I lived in the community and helped with the work," she said. "They were sculpting serpentine, a very soft stone. Designers develop their own vocabularies, and I suppose that, seeing how the Shona used the spiral—a symbol of life and death—and how they used circles, stripes, stylized flowers, and so on, I was given an initial frame of reference. There were other influences, of course, but their symbols became part of my family of symbols, there to rework, to put my own fingerprint on."

She continued, "My clothes are simple but opulent. People have a need to see things being hand-crafted, so we use the macramé with jewels. I used pleating because nobody else was using it. It's always been something women

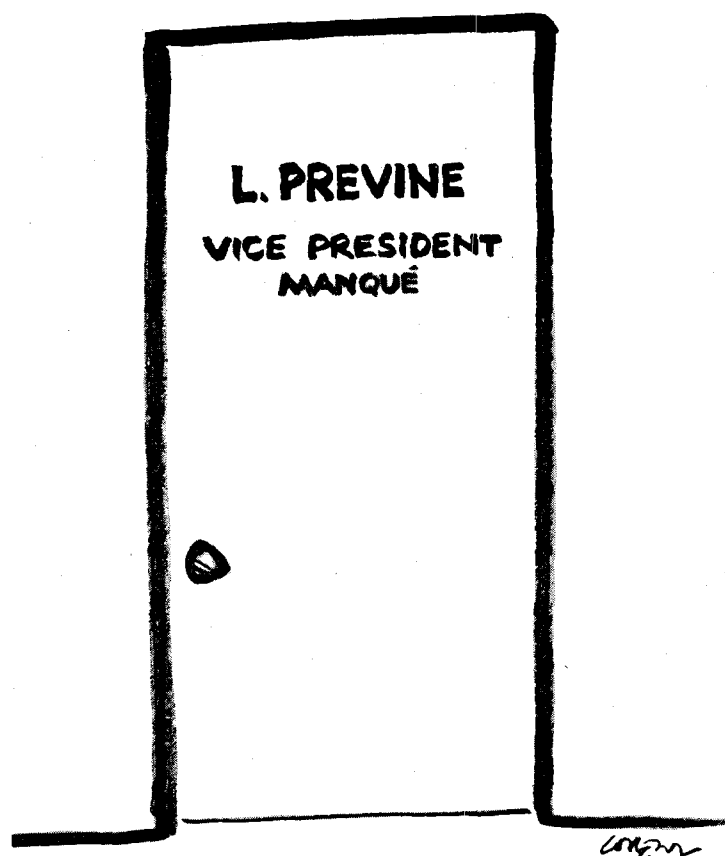
have liked to drape themselves in. I can do pleating that stays, because I use a polyester fabric from Australia. It's ten-mm.-weight satin-back—that's what they call it. You can spill wine on it and wash it right off with water. You can throw it into the bathtub and it jumps back up at you. During the show, I'm backstage tying knots and putting jewelry on. I can do half—I don't get to all of them. A model can become hysterical; it happens, usually, when she has to make a change and can't get out of a garment and suddenly feels herself trapped. Back there, we know how the show is going by what the models say. They know. They'll say, 'They like it, Mary.'"

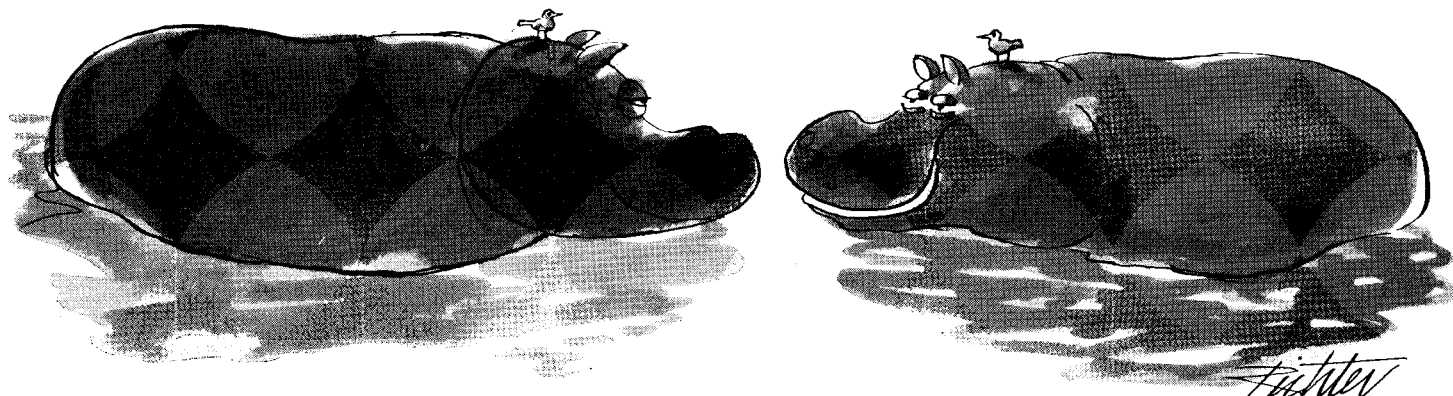
An Educated Person

HARVARD'S Faculty of Arts and Sciences voted earlier this year to approve a proposal introduced by the faculty's dean, Henry Rosovsky—and developed and refined by a series of committees—to reform the undergraduate curriculum. The Dean had repeatedly pointed out, before the vote, that Harvard and other leading colleges and universities were graduating young people who were unable to think or write clearly, let alone appreciate the ways in which one gains knowledge and understanding of oneself, of society, and of the universe. The faculty's reforms, which immediately struck a responsive chord in liberal-arts colleges

throughout the country—with reverberations in primary and secondary schools as well—set some clearly defined standards for what the Dean calls "an educated person."

The new program, which will gradually be put into effect for Harvard freshmen next fall, struck a responsive chord in us, too, so when Dean Rosovsky came to New York the other day to address the annual meeting, at the Waldorf-Astoria, of the College Entrance Examination Board, we sought him out. Shortly before he was scheduled to speak—at a luncheon of twelve hundred educators—on the subject of "The Core Curriculum," which is what the new program is called, we had a talk with him in a quiet corner of the Waldorf lobby. The





"Thanks. Your bird is very nice, too."

Dean is a sturdy-looking, friendly, cheerful man of fifty-one, somewhat cherubic of face, with a classic, old-fashioned short haircut. He wore dark-rimmed glasses, and he had a lighted pipe in his mouth and a worn-looking briefcase under one arm. He was dressed in a dark-blue suit, a white shirt with a button-down collar, and a dark-blue necktie with yellow stripes, and he was the happiest-looking dean we've ever seen. We asked him if he would mind telling us more about his standards for an educated person.

"I don't mind," he said, setting his briefcase on the floor beside him. "I'm beginning to get used to saying some of these things more than once." He took a quick breath, and his eyes, behind the glasses, literally sparkled. "An educated person should be able to communicate with precision, cogency, and force," he said. "He or she should have an informed acquaintance with the mathematical and experimental methods of the physical and biological sciences; with the historical and quantitative techniques needed for investigating the workings and the development of modern society; with some of the important scholarly, literary, and artistic achievements of the past; and with the major religious and philosophical conceptions of what man is. These ideas were included in a report to the faculty a couple of years ago. I said at the time that I thought an educated American could not be provincial; he should know about other cultures and other times. He should have some understanding of, and experience in thinking about, moral and ethical problems. He should have high aesthetic and moral standards. He should be able to reject shoddiness in all its many forms, and to defend his views effectively and rationally." The Dean gave us a serene smile and puffed at his pipe. "I was quite critical of the state of undergraduate

education, and everybody seemed for the most part to agree with me. When you say things are bad, you don't get much disagreement, I learned. It's when you start offering solutions that things become more serious." The Dean gave us another calm smile.

"When did all this get started?" we asked.

"Roughly four years ago, when I wrote a letter to the faculty pointing out that we needed a fresh and realistic statement of the purposes of undergraduate education," the Dean said. "Earlier in the nineteen-seventies, before I became dean, Derek Bok, now Harvard's president, was president-elect, and we had long conversations about our dissatisfaction with the state of liberal education. We both felt that the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties, while they had some very desirable features, were adverse to liberal education. We had experienced a tremendous expansion of the college and university. We had an explosion of professionalism. A chemistry professor, for example, might think of himself as a chemist, not as a professor. In the turmoil of the nineteen-sixties and early seventies, universities had become highly politicized. I felt that the time had come to focus again on educational issues. I never intended to have my original letter go beyond Harvard. But I asked the faculty to respond, and we also made the letter available to students, so that we might hear from them. Well, we received hundreds of letters—all thoughtful letters—from the professors and from the students, and pretty soon all this was in the newspapers. There were also political reactions. Political reactions from the left. Political reactions from the right. What we had started talking about, it seemed, was on other people's minds, too. The student press opposed the new curriculum. They viewed it as recapturing authority. And

some scientists were not sympathetic. They're not high on teaching science to non-scientists. We've had a lot of talking about the subject at Harvard since the spring of 1977. Very serious discussions—among the best I've ever heard. It made one feel pleased to be a member of that body. It was an elevating experience, talking about the business of education. As a result of all the discussion, some people who were opposed to our program have now offered to teach in it. I've had some praise from quarters I don't particularly want it from—from people who oversimplify or from reactionaries who want to bring things back to what they call the good old days. The whole back-to-basics approach needs to be defined. I'm in danger of becoming a hero to some Neanderthals." The Dean, looking a little pained, leaned forward and went on, "We've heard from so many people by now, from all over the world, that I've had to appoint a special man—Charles Whitlock, Associate Dean for Special Projects of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences—as a kind of Minister of Foreign Affairs on this issue." The Dean drew on his pipe and smiled again. "We've got a tremendous amount of work ahead of us to carry out the program," he said. "And now we're getting into graduate education, which is at least as important as the undergraduate program."

"What is actually going to be changed in the curriculum?" we asked.

The Dean leaned forward again, looked at his wristwatch, and puffed at his pipe. "The new curriculum will reflect the priorities revealed in the simple proposition of what we mean by an educated person," he said patiently. "The core curriculum will be designed to give all students a better sense of intellectual sympathy for one another. No college can remedy the damage of poor secondary education,

but we are determined to give those eighteen-year-olds who need it a *second chance*. The liberal-arts college plays a very special and important role in American society. In England, the student begins to specialize at the age of fifteen. His life is set at that point. In Japan, getting into the right *kindergarten* can be the determining factor. It would be easy for Harvard to imitate the universities of Europe—to set the entrance standards so high that students from many regions of the country and from many backgrounds would be excluded. We are not interested in that kind of elitist education.”

Dean Rosovsky looked at his watch again and put his briefcase on his lap. “A liberal education should provide a common core of intellectual experience for all students,” he said. “I’d rather have a doctor who understands pain and love and suffering than a doctor who knows only about the latest drug to come on the market. The core program will be remedial only in the sense that it provides for courses in math, expository writing, and foreign languages. Math is our addition; the others have been with us for a long time. Since the Second World War, all students have been required to take, in addition to a major—which we call a field of concentration—a general-education requirement specially designed to provide a broad liberal education. But this program had become outdated, and it lacked definition and vigor. Too many science courses were *about* science instead of being basic science, and many courses were no longer general in the good meaning of that word. The program we’re now setting up is divided into five fields: Letters and Arts; History; Science; Social and Philosophical Analysis; and Foreign Languages and Culture. Walter Jackson Bate, the author of the great biography of Samuel Johnson, is head of the committee working on Letters and Arts; Bernard Bailyn, Winthrop Professor of History, is on History; James Q. Wilson, Shattuck Professor of Government, is on Social and Philosophical Analysis; Otto Solbrig, Professor of Biology, is on Science; and Ezra Vogel, Professor of Sociology and Chairman of the Council on East Asian Studies, is on Foreign Languages and Culture.

We had read in the papers that within the past year Dean Rosovsky had turned down the jobs of president of the University of Chicago and president of Yale, in order to remain at Harvard as dean. We asked him why.

“I’m still in the middle of the reform of undergraduate education at Harvard,” he said. “I love Harvard. It

would be a privilege to be connected with Yale or with Chicago, but they are not mine. Harvard is *mine*.”

We asked the Dean if he would give us a rundown on his own educational background.

“All right,” he said. “I was born on September 1, 1927, in the Free City of Danzig. In the same year and in the same place, by the way, as Günter Grass. I found that out when we gave him an honorary degree in 1977. My dad was a graduate of the University of Kiev. So is my mother. I’m a Rosovsky on both the maternal and the paternal sides of my family, all of whom came from a small village called Rosovo, near Minsk, in White Russia. The Rosovskys—some of whom, including my brother, Alexander, changed their name to Ross—are a close, often inbred clan. The inbreeding, however, seems to have done things for our lifeline. My mother’s great-grandmother, for instance, died at the age of a hundred and seven.”

“Did she eat yogurt?” we asked.

“No, she drank vodka,” the Dean said. “She used to drink vodka and tell my mother stories about the retreat of Napoleon—about the collapse of his army, in 1812, at the Berezina River. When the Russian Revolution started, my dad had just graduated from law school, and, under Kerensky, he became a judge in Bobruisk. Six months later, he had to flee. He settled in Danzig with my mother in 1920 and went into the timber business, setting up a branch of the business that *his* father had set up in Latvia. My brother was born in 1922, and in 1934 he was sent to boarding school in Belgium, because under the Nazis life for Jewish children was becoming impossible in the secondary schools. The Jewish community in Danzig set up its own elementary school, which I attended for four years. In 1937, my parents, running from Hitler, moved to Brussels, where my dad reestablished his timber business. In May, 1940, when the Germans invaded Belgium, we made the classic refugee trek to France, to Spain, to Portugal, and then to the United States. That period was one of great excitement for me. No school. Travel. Uniforms all around us. My poor father was a refugee three times in his life. But for me it was really fun, except that whenever we stayed more than a few days in one place my mother insisted on putting me in a school. There were eleven of us in a 1936

Ford with Belgian license plates—including an uncle, his wife, their daughter, and people from another family. In Saint-Amand-Mont-Rond, in the center of France, my mother sent me to school right away. When Belgium surrendered to the Nazis, the French yelled ‘*Sales Belges!*’ at us in the old Ford. But within three weeks France had surrendered. We made it into Spain.

“My mother had wanted to go to America since the rise of Hitler. In Portugal, we found a ship, the S.S. Nyassa, which they told us the Germans had given to the Portuguese as reparations for the First World War. We all got on for five hundred dollars each. We landed in Hoboken on December 4, 1940. Right away, there was school. Before that Christmas vacation, I was at Joan of Arc Junior High School, at Amsterdam Avenue and Ninety-third, in my short pants and long woollen stockings. Then somebody told us to go to Klein’s and get some American clothes, so my mother bought me a lumberjacket and long pants. From that point on, I felt very much at home, even though I knew no English. Six months later, I took the exam for admission to Stuyvesant High School and got in. My dad, in the meantime, had set up and was running some sawmills, for a Belgian baron of Jewish origin, in Kinston, North Carolina, and elsewhere in the South, and was spending more and more time there. We didn’t speak English at home, and so, even though middle-class Jews for the most part didn’t send their sons to boarding school, I was sent, in 1942, to the Cherry Lawn School, in Darien, Connecticut. It was run by a Swedish noblewoman who was married to a Russian emigrant. It was not a St. Paul’s or an Andover, but I had a marvellous education there, played touch football, and graduated in 1944. My brother, meanwhile, had graduated from William and Mary. I went there for a year, and then I was drafted into the Army. I served in Europe—in Paris and in Wiesbaden, mostly—with the Counter Intelligence Corps, because I spoke German, French, and Russian. I met Henry Kissinger for the first time at Oberammergau, when I was in the European Command Intelligence School and took a course he gave in the German paramilitary organizations. When I got out of the Army, I took a reserve commission and went back to William and Mary, where I majored in economics and history. I graduated in 1949. Under the G.I. Bill of Rights, I enrolled in graduate school at Harvard, studying economics, but in 1950, on the



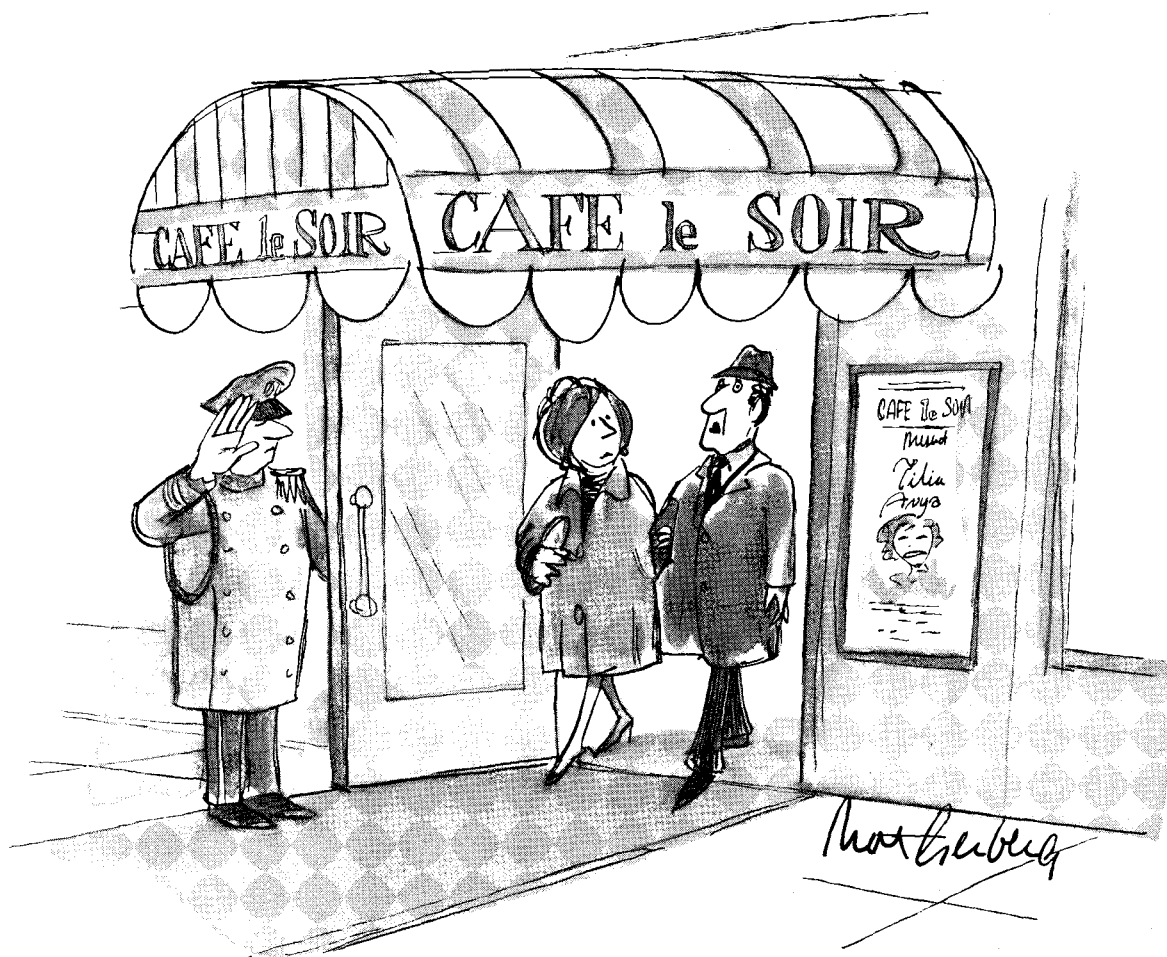
outbreak of the Korean War, I was called back into the Army and was shipped to Korea. At that point, I started developing my interest in Asia. In 1952, I went back to Harvard, where I became a Junior Fellow, elected to the Society of Fellows."

"What's that?" we asked.

"That is a lucky break," Dean Rosovsky said, and he gave us the genuine eyesparkle again. "It means you have three years in which you do what you want to do. You get a silver candlestick, you attend a fancy dinner every Monday night, and you study what you want to study. I started out studying Russian economic development in the last half of the nineteenth century. Then I became interested in Japan. At that time, very few people were following the tremendous economic achievement of Japan in the last hundred years. I decided to study Japanese. In 1956, I got married—my wife, Nitza, is a seventh-generation Jerusalemite—and the day of the wedding we left for Tokyo, where I did work for my Ph.D. thesis, on 'Japanese Capital Formation, 1868-1940.'" The Dean paused for a moment and looked at his watch again.

"What happened after Japan?" we asked.

"Berkeley," the Dean said, and he shook his head and gave a hint of a sigh. "In 1958, I became an acting assistant professor of economics and history there, and by the time I left, in 1965, I was a full professor. It was the beginning of the student troubles, and I was unhappy about what was going on. I strongly believed in high-quality public education. I had gone to Berkeley in the first place for ideological reasons. But I began to feel that many students and faculty did not believe, as I did, in that great institution. They were pecking away at the administration. They were abandoning important academic principles. I felt we were there to study and do research. So I resigned. Without having another job."



"Well, that was pleasant. And now back to the world of accounts payable and sensible shoes."

The Dean laughed. "I had a number of attractive offers, including one from Harvard. I loved Harvard. I owed the greater part of my education to Harvard. So I went there. But what I thought I had left behind me at Berkeley I found existed at Harvard as much as anywhere else. I became chairman of the Economics Department there in 1969, at the time of the greatest trouble. The year before that, I had given a report, as chairman of a committee on black studies, saying that Afro-American culture should be incorporated into serious studies but should not be kept separate and apart, and that caused a lot of discussion, a lot of controversy. I seem to have difficulty staying out of controversial things. In 1973, while I was in Indonesia—I've done a lot of work there from time to time, and a number of my former students are now in high government or industrial positions there—I heard that John Dunlop, then the dean, was going to Washington to be director of the Cost of Living Council. When I got back, President Bok asked me to take my present job. I said yes within twenty-four hours. I don't believe in introspection."

"What do you do as dean?" we asked.

"I'm custodian of a national treasure," Dean Rosovsky said. "I have the Faculty of Arts and Sciences under my jurisdiction—everything except the professional schools. I have sixty-five hundred undergraduates at Harvard and Radcliffe; twenty-three hundred graduate students; eight hundred and fifty faculty members, including five hundred full professors. I sit on top of a large bureaucracy, including the dean of the college, the dean of the graduate school, the dean of applied sciences, and so on. Arts and Sciences has an annual budget of a hundred and twenty million. We have to balance our own budget, and we have our own endowments. If we have a deficit, we have to borrow money, at interest. We had a big deficit when I took over, of two or two and a half million."

"What did you do?" we asked.

"Got rid of it," the Dean said, with a grin. He looked at his watch once more, and got up to head for the twelve hundred educators waiting to hear him speak. "I'm in my sixth year in the job now," he told us. "It's been a fantastic education."

COUNTLESS BLESSINGS

NOT long ago, while tilting the remains of a dish of steak-and-kidney pie, the better to scrape them into a bowl for possible later emulsification into soup, I was struck by the thought that even gravy responds to the mysterious influence of gravitation, though the similarity between the two words is purely fortuitous. This does not put me on an intellectual level with Newton, but it does reveal a mind capable of a wide-ranging curiosity about the natural world, even while its owner is engaged in menial tasks. I doubt whether Goethe, with his well-to-do, upper-middle-class background, could claim as much. Precious little scraping out of dishes *he* ever did.

I will give another instance of this gift. Your average gardener, when sweeping up November leaves, probably indulges in no reflection more profound than that the seasons come round more

rapidly than they used to. He may, given a touch of culture, tell himself that Keats and Hood, if they had ever faced the same task, might have phrased their respective odes to autumn a bit differently. But that will be about the sum of it. It will not occur to him to wonder, as I repeatedly do, just how many leaves one damned tree produces per annum. Fifty thousand? Two hundred thousand? A million? I have no idea. Nor, it seems, have any of the books of reference I have consulted. They are sound enough on photosynthesis and venation and the formation of an abscission layer between the petiole and the twig (which is the secret of this revolting deciduousness) but silent on enumeration. And I think I know why. It is useless to count them in the fall, because once they are on the ground, or in the barrow, who is to say which leaf came from which

tree? We are up against the same sort of difficulty that confronted John Donne in another connection:

And when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the Churchyard into the Church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the Church into the Churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again and to pronounce, This is the Patrician, this is the noble flowre, and this is the yeomanly, this the Plebeian bran?

Exactly. You can't do it. Nor is the thing a feasible proposition in the summer, when the leaves are still attached to the parent body. I have tried it. I have lain myself down under a full-grown beech and had a genuine go, gazing upward like any poet into the mass of vegetation—what Hood (perhaps after adopting the same posture, but without my dedication) calls "the pride of Summer, the green prime, The many, many leaves all twinkling."

No good. One starts, naturally, by using the technique of ornithologists counting duck on a lake; i.e., by totting up the number in a limited area and multiplying the result by the estimated total of such areas. But ducks on the water come in two dimensions, or as nearly so as doesn't matter; trees are hideously three-dimensional and the higher you go by no means the fewer. You can't see the tree for the leaves. It might be possible to count the branches, if one remembered to do it in midwinter, but what would that prove?

The number of eggs laid by British hens between June, 1975, and May, 1976, according to a clipping from the Central Statistical Office that recently fell (still the same old gravitation at its tireless work) out of a book on cosmic radiation I happened to be reading, was 13,561,975,000. This is the kind of figure, incapable for all its precision of stimulating the mind or exercising the body, that constantly comes my way unasked. One does not sweep up eggshells in the fall. Nor is the total, on analysis, particularly impressive. Under forty million a day, I make it, or round about four hundred and sixty per second, which, as radio frequencies go, is only in the medium band. For sheer production commend me, while my stream of consciousness is in full flow, to the components of a small



"Cosgrove, I just bought that damn building, right? So you'd think I'd be happy, right? Well, I'm not happy. How do you figure that out?"

bird's wing, about which I have some information that it would be a pity to keep to myself.

Each flight feather in a bird's wing has hundreds of barbs growing outward from its central shaft—like the thin filaments you rattle with your finger when you pick up a pipe cleaner—and each barb is equipped with several hundred barbules, some of which in turn have barbicels, or tiny hooks, to hold the whole structure together. Let's be conservative and allow only four hundred barbs per feather and the same number of barbules per barb; that's one hundred and sixty thousand barbules. At a thousand feathers in a wing (which is not excessive; a swan has upward of twenty-five thousand, over all), we have a figure of one hundred and sixty million barbules, which I should be happy to multiply by the number of barbicels per barbule if my bird book did not become characteristically vague at this point. Not less than a hundred, surely, at the rate we are going? Add a couple of noughts, then, to one hundred and sixty million, and anyone can see that *there are more components of a single bird's wing than the total number of hens' eggs laid in Britain between June, 1975, and May, 1976.*

Thrown out casually at the dinner table, that is the sort of remark that makes people ask, "Who is that interesting man?"

Of course, any diner who relies upon statistics to engage the attention of his fellow-guests must be careful to avoid being dismissed as a mere mathematician. His range must be wide. This brings me to Homer, who set an example of uncountability eagerly followed by later poets. It saves trouble. "Myriad," for instance, is a great deal easier to work into a sonnet than the result of multiplying a hundred thousand million stars per galaxy by about a hundred thousand million galaxies, which is the latest (rather suspiciously round) figure for the universe known to me from astronomical sources. Homer even de-

clined to state the number of Greeks present at the siege of Troy, protesting too loudly, "I could not recount nor tell the multitude, not even if ten tongues and ten mouths were mine, a voice unwearied and a brazen heart," and preferring to take refuge in a feckless comparison with "the numerous nations of winged fowl, of geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans, on the Asian mead, by the waters of Caÿster," and adding, to sharpen the focus a little, "As the numerous swarms of clustering flies which congregate round the shepherd's pen in the spring season, when too the milk overflows the pails; so numerous stood the head-crested Greeks upon the plain against the Trojans." The extent of the threat to Troy still lacks definition.

Poets are entitled to use comparisons, I suppose, being by nature disinclined to have much truck with arithmetic ("Tell me not in mournful numbers," one of them wrote), but they ought to make their similes more readily comprehensible by a man who has spent little time near shepherds' pens and even less by the waters of Caÿster. I haven't time just now to run through the corpus of English literature looking for the best

way to convey a huge number without bothering to count, but I know enough to put Milton way ahead of Homer in this respect. Before he was much more than three hundred lines deep into "Paradise Lost" Milton felt the need to tell his readers what a vast crowd of fallen angels accompanied Satan to bottomless perdition. Couldn't be bothered to count them. Didn't know the answer, perhaps. So what did he do? He wrote,

angel forms, who lay entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that
strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa...

I never was in Vallombrosa, either, but I get the picture, all right. That was one hell of a lot of barrowloads of devils.

—H. F. ELLIS

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette]

WILBUR, Wash. (AP)—Few persons know where the historic Goose Creek Rock Shelter is located and the Washington Office of Archaeology and Historic Preservation wants to keep it that way.



"Really, Miss Carlin, you don't have to say
'Pardon me' every time you pass."

BOYS AND MUSIC

FOR each perfect lesson my son David earns a star. For twelve perfect lessons a pin. For two pins the bust of a composer. He always asks for Liszt. In his third year of piano lessons, we have four Liszts on top of our piano: two face each other nose to nose, one has a bottlecap hat, and one has a flag taped to his shoulder. I finally ask David, "Why Liszt?" He knows few songs by that composer, and when I offer to play him recordings he isn't even mildly interested. It turns out, when his teacher asks "Which statue?" Liszt is the only name he can pronounce with ease. David is ten years old. He makes up songs and plays us formal concerts but doesn't mention his recital this year.

WE see an interview with an orphan, on a children's program on TV. The boy is David's age exactly and lives in New Orleans. When the boy's aunt could no longer keep him, she stuffed sandwiches into his pockets and put him on the parish bus. He got off at the Children's Home, sat down on the steps, and started eating—ate the egg salad, jelly, ham-and-cheese, ate till only the tunafish was left, zipped up in his windbreaker pocket. That's how his name is Tunafish, he says. He plays the horn and wants to play it better, to learn to finger well, do glides.

Playing a slow lick for the camera, he pretends he is Louis Armstrong. He says Louis, not Looney, Armstrong. He says he is happy at the Home and wants to stay until he is eighteen. That's when legally he has to leave. In truth, he would like to never leave.

DAVID says he will live with me forever. He's run away, but always to houses—blanket tents, washing-machine cartons—he's built in the safety of his room. He camps in them for days, not eating, after losing arguments with me. Or else he secretly changes his last name and refuses to come when I call.

My husband and I didn't know what to name him; names that suited him didn't go with ours. After school, I feed David sandwiches and softly try out other names. The one we picked is wrong—does he know that? He seems to be satisfied with David. Seated at the kitchen table, he copies it for hours on typing paper—huge in orange Magic Marker, tiny in illegible script. He writes it in the form of a swan, a plane, a house, the number seven. "All the good books in our school library have my name in them," he says.

DAVID watches a film about Uganda: shots of jackal, of black and white rhinos, of women washing clothes

in the Nile, where they may be attacked by crocodiles. Crocodiles don't chew well, he tells me. They drag the women downstream into caves and wait nearby for them to decompose. The camera lingers at a water hole: shots of ostrich, topi, giraffes. David's favorite is the giraffe. They have no more neckbones than we have—only seven, can I believe that?—and no natural enemies. No enemies, repeats David. Though lions sometimes prey on them at sunset, it takes three to bring down one giraffe. And that's not all about giraffes, says David. They have the largest hearts in the world.

DAVID wants me to teach him the recorder. We learn the songs of Friedemann Gottschick, written when he was a little boy. The tunes sound like those of young Handel, or young Mozart on the stool in his nightgown, waked to play for his father's friends. But they were printed in 1940, the introduction to the small book says. Who is this Friedemann, I wonder, who could make such music when young? His Tanz (No. 13) is perfect; his Allegro makes musicians of us all. I ask in libraries. He's unlisted. (Did he die in the war, lose his gift?) I write the music house in Kassel; months later, a letter returns. It is signed by Friedemann's oldest sister, whose name is Anna Martine.

They were a parson's family, in Breslau. The mother had perfect pitch. Her gifts were passed on to Friedemann, the youngest and most musical child. He wrote his first songs into that notebook; his mother published it when he was in his teens. Then his class were made gunnery assistants and the battery was sent to the front. Appendicitis saved him. He was removed for the operation; when he was gone, his company was hit.

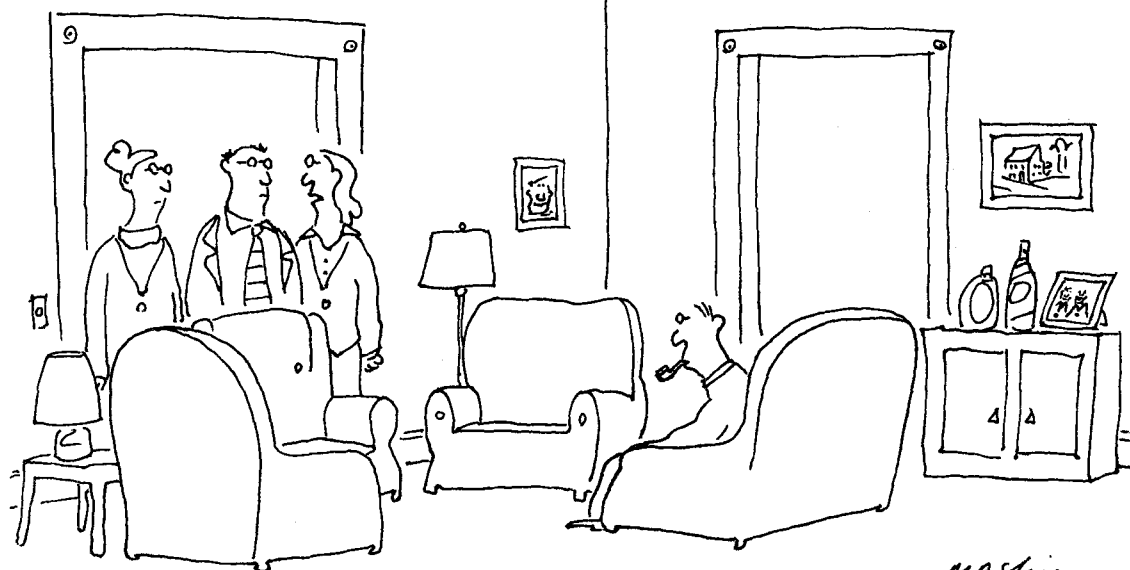
He is now, his sister writes, a choir-master. The choir is famous. Have I seen them on TV? It is demanding work—arranging, touring, teaching—and then there's his family. His wife is ill and disabled, so the care of the children falls on him. He has no time left for composition. But no matter, his sister assures me: he finds his home life fully rewarding and, besides, he has never longed for fame. She wants me to write to him directly and supplies a southern address. I do not write, nor can I make David. He's given up the recorder altogether and spends his time drawing tanks.

IN the basement David builds helicopters—saws out rotors, pontoons, windows—and never once doubts they



"It's a look I believe in."

will fly. Also never tries them out: he knocks one apart to build another. "I don't want to ever finish them," he says. He goes outdoors only for baseball, refusing to skate, climb, or swim. Even in winter, it's baseball. He aims stones at the armpits of trees, hits ice balls with a stick. On the mound, he mimics Rollie Fingers; is Rollie the name he should have had? He never tells me the names of his heroes, which is what makes it hard to help him the few times he's asked for help from me.



"I'll be sitting to Ed's right; Jeff, you'll sit directly across from him; and, Lois, you'll be to his left."

I TEACH David soft-shoe while I cook dinner. His body dances, but he fails to move his feet. He practices whenever I'm watching. "Is this right, is this right?" he says. The arms are right, the way they hang, swinging, but in each hand he holds a spoon. "Is this right?" he asks over and over, sure the secret must lie in the spoons. He wants me to teach him to juggle. He masters one, then two balls easily. I add the third; he starts throwing pitches, overhand, straight at me.

THE third month I was pregnant with David, we thought we had a boy and searched for names. Should he have been named for his father? About the cheek they're somewhat akin, but in a high-school football scrimmage his father's nose and jaw were badly broken, so I don't know if they look like each other or when the resemblance might begin. David's looks are transitory. His hair, now straight, may curl, and his nose is altering daily. Would naming him Felix have helped? My husband wanted Felix; I, Paul. We each argued for the name of a loved one, but we loved different people then. We worry his name will never name him, but David never thinks ahead. If anything, he looks backward. He's so young he has forgotten nothing, and he is eager to reminisce, to say "When I was a baby, remember?" or "Funny how I always used to think..."

He says, "When I was two, and we lived in Zurich and the streetcar was derailed in our street, do you remember the man who jumped out and

started barking and barking like a dog?"

"There were no streetcars in our street."

"Not in Sonnenberg," he corrects me, "but that place we stayed before we moved there, in that boardinghouse, just for a week. It was a No. 8 streetcar, remember? The one that came from the bridge."

When I ate the spider, remember? When we found the silver pencil in the woods? When you lost me at the auction in Kipton? You remember, you remember, you remember. No, I never do. Did these things really happen? Does David dream them, make them up? The details are so very convincing, but he sees I'm not convinced.

"Well, then, what *did* happen?" he asks.

He's angry and I can't blame him. I should know by heart his crib wisdom, should show him films of family adventures, documentaries devoted just to him, but I find only a small box of photos that suggest how things really looked. He sifts through the lot, disappointed. In most of the pictures he's absent. In the few formal baby portraits he sees no one who resembles him. The early David has vanished.

ONE June morning, I wake to music. It's not light yet, but he's playing loud downstairs. In his right hand he holds a flashlight trained at the hand on the keys. When I enter, I'm afraid I'll scare him, but it's clear he's

been waiting for me. He expands the short piece with repetitions to keep me standing near him in the dark. Then he says, "Today's my recital. Are you and Dad going to come?" He turns the flashlight to see if I'm nodding; the beam burns my eyes. I lunge toward him shouting, "Don't do that!" He keeps it aimed at my face. I hurt his arm when I grab for the flashlight, but I have managed to nod yes.

By afternoon, he is terribly sleepy. He wets his hair and combs it straight back from his forehead; it takes him an hour to dress. We arrive at the church hall early, but he leaves us to find his seat. He can't bear being with us in public, doesn't look to see where we sit. He is fourteenth on the program. By his turn, he's fast asleep. His teacher motions for someone to wake him; his pals punch him in the ribs. He's supposed to play a third-year sonatina, but he performs a composition of his own. It is called, he announces, "Uganda," and occurs in the bass, with one hand. When we get home, I will write it in a notebook, in case I forget it when he's grown.

—DIANE VREULS

It is quite common for a couple to honeymoon at the Princess or the Bermudiana and return the following year, perhaps with another couple, and rent a housekeeping apartment or cottage. And it works in reverse also.—*The Post*.

That's going to take us a little while to figure out.

ROOTS AND HEDGES

IN 1923, my mother lost her home in Berkeley, California, to the awful fire of that September. By 1926, we were settled in southern California, where she had bought an old garden home in the foothill suburbs above Pasadena. It was not a likely property for my mother to purchase. She was used to a substantial home in a conventional setting, and this consisted of three old cottages hidden in a garden that was hidden by a cypress hedge eight feet tall. An old-fashioned and romantic air of seclusion, almost of secrecy, moved her to want the place. After the shock of losing her home and the loved furnishings of years of domestic life, she was drawn to an environment that seemed to offer a ready-made and secure welcome. Once inside the gate and down the long path, she was surrounded by a private world. So she bought the old garden—almost half an acre, including three ancient, rustic redwood close-to-dilapidated cottages. Such dwellings, usually called bungalows, were not too hard to find at that time in southern California. People had built lightly and lightheartedly for a warm climate, and no building codes had bothered them. What was obligatory was bougainvillea on the roof. Of her trio, my mother chose the largest for our domicile. One was to be rented and one was to be a studio—a vague, exploitable title.

By the time we moved into our house, we had acquired a little furniture, and as we were putting books into a bookcase at one end of the living room a bright streak caught my mother's eye. "What is that?" she asked. "It looks like sunlight."

I knelt beside the bookcase and investigated. "It is sunlight, Mother," I assured her guardedly.

"What do you mean, it is sunlight? How could it be? That's a wall."

Still more cautiously, I said, "Mother, it's a wall with a big crack in it."

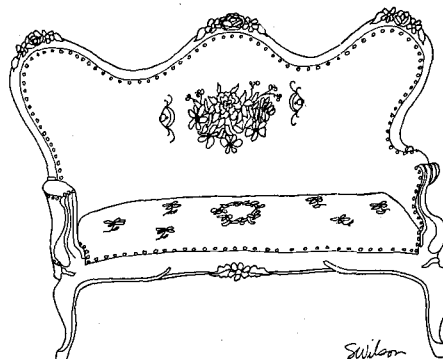
It was only after this discovery that Mother had the condition of the property investigated. It was a stunning surprise to her to learn that, typical of many modest old houses in California, ours was constructed without studs, and of walls somehow assembled of thin redwood planks nailed top and bottom to horizontal two-by-fours. Building codes and permits were still cordial, easygoing, or nonexistent when my mother's bungalows were constructed. At that early period, anybody who could hit a nail with a rock could put a house together, and often

did. No proper foundations were required—a few boulders from the nearest arroyo would do. Such houses were expected to *perch*. It would have been difficult to locate three houses so near the brink still perching, and, I add with affection, still so beguiling in their strangle of shrubbery and shaded paths. Style was no consideration in houses of this kind, as only the builder's desire for the picturesque or the quaint mattered, and in any case they would soon be obliterated by bougainvillea, banksia roses, and yellow jasmine, their interiors ill lit and smelling oddly—a faint stink that came from the redwood. On the drawing boards of architects like the Brothers Greene, redwood was used for fine designing, but these others, almost spontaneous handmade structures, had their place until the thirties and forties in the historic environment of southern California. They all also had an honest place in the personal memoir of an occupant who enjoyed their charms and suffered their hazardness, including the carefree custom of scattering the essential parts of the bathroom hit-or-miss through the house—perhaps just outside the house. The first control my distraught mother exerted on her new home was to assemble the stray parts of the bathroom into one location, where in the service of modesty propriety could close the door.

One colossal curiosity dominated my mother's house: the front door. Instead of functioning on hinges, it hung like a barn door on an overhead metal track, which operated like a trolley. The door contained two windows—one right, one left—both integral to the total creation. The thing was damnably heavy. Getting it even to budge was a challenge, and when at last it unexpectedly did roll, the sound of its thunder was dreadful. To enter the house, there was a smart step up from the porch with a treacherous sill; on this a visitor, already startled by the opening of the door, could trip and

fall flat on his face into the living room. We asked each other who in God's name ever thought up such a ridiculous way to get in and out of an old house. Then we heard from a neighbor that the first known owner of our place had been a lady by the name of Miss Fortune who had travelled ardently in the Orient, particularly in Japan. She brought back with her the concept of the Japanese sliding screen, and from her description some mystified carpenter had made our monstrous version of an elegant thing. There were, without doubt, Japanese artisans in southern California who could have done it perfectly, but it appeared that she had relied upon herself (a born obstructionist dedicated to a morality of defeat). She had paid for that, and now we were also paying for it. The roof, too, was her contribution—almost without pitch except for a little point in the middle which may have been intended to make it look like a pagoda but in fact suggested the hat of a peasant planting rice in a Hiroshige print. The sun on the roof created a stifling heat. A conventional front door and a cooling gable were alterations that followed the bathroom. I can count twelve major improvements over the years, all consoling to my mother, who with each became a little less humiliated by her original faulty judgment.

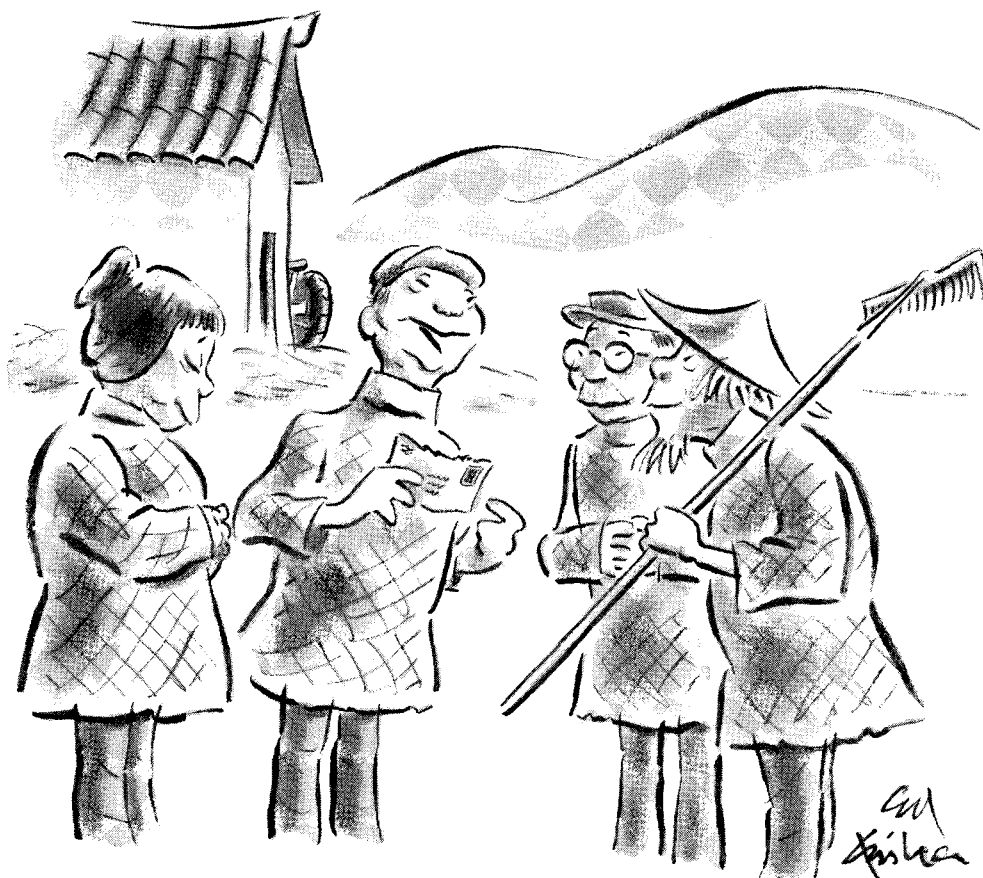
Very happily, both for my own life and our immediate circumstances as abashed householders, we had not lived in our delightful slum for more than half a year when I married. My husband, Frederick Monhoff, brought his conspicuous talents as artist and architect to this scene, which he regarded with suppressed astonishment and a sense of humor. For years to come, he and my mother, who was good at visualizing and loved floor plans, remodelled the kindling of the old houses into durable and attractive bungalows. In becoming desirable, they could no longer be laughed at. If this was a loss, we were well comforted by the presence, over all, of five respectable bathrooms, two fireplaces, French doors for Mother, and for us walls of glass, and a contemporary style in the house and studio my husband and I now occupied. The one thing we were never able to impose our will upon was the population of foothill opossums that for scores of generations had lived under the three cottages. They took kindly to newcomers. They saw no reason to move on. Whatever our improvements, they continued to make it clear that the place was theirs. Even when we added a furnace for our own comfort, it added



principally to theirs. One night in winter, we heard a savage scratching under the floor. By morning, the house was very cold. An opossum of more than usual intelligence and skill had clawed the furnace duct apart at a joint, crawled into the cozy interior, and, just big enough to fit, had filled it, completely stopping the flow of heat to the registers above.

WE did not know that we had settled with a permanency phenomenal in those days. In southern California, most old homes grow old in a succession of ownerships, while we set a record by remaining for thirty-six years in one place that had been old to begin with. The restlessness that animated many people and inspired the operatic aggressiveness of the real-estate market did not touch us—perhaps we were lethargic in some ways. Still, we were busy. My mother attached herself to the Pasadena Community Playhouse with an habitual reverence for the drama and language spoken clearly behind footlights—occasionally by herself, as she achieved a role. Fred went back and forth daily to the city for his teaching of design at the Otis Art Institute and his architectural work. I stayed at home and cultivated a sense of place and poetry. The big solid hedge shut us all in psychologically. The years brought to our family group the usual events of birth and death and the pleasures and strains of existence. Always there was the earth, nature, and the elements that demanded scrutiny.

We had been ignorant of the foothill wind that blew seasonally from the interior, beginning with autumn and going on through the late winter. It had a name we learned with dread—Santa Ana. It blew through the canyon of Santa Ana and was capable of putting enough sand into the air to take the paint off your car and pit the windshield if you were coming through the Guasti vineyards en route to San Bernardino. At home, it made sleep impossible, it blasted the nerves, it could ruin the roof. It had its own attendant, rhythmic weather. Toward evening, the air would become clear and glassy, and a paw of wind would reach into the garden and shake the trees and scuffle with any loose foliage on the ground. Then silence. A little later we could hear it approaching down the canyons of the Sierra Madres above us. And more silence—silence almost as menacing as the sound of the wind itself. When night fell, it settled down to its real performance—hours or possibly days of buffeting, thrashing, and



"He's in the laser-spectroscopy program at Yale, but he says he still misses the commune lectures and Mom's noodles."

banging. It might blow only as far as the valley plain or it might get as far as the coast. Some communities it might jump over. Wherever it blew, it had no observers more attentive and taut than ourselves. We learned every sigh and roar, every whack of its repertoire, and especially the long frightening slide and spring of power as it came down the mountain and landed on top of us with a vibrating hoot into the chimney. The old cypress hedge was always bruised in these storms and gave off its pungent smell. During our first years in the garden, we sometimes fled in alarm to an inexpensive hotel in Pasadena. There, although we had been spared the sound of the wind, we would get up in the morning to see broken plate glass on the sidewalk, and on the way home trees flattened during the night, or the steeple of a wooden church wrenched crooked, with a revival-meeting sign at an angle calling the city of Pasadena to "Come and live with Jesus." Finally, we grew ashamed of our timidity and stayed home while the storm raved. We never learned to take it without cringes: cringes and the raking up of the mess and the return of other people's property—often the cat's house that flew over the hedge from

the premises of two apologetic maiden sisters.

Having learned so disastrously about Western foothill fires in our brief stay in Berkeley, we might have thought ourselves entitled to immunity from even the smell of burning brush. However, the Sierra Madres burned regularly and within smelling distance nearly every summer, and sometimes directly overhead. More than once, when wind brought the fire into the outskirts of our community and we were less than a mile from flying embers, my husband spent the night packing two cars with what he decided was most valuable among his collection of architectural designs, books, Chinese scrolls, Japanese prints, and Navajo rugs. Onto this pile I always added his own etchings and paintings, which he characteristically delayed in gathering. As I helped him through the exhausting hours, I wailed, "Again? Surely not again!" and he answered with cynical sympathy, "Yes, again." Early the next morning, the wind would stop and the fire be declared under control, leaving in its wake a row of homes destroyed on the street highest up. People who come to California to live with the exhilarating joys of scenery and climate

must learn to pay for the privilege, faithfully and painfully.

OUR garden was typical of an era when many gardens were still inspired by the mission enclosures—notably that of San Juan Capistrano. The padres had planted for use and nostalgia, bringing with them cuttings, cereals, seeds of vegetables, herbs, and fruits as well as of flowers. Paths imposed a kind of formality in the mission patio, with beds between them. The model was easy to copy and perfectly suited to horticultural passions that were unable to resist donations of slips and pinches, and the plain theft of something just too tempting hanging over the fence. All available space was soon filled with a rabid jungle of plants madly embracing each other and suffocating their mates out of existence. In form, our garden was of this genre, but the last owner, a retired schoolteacher who slept with an old BB gun by her bed and got up early to scare the finches raiding the fig tree, was inclined more toward fruits than flowers. We had persimmon, plum, apricot, pear, peach, pomegranate, guava, orange, lemon, grapefruit, and lime—some of them many years old. There were also huge oleanders and an ancient jasmine on my mother's cottage. There were roses, daphne, crape myrtle, and trumpet vine, to begin with. We soon added azaleas, camellias, hibiscus, the dark, chic hardenbergia like a miniature wisteria and, among others, the night-blooming cestrum of wonderful heavy scent that choked my mother in her sleep, gave her nightmares, and had to be removed. Eventually, we had three kinds of the so-called orchid tree—lavender, yellow, white. The last grew to be tall, and its snowy, lilylike flowers that delicately straddled the boughs produced seedpods of considerable tensile strength when they split, which they did with a cracking sound. The seeds were thrown far and wide, and I enjoyed finding them, shining brown and squarish in shape, perhaps sixty feet from the tree. Of bulbs we had the elegant ivory freesias; a congregation of them gave off clear ethereal perfume. We had exotics like tigridia and alstroemeria from Mexico and South America, and companies of pink amaryllis, agapanthus, crinum, spider lily, stylosa, and other iris. We had beds of succulents and rosetted sempervivums, and a cereus that, as darkness approached, opened an enormous bud into a mammoth, angelic white flower, whose eerie, brief mechanism of inflorescence collapsed at dawn.

CHRIST PANTOCRATOR IN SAN GIORGIO DEI GRECI

I opened my eyes long ago in another city,
Regarding with a dispassionate expression
The business end of a paintbrush.
The first face I saw was wonderful,
As dreamy-eyed as I was unimpressed:
The artist had starved himself for days
Preparing the high dome of my forehead,
The impossible gesture of my right hand.
Since then faces have come and gone,
And the thick smoke of incense has settled
As softly as the veil of memory settles.
I know there are small saints beside me
In poor condition. I forget their names;
The words they spoke I have forgotten.
I know the gold leaf behind me is light,
I feel its bright suffusion of my features;
And the darkness I gaze out upon—
This dim church, the centuries, your face—
That, too, to me is as light, blazing
And impenetrable, divine on the face of it.

—GEORGE BRADLEY

These plants are now common in southern California. They represent not botanical knowledge or specialization or even success in gardening but a wistful, hilarious hunger for plants that is stimulated by a radiant climate and an earth cordial to the ever newly revealed floral wealth of other countries.

The Monterey cypress hedge that surrounded our place was elephantine, and we loved the elephant, but we found it no small chore to climb a ladder and, with aching arms and shoulders and shears always growing dull, tidy up a green monster eight by six by hundreds of feet. It was with such tough labor that I learned the wages of work—values I paid myself in pleasure, pride, and honest fatigue. We hired help for only one day a week, and no memory of our garden would be complete without the inclusion of James Nicolopulos.

Nicky was Greek—a smiling, dependable orb of warm light clothed in blue denim, with a watch chain swinging across his broad stomach. He worked for a number of property

owners in the community and he took an interest not only in their aphids and snails but in their personal problems as well. He was not a gossip—or not an accomplished gossip—but a man whose kindness and good cheer could not be contained in ordinary limits of communication; rather elaborately he kept a web of discreet, or sympathetically indiscreet, information, just taut enough to entangle his employers with him and with each other. We might be social strangers, but through Nicky an expectancy bound us together. Behind our hedge we had news of what was happening to other people, although news of what was happening to other people's plants was often of more interest to me.

"That man who lives up where the street curves and his drive with the palms goes back to where his house is?" I might inquire in a twisting sentence resembling the drive referred to.

Nicky would say, "She's all right. His wife came home from the hospital all right." (I had not met his wife.)

"And the palm at the front that was injured in the wind storm?" (It was a good *Livistona chinensis*, and I suspected that its owner did not prize it highly enough even before the storm blew its head off.)

"The palm's all right," Nicky assured me. "So he threw it down into the arroyo, so I pulled it out of the arroyo, so I told him, 'Never throw away a dead palm. A dead palm is never dead.'"

"Good, good," I said, and this information relieved my mind of an item of worry and indignation.

Another day: "Nicky, I need a real-





ly fine white oleander. That man who sells cars—"

"He's drinking all the time. He never stops drinking all the time. He never stops women all the time."

"Just the same, I want a cutting from his best white oleander along the street."

"Help yourself. She has a hard life." (This wife I did know and could agree.)

Only rarely were names included in these exchanges, but identities were established by plants known to me. Were other people treated to brief, vivid views of our lives? Probably.

All of Nicky's employers profited from his immediate recognition of the usefulness of any materials he might spy in a dormant or restful state. In a suburban economy during the war, it was sometimes difficult to find or buy what one needed, and Nicky kept his eye open for such needs. There was a section of the old hedge that had died and left a gap. When our son was beginning to walk and could get far enough to wander off the property, this had to be patrolled. One morning, I saw with surprise that across the hole

in the hedge had been stretched precious and unprocurable chicken wire.

"From Mrs. Pier's chicken yard," said Nicky.

"Doesn't Mrs. Pier need it?"

"Not just now. She got tired of chickens. And she looks better without chicken wire."

I was grateful for our neighbor's ennui toward chickens. Then I noticed the absence of a good seedling *Ochna multiflora*, a shrub listed as rare in my favorite handbook of ornamental plants. The seedling had come up at the bottom of our garden just above our neighbor's driveway. I was watching it with covetous pleasure. "What happened to my ochna?" I asked Nicky.

"She likes it," Nicky said succinctly. "She thinks the seedpods are funny. So I took it to her." His sense of justice in exchange could operate quickly.

Then there was the old wheelbarrow. My mother, who never would have used it, happened to miss it one day. "Nicky," she said, "I thought there was an old wheelbarrow here when I bought this place."

"Oh, yes," he said cheerfully. "Mrs. Eddy needed it."

"Eddy?" my mother asked vaguely.

"Down on Mariposa Street, the big brown house," Nicky said. "You know the three big brown houses? Mrs. Eddy lives in the biggest big brown house."

"Yes, yes." Mother brightened. Her wheelbarrow had advanced socially. But her conscience was at once involved. "It was broken. How can they use it?"

"No matter," said Nicky. "Mr. Eddy is very nice repair man. He had good time fixing it. When you get it back it will be better yet."

Then there was Mrs. Kellogg's clump of cuphea. This affair did not turn out so well for us. Nicky, knowing of a blank spot in our garden, came one day bearing a clump of cupheas in full flower, and plenty of roots and good earth—a gift in itself. I admired the red tubular blossoms. Nurseries had only recently introduced the cupheas. They were fashionable. As the blank spot disappeared under the expanding cuphea, I wondered what the toll of exchange was going to be. For several months, I was allowed ignorance, until one day the plant, very handsome un-

der my care, vanished. One of its popular names was "firecracker." "The *Cuphea ignea* has exploded!" I cried to Nicky.

Nicky was calm. "She thought she didn't want it and then she wanted it bad" was his untroubled explanation.

With the passing of time, there came a day when I heard the sound of busy cackling, and I sauntered down to the bottom of the garden to take a look. Sure enough, the fence had gone. A few years had passed and the child was now a boy in school. Mrs. Pier's hens were back and the chicken wire had been replaced where it was needed.

It was fascinating to live under Nicky's cycles of use and restoration. Just as we began to feel the lack of a wheelbarrow, ours came rolling home in a splendid condition of repair—better yet, as Nicky had promised. Mother sat on her porch and watched with approval as Fred and I hauled used brick to border a bed of herbs. Plainly she was flattered by Mr. Eddy's resuscitation of the fitness of things in her daily life.

Nicky loved my mother. It may have been her dignity and bearing that drew his respect, or perhaps it was her occasional confusion, which seemed to bring her down to the level of his own inadequacies. In any case, Nicky felt about Mother as I felt about the quail in the garden, of whom I said, because I loved them, "Quail can do no wrong." Even when she indulged in an obviously human breakdown at a stray parrot that ate her sweet tangerines (she threw stones at the robber, called him names, and swore at him), Nicky applauded and bent double with amusement—not easy for a fat man.

THE time came when we did away with the big hedge to which we had clung past its years of health and usefulness. To chop, saw down, or somehow vanquish a perishing cypress hedge is a major job. The wood was hard and dense. And then to break into a symbol of

containment as old and strong as our hedge, even though it was impaired, took more than axe and saw—it required melancholy determination. A family does not lightly destroy the fortress of its privacy. Already three-quarters of a century old, it could never in our generation be replaced. In the end, the job was too mournful for us, too demanding, and we called in a company of powerful black brothers who specialized in such destruction.

We knew at once that enclosure had been a good feeling, that we could never live exposed to public and street, with no privacy in front of daily life. We must build a wall, and Fred designed one—handsome and original. As the trench was being dug and the footing poured, it became evident to our next-door neighbor, Annie, that he was about to perpetrate a peculiarity. A wall should be straight and stand within the property line. If it did not do so, something weird was taking place.

"Just where is your wall going to?" Annie inquired.

I responded with pride in Fred, "Our wall is designed with certain formal irregularities. Have you ever seen a serpentine wall?"

"I have not," she said, "but I can

see by the foundations that yours is going to wiggle."

A short portion of our wall was straight, then beyond the gate it broke into angles at regular intervals just long enough to give grace to its composition. The materials were a pale yellow-rosy concrete block, and redwood horizontal fencing on top. It was good, it was distinguished, and I no longer mourned the hedge. On the day when it was finished and the mason was driving off with his rattling equipment, we stood in the street admiring it.

Our enjoyment was broken into by Annie at her end of the wall. "Did you know that you have built your wall way out into the street?" she said. "That's county property, and the County of Los Angeles will sue you, and probably," she continued with satisfaction, "make you take the wall down."

"Just a minute before you start wrecking the wall," Fred said. He disappeared through the gate and came back with his steel tape. If the creative calculations of his designing contained a shade of mystification, he was never flustered by a lack of comprehension in a conventional mind. He unreeled the end of his tape and handed it to Annie. "Step on it."

She did so, and he continued to un-reel the long tape past the projections of the wall to our corner mark. It was plain that, instead of encroaching, we had actually donated footage to the County of Los Angeles.

Annie sighed and stepped off the tape. "I might as well have kept my fat mouth shut," she remarked amiably. Afterward, she proved herself a really good sport and paid half the cost of constructing the portion of wall between our two properties.

SOMETIMES, as Fred and I were climbing the trail up Mount Wilson, we would hear far above us the sound of a bell. We knew we were about to meet the Hermit of the Mountains, as he was called, coming down with his burro and his police dog for



"Sorry, sir, but there's a party of four ahead of you."

provisions. Somewhere on the chaparral-covered heights he had a shelter, somewhere he lived in a chosen place that was safe from the city. But even at that distance he could not escape the sight of what was happening in the valley and on the plain. Increase—a prodigality of increase. Increase of people whose lights shone up at him in thousands of radiant earthly stars, increase of boulevards and freeways whose blazing progress burned all night, increase of the smokes of industry, increase of planes overhead and, if unseen from here, increase of ships at San Pedro, and on some days an increase of the wandering smog—a floating, polluted substance that hid the earth from the hermit's mountain and his mountain from the earth. As we met, we exchanged greetings, patted the burro, and respectfully said hello to the big serious dog—five of us who paused for a moment in the fragrant pigmy forest, where mountain and nature seemed inviolable and yet afforded a superb view of stupendous change in Western history.

Summer, and ripe figs to preserve, and the dark triangular visages of honeybees clustered on the kitchen screen, drawn there by syrup and cloves. Winter, and drenching storms that fell in second showers while wind shook the wet bamboo dripping and heavy with the original rain. Spring, and the slow release of fragrance from the buds of freesias. At all seasons, there occurred in the studio in the old garden the disciplines of form and rhythm, a labor loosely and mysteriously called "creativity," but accomplished only by strict vision and tightening of thought as pastel, charcoal, brush, or tool lifted a building, a design, an etching from tracing paper, canvas, or copper plate; if there was mystery involved, it was the presence of a unique intelligence working patiently until late hours while the mockingbird sang strenuously in the loquat tree overhead. And the garden continued to be filled with its own events, indifferently turning in upon itself and unaware of the human beings who occupied it.

As the coming of a young life had been an absorbing joy, so the departure of the old life was soon to be at hand with heartache. One day, my mother, who had been losing strength and vitality, stood in her living room and cried in a voice of terror, "What is happening to me?" I could give her no answer, but I shared her terror and the cruel extremity of the moment. I suffered what she was suffering and, in addition, my own anguish of ignor-



"They say touch dancing is coming back."

ance and confusion. Hers was to be a slow way of dying—not of agony but of great tedium and frightening nervousness. "How long, O Lord, how long?" she implored each night before the drug took effect and she thankfully fell asleep. One evening, I brought her a saucer of apricots that I had cooked. "How good these apricots are," she said. They were her last words to me—nothing to put on a monument but consoling to remember, because they were simple and natural and spoken in conscious possession of her cultivated voice. Her grandson had come to her bedside to say good night. Now, as a man, he recalls that she said to him not good night but goodbye. Before morning, she died softly in her sleep.

When an old hedge dies, you can replace it by a wall and the containment of life within is undisturbed. When people die, the strangeness of inhabited emptiness takes over. The person is gone, but the person is still there, must be accommodated, must be believed in. Mother was dead, and although I had inherited the old garden and all that was in it, and although our own marks—my husband's and mine—were deep on the place, still, possession must be divided with the late owner in ways difficult to define. It had to do with a fragile spiritual leftover, the

staple of immortal essence, personality. Death has no power.

The yellow jasmine on her cottage was in heavy bloom, a huge vine that let fall a sheet of small gold flowers fresh every day. Usually I swept them up in yellow heaps, but at this moment I let them lie on the bricks of the walk, growing deeper in rich gold, and one could look down from the gate and see the solid stretch of blossoms, long and wide. To leave them there was not sentimental; it was practical and comforting—even therapeutic in its daily restoration of continual brightness. Mother was gone in a lingering, plaintive way. Nicky was not well. He could no longer take a pint of red wine with boiled sheep's head and grape leaves stuffed with rice and garlic for breakfast. We all, both dead and living, needed to be cheered up, if only by the sight of something so bright. Even at noon in the broad light of southern California the old garden felt dark.

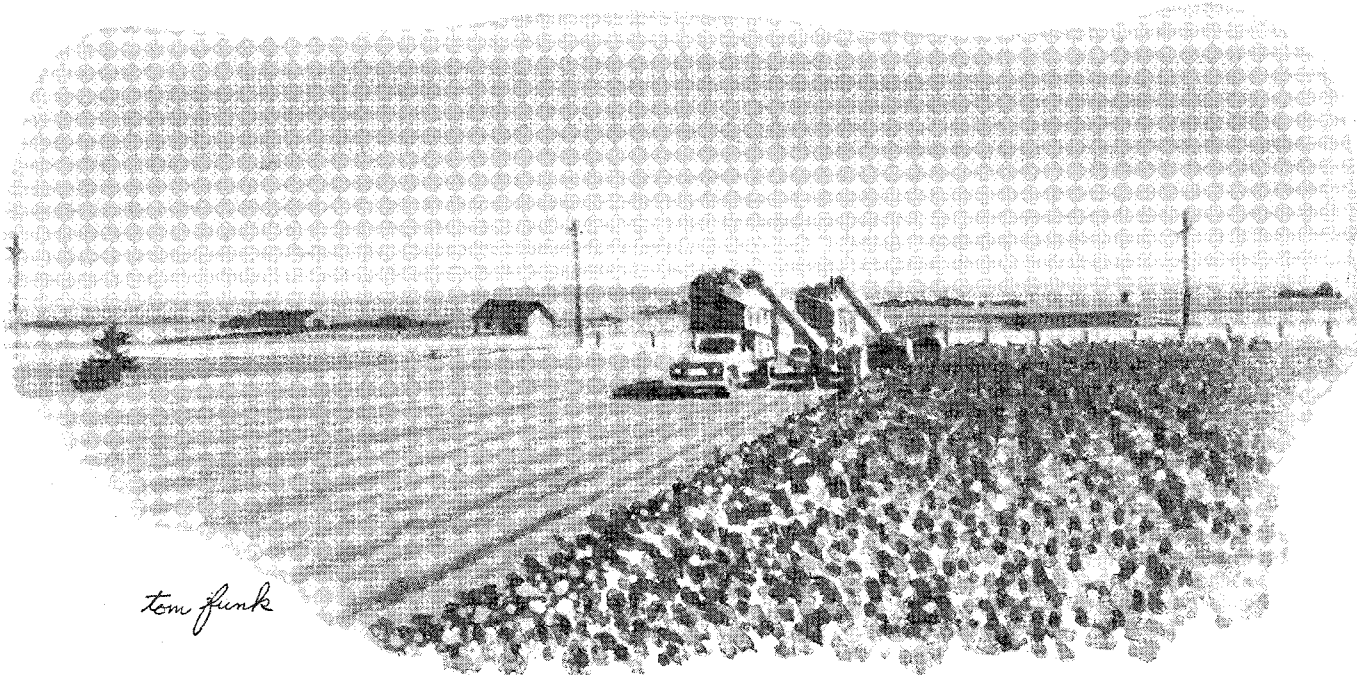
—HILDEGARDE FLANNER

After getting the mantra down pat, we got a new surprise—the kiirtan (keer-tun). This is a half-chanting, half-singing of our mantra, designed to calm the mind for meditation.—*East Tennessean, student newspaper of East Tennessee State University.*

Doesn't work. She's still packing.

PROFILES

ZAVALA



Tom Funk

I CAME down to southwest Texas, down to Crystal City (pop. 8,104), the seat of Zavala County, where I spent three midsummery November weeks, by way of Rocksprings, the seat of Edwards County, and Uvalde, the Uvalde County seat. Rocksprings is "The Angora Goat Capital of the World," and Uvalde is "The Honey Capital of the World." Crystal City is "The Spinach Capital of the World." It is also, and more importantly, the central city in the fruitful area known as the Winter Garden, which supplies the supermarkets of the Middle West and the Northeast with much of their fresh vegetables—broccoli, beets, cabbage, carrots, cauliflower, kale, lettuce, and onions as well as spinach—between Thanksgiving and Easter.

Zavala County is in a part of the Southwest that to European eyes is as old as New England. Its history, though long, is very largely peripheral. It is possible that the Spanish explorer and chronicler Álgar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca passed through it in 1535 in his transcontinental escape (with three companions) from Indian captivity in South Texas. It is certain that Domingo Terán de los Ríos, coming up from Mexico with the missionary Damian Massanet and an escort of fifty armored soldiers, passed through the area on the historic march, in the spring of 1691, that discovered the pleasant riverine cottonwood motte to which Father Massanet gave the pious name of San Antonio; the dusty trail they blazed through the waterless

wastes of mesquite and prickly-pear cactus became, in the early eighteenth century, the celebrated San Antonio Road, which linked the mission settlements there with the Rio Grande crossing near the present town of Eagle Pass. The road served both Texan and Mexican troops in the Texas War of Independence, and it was travelled by the many gold-seeking Forty-niners who chose to make for California by way of northern Mexico; in the early summer of 1865, it saw the romantic passage of General Joseph O. Shelby and his uniquely unsundered Confederate Missouri Cavalry Division into sanctuary in Mexico. The first permanent settlers in the area arrived only in the late eighteen-sixties, and Zavala County (whose name commemorates Lorenzo de Zavala, the first Vice-President of the Texas Republic) was organized only in 1884. It was not until the twentieth century that Zavala County emerged from the passivity of centuries and its real history abruptly began. That beginning took place in the hamlet (sprung shakily up on land made available by the enormous early-day Cross S Ranch) that now is Crystal City, and it was occasioned by the discovery there, in 1907, of an abundant and accessible supply of artesian water.

In a memoir published in the weekly Zavala County *Sentinel* in 1957, a native son named Ben Jackson remembered that epochal moment of fifty years before. Jackson at the time of which he wrote was a boy of eight or

ten. "When our artesian well came in," he recalled, "everybody in town gathered around it, and there before us was the most beautiful sight in the world. A great dome of water lifted of its own force and gushed to a crystal mound above a six-inch casing. Six glorious feet it rose . . . paused . . . turned . . . then rolled outward into a translucent umbrella and fell as liquid opal into the basin below. From this improvised pool, it surged to a six-foot ditch. Gallons per minute? I do not know—we gauged its strength emotionally. The water was warm and slightly sulphurous. We all got under it with our clothes on; the drillers held their hands in it as if stroking a silver mane; we drank gallons of it, each sure that no country in the world had water like we had. It felt different. The sulphuric odor was perfume. We lay down in the pool and splashed in it. Babies sat naked and screeching in swirling shallows. Grown women waded in it with their shoes and stockings off, their long dresses pulled up nearly to their knees. Old men sipped it like wine and talked in short sentences as they stood in little clumps and let their quick, green dreams flash through. Beyond the clearing was empire; here was the essence!" Mr. Jackson found it unnecessary to add that it was from that surge of crystalline opalescence that Crystal City immediately took its name.

I CAME down from the windy hills and canyons of Edwards County, down through the rolling brushland of

Uvalde County, down across the long bridge over the muddy green meander of the Nueces River, with its flanking verdancy of giant willows and spreading live oaks and dense pecans, onto the plain of Zavala. The highway ran as straight and flat as a landing strip between hedgerow thickets of mesquite and prickly pear, with every now and then a lavender burst of *cenizo* sage in bloom, and always a pair of vultures drifting high above the road. Beyond the hedges were cultivated fields and cleared pastures and stretches of scrubby range, and beyond the fields and pastures and range was the distant green of farther fields and pastures and range, and beyond the farthest green, at the fading limit of vision, were the sheared horizon and the glare of the milky-blue sky arching up from the vanishing curve of the earth. It was an immensity of land, an immensity of sky—a revelation, an epiphany, of space. (Dale Barker, the owner and editor of the *Zavala County Sentinel*, told me about driving down this highway a year or two earlier with a little girl and her parents from Atlanta. "I watched her sitting there twisting and turning and staring out at everything," Barker said. "And then she turned to her father, and said, 'Daddy, look! The sky comes down *all* around.'") And it was hot. I rolled up the window and turned on the air-conditioning. I never again in Zavala County drove with the car window down or the air-conditioning off.

Crystal City declared itself across the surrounding countryside by a sudden massing of treetop greenery and by the hundred-foot thrust of a spider-legged water tower, shining like a beacon in the sun. The range softened into pasture, into dusty fields. A yellow crew-cab truck stood parked at a break in the hedgerow, and in the distance a troop of stooping men with hoes straggled out along a crop row. The mesquite hedge gave way to mesquite trees. The outskirts of town appeared—the usual outskirts of American towns: a nameless junkyard of cannibalized cars, a boarded-up store, a parade of tour-

ist cabins behind a row of orange trees (Cross S Motel), Kwik Kar Wash, Larry's Bottle Shop, Dairy Queen, Reyes Gro Mkt Beer, Texaco, Gulf, Trevino's Cross Y Café, Bea's Golden Bull Restaurant, and the Casa de Lorenzo Motel. The highway curved off to the right, to the west, and back into pasture and field and range. A potholed city street, with a row of fruiting date palms along one side and a parklike grove of fruiting pecan trees on the other, led quietly into town.

The business center of Crystal City is gathered around a kind of plaza. The center is six blocks long and consists of two streets of shops and stores and offices running north and south and facing each other across a block-wide mall. A branch line of the Missouri Pacific (originally, in 1909, the Crystal City & Uvalde Railway, or, a local historian informed me, "what they liked to call the Creep, Crawl & Uncertain") runs down the middle of the mall between high and flowering hedges of oleander and ligustrum. Beyond the hedges, on either side of the tracks, are streets and parking strips and corridors of lawns furnished with benches and planted with date palms and shading mesquite and Arizona ash and rose gardens and blooming hibiscus and bougainvillea. Here and there among the trees and lawns and gardens, there is always an old man, small

and dark and bent, a Mexican-American, hacking at weeds or trimming a hedge or gathering debris into a sack. The street on the east side of the mall is called East Zavala Street, and the street on the west side is called West Zavala Street, and both have covered sidewalks raised a foot or more above the roadway as a protection from the usual blaze of sun and the occasional flooding cloudburst.

I parked my car in an angled slot on East Zavala Street and got out for my first close look at Crystal City. A police car approached, slowed, and stopped. A dark, Mexican-American face in dark glasses looked out—at my rear license plate, then at me.

"New York!" he said. "You are from New York?"

I said I was.

"You have a New York driver's license?"

I said I did.

He held out his hand. "*Por favor?*"

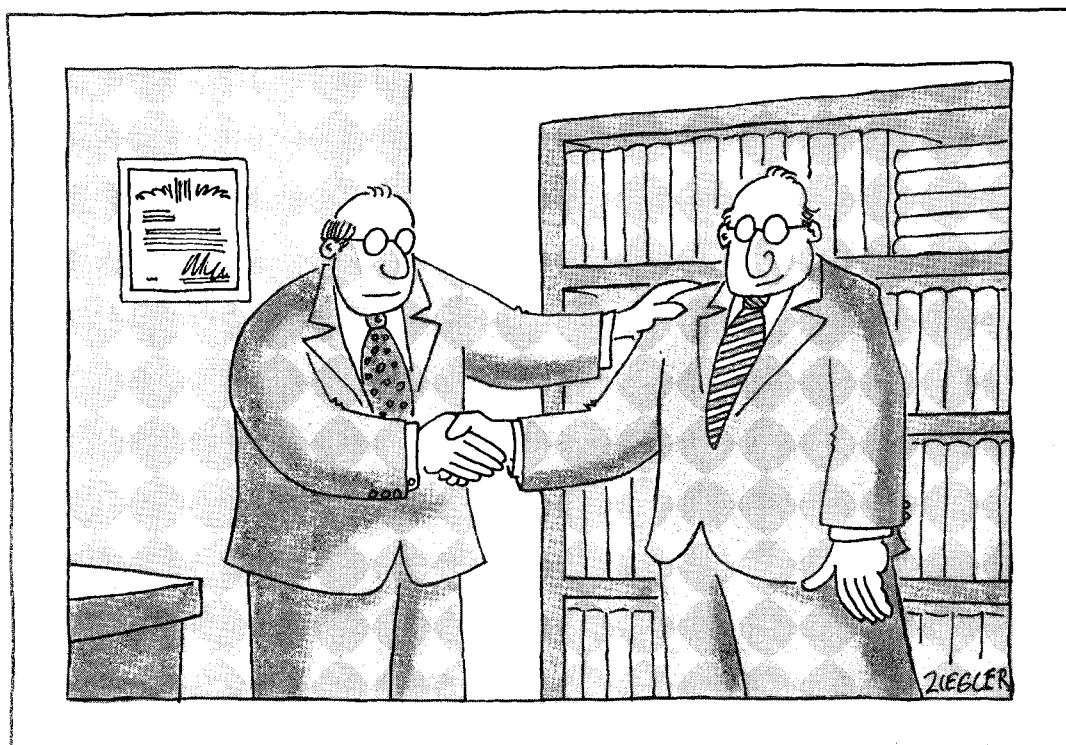
I handed it over. He looked at it, studied it, and gave it back.

"*Gracias,*" he said.

"Is there something wrong?" I said.

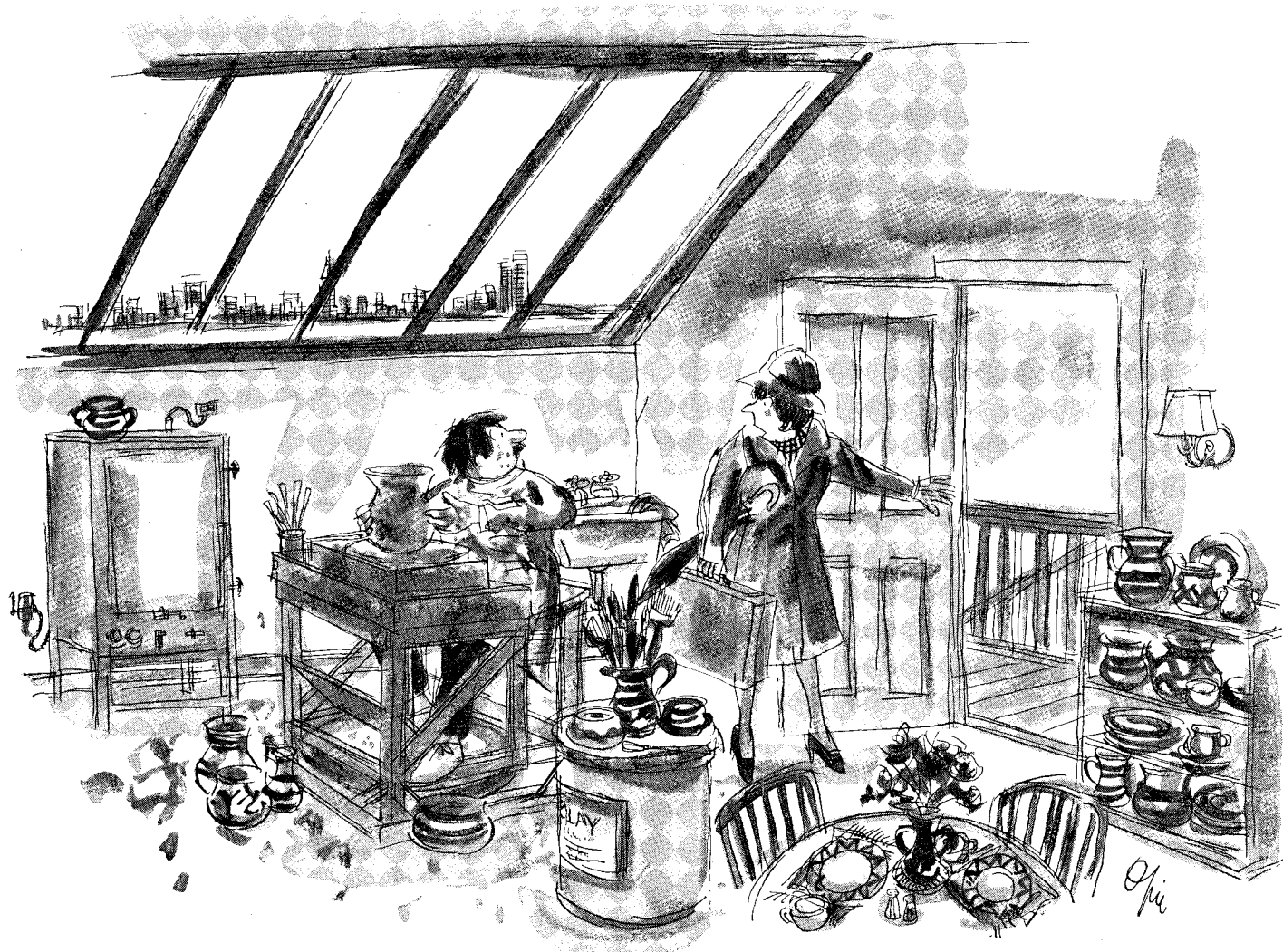
"Wrong?" He smiled and shook his head. "No, no—there is nothing. I am only interested. I have never before seen a New York license."

East Zavala Street and West Zavala Street, though widely separated, are very largely equal. There are impor-



(Official Government Photo)

Nov. 28 (UPI)—At his office in the capital city, the world's most powerful dictator greets the world's funniest standup comic.



"I'm leaving you, Howard. I've followed you from the West Village to the East Village to SoHo to NoHo to BeloHo—but Hoboken is too much."

tant establishments on both. The Crystal City Municipal Building (with an iconic statue of Popeye, erected during a spinach boom in 1937, on the front steps), the fire station, police headquarters, and the Memorial Library are all on East Zavala Street. So are the Crystal (Rexall) Drug Company, Edwards Furniture Company, an H. E. B. Food Store supermarket, the Shoe Box, Crystal Finance, a Sears, Roebuck catalogue store, Grant D. Mendenhall, C.P.A., McVoy Insurance Agency, Modern Barber Shop, a Ben Franklin store, Service Drug, Western Auto, and the Sacred Heart Catholic Church. The Zavala County Bank, the only bank in town (with the office of S. S. Peters, D.D.S., the only dentist in town, upstairs), and the Winter Garden Cleaners, the only dry-cleaning shop in town, are on West Zavala Street. So are Durbon's Appliance & Furniture, the law offices of Alberto M. Ramon and Rey Perez (*"Despacho de Abogados"*), Audrey's

Dress Shop, Speer Jewellers, Harper Ford Motors, the Central Power & Light Company, a J. C. Penney store, Winter Garden Auto Parts, R. S. Gonzales Western Wear, Commercial Refrigeration & Air Conditioning, the Guild Theatre, and Arrañaga's Shoppers World, a supermarket. And so are Tony's Lounge (*"Always a Nice Bunch of People Here"*) and the Zavala Loan Company (*"Prestamos Dinero"*). There are a few businesses, mostly offices, just off the mall. South Texas Construction & Supply (*"All Types of Building Materials"*) is just west of West Zavala Street, the Winter Garden Clinic (a group practice, with two Anglo-American and two Mexican-American physicians) and Paco's Restaurant are off East Zavala Street, and east of them are the Zavala County Courthouse, the post office, the Winter Garden Title Company, and the office of the Texas Employment Commission. "Only, we call it the Unemployment office," Joe Prestage, the owner of

Service Drug, told me. "Because that's what it's all about. And I know it don't look like much, but appearances can be deceiving. It's the busiest place in town."

CRYSTAL CITY sits low beneath its canopy of trees. Its dimensions are comfortably small, comfortably human in scale. It is as if there were bigness enough in the sky and plain around it. There are fewer than a dozen two-story buildings in the town. These few include the Zavala County Bank, a derelict red brick school (with a toboggan-chute fire escape protruding from an upper window), the Zavala Pump & Engine Company, the Del Monte canning plant, and the Casa de Lorenzo Motel. I stayed at the Casa de Lorenzo. I had a comfortable room (with two double beds and an accretion of paperback books) on the second floor, with a balcony and a view through palms of the boundless western sky, where every evening a sunset

THE SEAGRAM'S GIN CRYSTAL MARTINI.

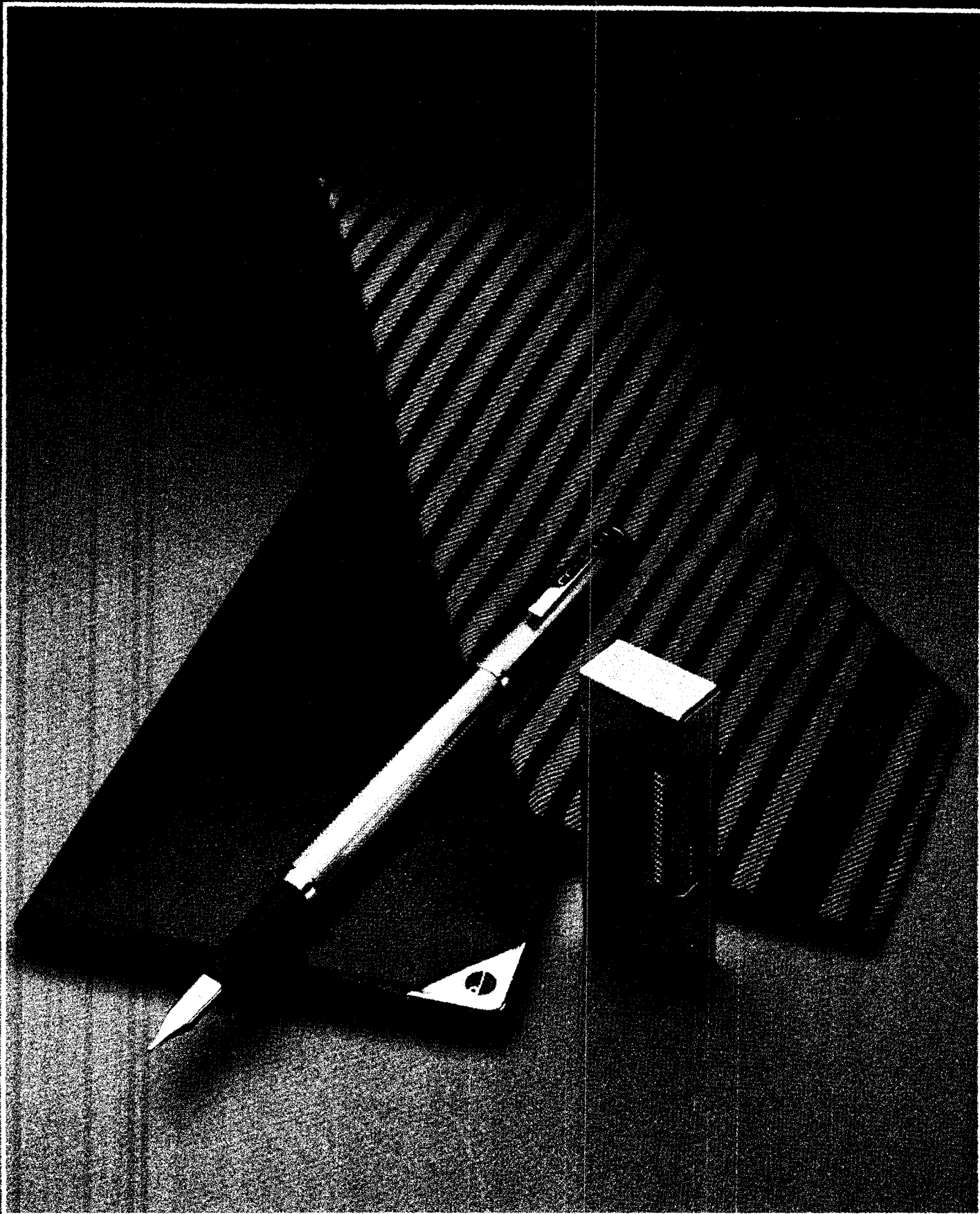


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kindled and flamed to a doomsday conflagration.

I had plenty of company at the Casa de Lorenzo. With thirty-two units, it is considerably the larger of the two Crystal City motels, but the "No Vacancy" sign was almost always alight. Much of Zavala County is rich in game (deer and doves and bobwhite quail were all in season during my stay), and some of it is also rich in rumors of good-grade oil. Most of my fellow-guests were hunters or oil-field drillers and roustabouts. I seldom saw the drillers and roustabouts themselves—only, at night in the parking lot, their workworn pickup trucks, with battered Louisiana or Oklahoma or distant-Texas license plates. ("I'm so glad you're comfortable," Mrs. Mary Isenberg, the manager of the Casa de Lorenzo, told me. "I wish we could do things nicer here. I'd like to have nicer bedspreads, for one thing. But a lot of our people are oil-field workers. They work hard out there in the hot sun, and they come back here all dirty and lay down on the bed. And, of course, they drink a lot.") The hunters, though also early to rise and early to bed, were more visible. They usually came in from the field, in their equally distinctive cars—their Scouts and campers and station wagons, with their water cans and ice chests and caged dogs, and their guns racked over the windshield—for a drink and lunch and a nap. "That noonday heat out there in the brush, it's a bitch," one of them told me. "Especially for the dogs. Dogs love to hunt. They'd rather put up a bird than eat. No dog really wants to be a lapdog. But they wilt in that noonday sun. And, of course, the only creature that's apt to be stirring out there this time of day is the one creature you don't want to meet. This is rattlesnake country, and this time of year, when it's hot by day and cool by night, is the rattlesnake season. I'm told there are dogs that can smell a rattlesnake at forty or fifty feet. And I met a fellow one time who said he could smell them himself. Had a sweet smell, he said—kind of like a cucumber. But my dogs aren't that kind of dog, and that man ain't me. That's why I wear these fibre-glass leggings. It's why I carry an antivenin kit. And it's why I keep looking down as much as up. On the other hand, it don't keep me at home when the quail season's on. I'm no lapdog myself."

Most of the guests at the Casa de Lorenzo ate most of their meals at the motel café. I didn't. ("That whis-

ting?" the cashier told me on my first visit. "That's the cook. But I'll tell you this—be thankful he's whistling. That means he's in a good mood.") I usually walked up the street to Bea's Golden Bull, or drove down to East Uvalde Street to Paco's Restaurant, or went on out south to a restaurant called the Tavern. I generally had breakfast at Bea's. Bea's opens at five o'clock. I was never there that early in the morning, but I was often there by seven o'clock, and sometimes as late as nine, and it was always full—mostly of Anglo-American ranchers or farmers in pointed boots and John Deere caps or big, curly-brimmed hats, sitting in groups of four or five, talking softly, always laughing and joking, drinking cup after cup of watery café coffee. (The first morning I had breakfast at Bea's, I noticed two caps and a straw sombrero hanging on an antler hatrack near the door. They were still hanging there three weeks later. What puzzled me was not why none of them were claimed. The puzzle was where they came from. Bea's customers all ate with their hats on.) "We've got a little different setup here in Zavala County," Dale Barker, the *Sentinel's* owner, told me. "Our farmers and ranchers don't usually live on their farm or ranch. I don't mean they're absentees. But they live the way I understand the farmers do in Europe. They work their farm but they live in town. They prefer it that way—the whole family does. I know how they feel. I grew up on a farm, and I moved into town as quick as I could. What the farmers do is, they all get up early, but they don't eat breakfast at home. They don't want to. They eat it at Bea's or at Paco's or at the luncheonette at the Service Drug or someplace—wherever their friends eat. Some eat early and then go out to the farm. Some go out to the farm and get things started first. Most of them come back in town again at least once for coffee. Breakfast and morning coffee—that's where we get the news, where we find out what's happening."

In time, I came to know many of Bea's breakfast customers by sight, and there were some with whom I usually exchanged a nod or a greeting. Barker was drinking coffee with one of my nodding acquaintances when I came in one morning, and he invited me to join them. He asked us if we had met.

"Well," my acquaintance said. "We've howdy'd. But we ain't shook."

CRYSTAL CITY, like most other towns in southwest Texas, is predominantly a Mexican-American town, and its cuisine is predominantly Mexican—or, rather, the border hybrid called Tex-Mex. Even the drive-in Dairy Queen offers tacos, enchiladas, and burritos along with its standard shakes, burgers, and fries, and the motel café, for all its transient Anglo clientele, includes chili on its breakfast buffet. Ketchup is available only on request at Bea's, but *serrano* sauce (*serrano* hot chili peppers, garlic, salt, raw onion, tomato) is always on the table. It is as much in demand at breakfast as it is at lunch or dinner. The menu at Bea's (and at Paco's and most other places) offers both Mexican and American (or



Texan) breakfasts. I usually ate American (eggs, bacon or ham, hashed brown potatoes, and hot biscuits with the thick, richly floral local honey), and so did most other travellers and visitors. The farmers and ranchers I saw at Bea's—and the businessmen and city and county officials at Paco's—all breakfasted on tacos (in a dozen combinations of eggs and bacon and ham and *chorizo* sausage and potatoes and refried beans) liberally drenched in scorching sauce.

"Chilis are the heart of Mexican cooking," Paco told me one day at lunch. Paco is Frank Z. Galvan ("Paco" is a Mexican diminutive for Frank), and he and his wife, Dorothy, own and operate Paco's. "The reason is that chilis are native to Mexico. There are maybe a hundred different kinds of chili—what you call chili peppers. Go to the market, go to any market here, and you'll see all kinds. Some I never heard of. But the best, the hottest, the chilis we use the most, are *jalapeño* and *serrano*. Another hot one is chili *piquin*. It grows wild all over. We don't use it much. It's too little—about the size of a little pea. Too much trouble to pick. The thing about *piquin* is it's always hot. Other peppers are sweeter—I mean less hot—on the first pick. Then they warm up fast. Garlic is important in our kitchen. So are onions and tomatoes. But chilis are in first place. They are necessary to almost everything you eat here and like. They are necessary to *guacamole*. They are part of refried beans. Our

meat loaf. So many chicken dishes—even the famous chicken *mole*. There are recipes for *cabrito* that require it. Our most popular steak is our steak *rancheros*—steak with *rancheros* sauce. *Rancheros* sauce is tomato, garlic, onion, oil, cumin, and chili *serrano*. The same thing with eggs—*huevos rancheros*—is popular at breakfast. I like it myself. It's one of my favorites."

"Frank's favorite breakfast is *barbacoa*," Mrs. Galvan said.

"*Barbacoa* is special to Sunday," Paco said. "We don't serve it here. We're closed on Sunday—but also it is too much trouble. *Barbacoa* is like a barbecue. The Anglos around here use brisket of beef, and we use a beef head. A whole head. The cooking is a little different, too. We use a pit and a bed of mesquite-wood coals. But we cook the meat in the fire. We wrap the head in foil and then in wet tow sacks, and then cover it with a sheet of tin and fill the pit back up with dirt. That way, no steam escapes. We start at six in the evening, and it's ready early the next morning. When it's done, we slice off the head meat and cut up the tongue and take out the brains and serve it all together with *jalapeño* sauce and refried beans and avocado fixed with raw chili *serrano* ground up with salt and garlic. We have friends who make it. Maybe we can arrange for you to try it sometime."

"We never had beef-head *barbacoa* where I grew up," Mrs. Galvan said. "But I think I'm learning to like it."

I never got to try beef-head *barbacoa* during my stay in Crystal City, but I did once get my fill (almost) of barbecued brisket of beef. And of coleslaw and Spanish rice and refried beans and sliced tomatoes and Lone Star beer. This was at a big Sunday-afternoon barbecue on the firehouse lawn in the neighboring hamlet of Batesville. Half the county had been invited, and it looked as if half the county was there—Anglos and Mexicans, rich and poor, sway-backed sedans and air-conditioned pickup trucks, men and women, children running, laughing, screaming. We all were guests of a slim, smiling, deeply tanned woman in tailored slacks and diamond earrings named Mary Nan West. Miss West is a member of a pioneer Zavala County ranching-and-farming family. "No, this isn't our own beef," she told me. "I had it cut for me up in San Antonio. But it's all prime, and M. J. Blackman is the best barbecue cook I know. I ordered a thousand pounds, and I only hope we have enough to go around. This party is

very important to me. My people have been here since nineteen-and-three. This is a prosperous county, a wonderful county, rich in every natural resource, and everybody used to get along together fine. I mean the Anglos and the Mexicans. And now things seem to have changed. I think that's bad. I hate racial prejudice. That's the reason for this party. It's an annual affair. I started it last year. Everybody was invited, but not everybody came. Some people are shy. This year, we've got a whole lot more. I'll soon be fifty-three years old, and I don't believe that never the twain shall meet. And—God willing and the creeks don't rise—I'm going to keep giving this party until they do."

Driving back from Batesville in the early November dusk, I stopped in an emptiness of brushland to watch the new moon come up. I rolled down the window and sat there watching—and heard a faraway sound. It was a dog-like bark. There was another bark, and then a banshee wail. Then an answering wail. I knew what it was. I had heard the calling of coyotes before, and it is a sound, a night sound, that one never forgets. Sitting there listening, straining, remembering, I recalled a passage in Ben Jackson's anniversary memoir in the Zavala County *Sentinel*. "All night long," he wrote, "the coyotes howled through the wall holes which were to become windows and doors. You never listen to anything else when a coyote pack is howling. You lie still and concentrate... like you do when it thunders... or when you hear low sobbing in another room."

WE stood in the dappled shade of a big mesquite tree—Stan Snitzer and I—and looked out at an endless field of dusty brown faintly striped with green. Snitzer is an agronomist and the head of a soil-testing concern in Crystal City called the Agriculture & Livestock Laboratory. We had driven out from town to have a look at one of his projects. "I'm from Arizona, and I've only been here a couple of

years, but there's one thing I know," he said. "This is a terrific agricultural county. As a matter of fact, Zavala County is one of the largest vegetable-producing counties in the state. And you won't believe this—I sure didn't at first—but there are stretches, especially along the Nueces River, where the topsoil ranges from six to thirty feet deep. Thirty feet! This field of onions here was brush just two years ago. I came into the picture because the farmer had a little trouble last year. He had this field in onions last year, too. But, my Lord, the difference! They weren't grass green, like now. They were pale yellow, and not this tall even in December. We took some soil samples and some specimen plants and analyzed them back at the lab, and there it was: low phosphorus and low copper. We handled it with a ground rig, using a fertilizer-chemical spray. And now you see the result. The soil just needed a little help on its way from brush to onions. There are chemical problems, and there are also physical problems. Like compaction. When a field has been worked for years with heavy equipment, the soil tends to pack down, to compact, below the reach of an ordinary plow. That retards root growth and blocks moisture. You have to drag a special long-bladed chisel or ripper through it to break it up. They tell a good story about compaction—might even be true. This was over in Southeast Asia when Uncle Sam was interested in passing along the wonders of American technology to the Vietnamese peasants. Those poor primitives were still cultivating their rice paddies with water-buffalo power. Uncle Sam said, 'Don't waste your time like that. Here, use these tractors.' So they did. And the tractor plows bit too deep and broke up the compacted bottom of the paddy that had taken generations to develop, and all the water drained out."

Snitzer threw back his head and laughed. "I guess we blew it in every department over there," he said. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes and blew his nose. He smoothed his black mustache. "But, getting back to Zavala County, the big problem in growing vegetables isn't just raising a good crop. It's also finding a good market. Growing produce is a big gamble—the biggest gamble in the whole crap game of farming. The farmer needs good luck, and he also needs good contacts with the brokers. He's got to know or guess what's going to happen. You can't store fresh produce. He's got to know what's wanted and



when. Take onions. Will the market want Spanish or reds or yellows? Will it want sets or bulbs? He's got about two weeks to maneuver in—to decide whether to harvest his onions as sets or let them go on to bulbs. He can make it big. Or he can go bust. Depending. This field here is about four hundred acres, and my guess is that these onions could gross the farmer between two hundred and four hundred thousand dollars. Or he could lose his shirt. In a bad market, costs can go up to a hundred and fifty per cent of the gross. If you can come out with your costs around fifty per cent of your gross, you're in good shape. As I say, it all depends. We had thirteen carloads of onions standing on the railroad track in Crystal City one day a couple of years ago. The market collapsed before they even got out of town. They finally had to be dumped."

"**YEAH,**" Joe Prestage commented. "Somebody said if you want to lose your money nice and quiet without anybody noticing, take up farming. I do a little farming myself. I had forty acres of cantaloupes last summer, and about the time they came ripe the market was glutted. I couldn't get two cents a pound in the field. And over at Houston cantaloupes were selling in the stores for seventy-five cents apiece. I like cantaloupe. My whole family likes cantaloupe. But we finally had to turn the cattle into the field."

"**LET'S** put it this way," T. Potter Alger said. We were sitting on the sun porch of his house, a mile or two north of town. Through the windows I could see the shiny green cluster of a little citrus grove hung with golden oranges and big pale moons of grapefruit. "I've been in real estate—farm and ranch acreage—since before World War Two. So I think I know what I'm talking about. Farming may be a big gamble. I'm not saying it isn't. But I don't know of a good farm or ranch anywhere in Zavala County that's up for sale. Which makes me doubt that a whole lot of them are going broke. It's a seller's market for land down here. I handled the sale of a nice piece of land last winter—two thousand acres. It went for six-fifty an acre, and we thought that was a mighty good price. The other day, the fella who bought it got an offer from some outfit in the Philippine Islands. They offered him a thousand dollars an acre. Farmers like to complain. They're always talking poor. You can get a pair of boots at J. C. Penney's



D. Friedman

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for under fifty dollars. Or you can go up to Lucchese in San Antonio and get a pair made for two or three hundred dollars and up. You'll see some J. C. Penney boots drinking coffee down at Bea's. But you'll also see some Lucchese custom-mades."

"**I** GUESS it all depends on where you stand," Del Harp, the manager of the Crystal City office of the Texas Employment Commission, told me. "All I see are people out of work. As you probably know by now, this town is at least eighty per cent Mexican-American, and we see about sixty per cent of that group. We see some Anglos, too. But it's the Mexicans that keep us busy. We have kind of a different situation here. A lot of our people are summer migrants. As soon as school is out in the spring, the whole family piles into the car and heads north. They work the harvests all the way up into Illinois and Wisconsin and the Dakotas—places like that. They like the money. A family of five can earn around five thousand dollars in just a few weeks in the sugar-beet fields. And they like the travel, the change. But the main thing, of course, is that there's no work here for field hands in the summer. Our summer crops are cotton and corn and hay—all mechanized work. Anyway, the migrants work all summer up north, and then come back here just in time for school. And that's when we begin to pack them in at the office. Most of our winter crops are hand-harvested

crops, but the harvest for most of them doesn't begin until November. So they come to see us in that in-between time. Some of them, of course, are with us through most of the winter. I mean, some of them like to work and some don't. But I also mean more than that. There's something wrong with the system. A good man can get maybe a hundred dollars a week in the fields. Or he can stay on unemployment and get maybe eighty. A lot of them figure if they go out in the fields they're working for twenty dollars a week. I ask them, 'Why come back here? Why not stay up north, draw your unemployment up there?' They look at me. 'Stay up there? This is my home. This is where I was born. My house is here.' You never saw such house-proud people. They own their own houses, most of them. Even the poorest of them, the ones that live in the poorest parts of town—what we call Mexico Chico and Mexico Grande. And they most of them keep their houses up. They aren't farmers for nothing. They care about plants, about growing things. They've most of them got their orange trees and their grapefruits and their bananas, and maybe even a date palm. And maybe you've noticed how many houses here have chain-link fences. When you see a chain-link fence, you can be pretty sure that a Mexicano lives there. It's a cultural thing. I guess it's the equivalent of the wall in Old Mexico. It makes the place their own—their *hacienda*. We Anglos don't seem to feel the same way. Not

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here in the Southwest, anyhow. The thing is, I guess, we're used to owning land."

THE senior physician at the Winter Garden Clinic ("*Todo Servicio Médico al Contado Ha No Ser Que Arreglos de Crédito Sean en Adelantado*")—"All Medical Services Cash Unless Credit Arranged in Advance") is a big, heavy man of around fifty named Charles Donald Smith. "I've been here since 1959," he told me, stubbing out a cigarette and lighting another. "I'm from Missouri, and I came here because I liked it here, and I still do. Most of our patients are Mexicans, and I've seen some changes there. Nutrition used to be a big problem in the youngsters, but the school-lunch program has pretty well taken care of that. The problem wasn't what they ate—as it is with Anglo kids. The problem was that they didn't get enough. The Mexicans eat right. My experience is that Mexicans live longer than Anglos. I've got a woman patient who just turned one hundred and four. When I say 'patient,' I don't mean she's sick. All I mean is that when she don't feel right she comes in to see me. There's never been a time when I haven't had a patient over a hundred. Always Mexican. The last two patients I sent over to San Antonio to be fitted with cardiac pacemakers were nonagenarians. They were a ninety-year-old woman and a man of ninety-four. The man had had a massive congestive heart failure. That was two months ago. Now he's back home here working in his garden—you ought to see the beautiful chilis he grows. I suppose it's the diet. My old patients, at least, they grew up on beans and vegetables and not much meat. In seventeen years, our group here has had just one maternal death. She was a Mexican *gravida* eighteen. Her uterus ruptured during labor."

"Eighteen sounds pretty young for that," I said.

"Young?" Dr. Smith said. He stubbed out his cigarette and lit another. "As a matter of fact, she wasn't very old. But '*gravida* eighteen' doesn't mean she was eighteen years old. It means she was pregnant for the eighteenth time. And her uterus just gave out."

"I DON'T know how these rumors get started," Edwin A. Lohrmann, the manager of the Southwestern (Crystal City) Division of the Del Monte Corporation, told me. "Why would we want to close this



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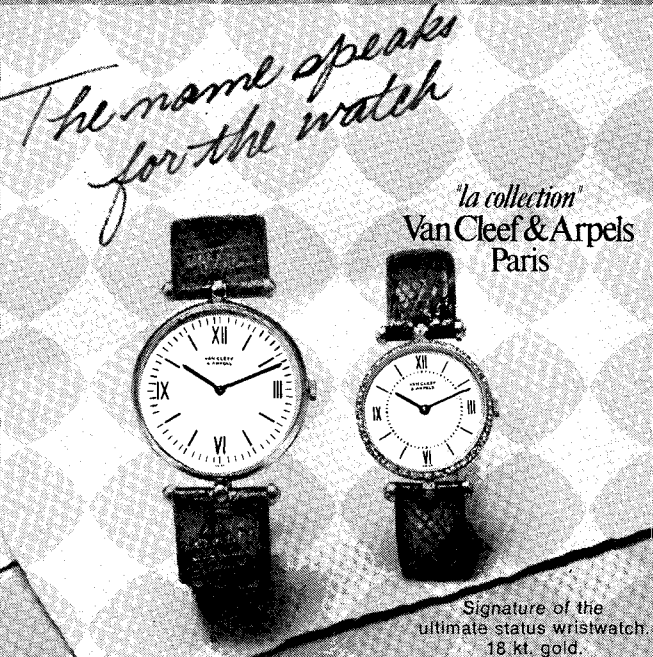
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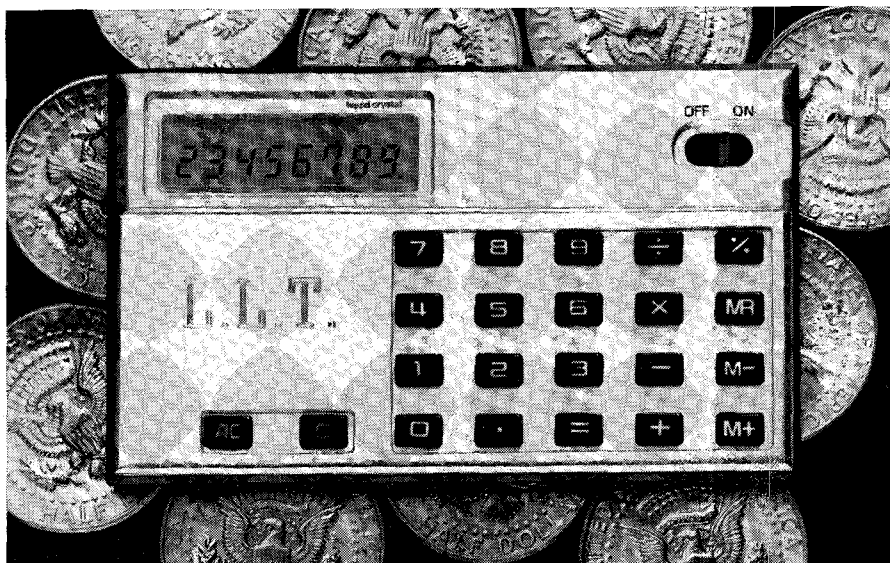
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plant? This is a good-sized operation. Del Monte has a total of thirty-six canning plants in this country, and we're right up there in the middle category. This is the *Winter Garden*. It produces twelve months of the year. And so do we. We work the harvests—just like the migrants. We can beans from August 29th to November 22nd. We can spinach from December 20th to mid-March. We can carrots from March 30th to May 1st. We can beets from May 10th to June 10th. We can potatoes from July 15th to August 15th. We even can some citrus-fruit drinks from time to time. And we're the biggest employer in town. We provide the equivalent of four hundred and twenty-five year-round jobs. We go from a summer low of one hundred and twenty-five jobs to a winter high of six hundred and twenty-five. These rumors—I just don't understand them. I don't see the point."

WARREN WAGNER and I stepped out on the moonlit terrace of the Crystal City Country Club and stood there with our drinks in the balmy evening air. The terrace overlooked a glimmering swimming pool. ("Nobody uses the pool this time of year," Dale Barker had told me earlier in the evening. "But we keep it full—in case somebody falls in. This way, he only gets wet.") There was a shrill of voices from the bar behind us, and the thump and twang of a country-and-Western band from Uvalde in the big room beyond. Wagner is the biggest and most successful farmer in Zavala County, and he also owns and operates the biggest wholesale-produce company. He looked at me across the lip of his glass—a tall, thin, casual man with graying blond hair cut in a bristly crewcut—and shrugged. "No," he said. "I didn't get to college. My daddy was only a little dairy farmer. I put my farm together with my own two hands. I started out in 1940, at the age of seventeen, with three hundred acres that I got for seven dollars an acre. Brushland. I cleared that land myself, and I paid off my debt at twenty-five dollars a month. I know what bent-back labor is. I've chopped weeds in the heat of the day. When I had forty acres cleared, I put in a crop of spinach, and it turned out pretty good. Then Uncle Sam took me. I came back from the war in 1946 and started all over again. That didn't bother me. The land I was working was my own land. I hire a lot of labor. Spinach, kale, onions—all our

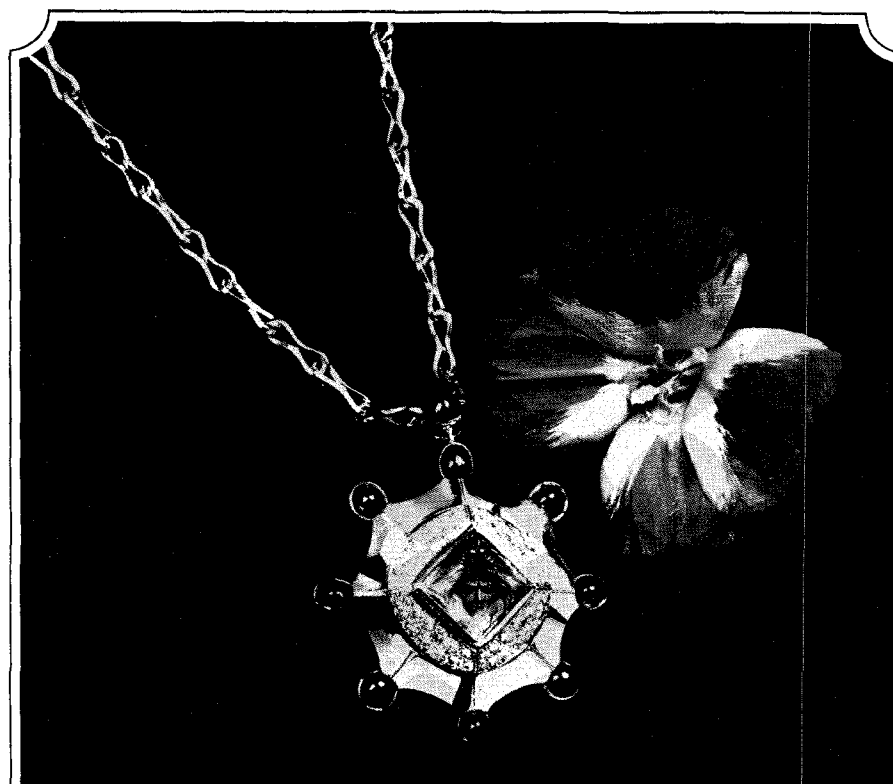
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produce has to be hand-harvested. Most of my people are good workers. But the fact is, it isn't their land they're working. It isn't their spinach. They just don't care the way I do. The answer is mechanization. We pick our corn and cotton and cut our hay by machine. I'd like to be mechanized one hundred per cent. A few years back, I went around saying I'd pay five thousand dollars for a machine that would replace one man. Now I'd pay fifty thousand, and I have. I've got a tractor that can pull a twenty-four-foot plow. It cost me fifty-five thousand dollars. Anything a machine can do, it does better than a man. A machine can work three hundred and sixty-five days a year—holidays and all. It will work all night if you need to—and we do when we're harvesting corn. It never shows up late for work. It doesn't get sick. It doesn't talk back. And it never goes on strike."

THE Allen Fruit Ranch—thirty-five densely planted acres of oranges, grapefruit, and tangerines—is situated on a little knoll, the only rise for miles around, two or three miles south of Crystal City. It was established in 1953 by the late J. B. Allen and is now owned and operated by his widow, Mrs. Vera Allen, and their son, Tommy. I found Mrs. Allen, an attractive woman in rolled-up sleeves and work gloves, busy in the packing shed. "Just look at these tangerines," she told me. "I've spent the whole morning sorting them out. They're every color from green to ripe. I've got a new picker out there, and I swear he must be color-blind. I wondered how he was filling his basket so fast. And now I know. Slam, bam, thank you, Ma'am! He was just grabbing everything in sight. Pickers can be a problem. I prefer the Latins, if they're any good at all. Some of the whites around here are the laziest hounds you'll ever find. You look out and you see them with an orange in each hand, eating. One drop of rain and they come streaming in for their pay. The Latins can be wonderful. If one offers you, say, a six-pack of beer, you'd better take it, no matter how poor he is. Otherwise, he'll be mortally insulted. If they like you, it's wonderful. They'll come around on Christmas Eve with a little present. The tradition is a dozen tamales made the traditional way—out of a hog head and, if they can get it, a little venison. My husband was in the plumbing business, and he started this operation for a retirement plan. It didn't turn out

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that way. He found out that he couldn't retire and he couldn't quit. It's the same way with Tommy and me. We just keep running to keep up. But—oh, law! I love every minute of it. We're proud of our fruit. We have customers all over the country. We get the best natural-color citrus fruit in the whole United States. The U.S.D.A. says we grow the best tangerines in the world. They say our ratio of juice, acid, and sugar can't be beat. And look at the size of them. I mean the ripe ones. Here's a good one that that hound must have picked by mistake. Try it and see for yourself. We don't even have to worry very much about weather. A little chill is all right. It helps set the color. We get a drop into the teens only about once in a generation. After all, this is the Winter Garden. As my husband used to say, this is where the sun spends the winter."

RAY CARAVEO, the Zavala county agent, and I were driving along on a dusty back road when a big speckled, pompadoured bird, almost as big as a pheasant, popped out of the brush and streaked up the road and ducked into a hedge on the other side. Caraveo let out a yell: "*Paisano!*" He stared at the empty road, at the dusty screen of hedge. He was grinning from ear to ear. "Now I feel great," he told me. "When a roadrunner crosses your path, it means good luck for the rest of the day. The reason is because *paisano* kills rattlesnakes. At least, that's what I always heard down in Rio Hondo, where I grew up. It isn't too far in miles from my daddy's little farm to here, but it was a giant step for me. I love my daddy, but he could never quite put it together. I was the first person in the history of my family to go to college, and I was the first Mexican-American to be appointed county agricultural agent in the state of Texas. That was in 1970—the day after I graduated from Texas A. & M. My first job was down in Zapata County, and then I came up here. I've been a lucky man, with or without *paisano*. I have a tremendous set of parents, very encouraging, very supportive. It was my daddy who taught me to work. I have a tremendous wife, one hundred per cent behind me. And a tremendous cook. Handmade corn tortillas!" He kissed his fingers. "And I have a tremendous job I love. This is a tremendous agricultural county. Good water. Good soil. And double, even triple, cropping. Which doubles, even triples, the acreage. Things are happening here.

Cotton is being revolutionized. They're working on a short-season cotton that will save the grower a month of pesticides and irrigation. They're also working on a wash-and-wear cotton that will be better than polyester—and, with the price of petroleum going up, cheaper, too. And our whole range of produce. Spinach, of course, is still our biggest winter crop, and we'll be seeing some of the best when we meet Bart Wagner this morning. Bart and his daddy, Warren, are quality producers. I don't mean they don't make money. That's what quality often means. I mean they do it both ways. They're into quality *and* quantity." He looked at me and rolled his eyes. "And big."

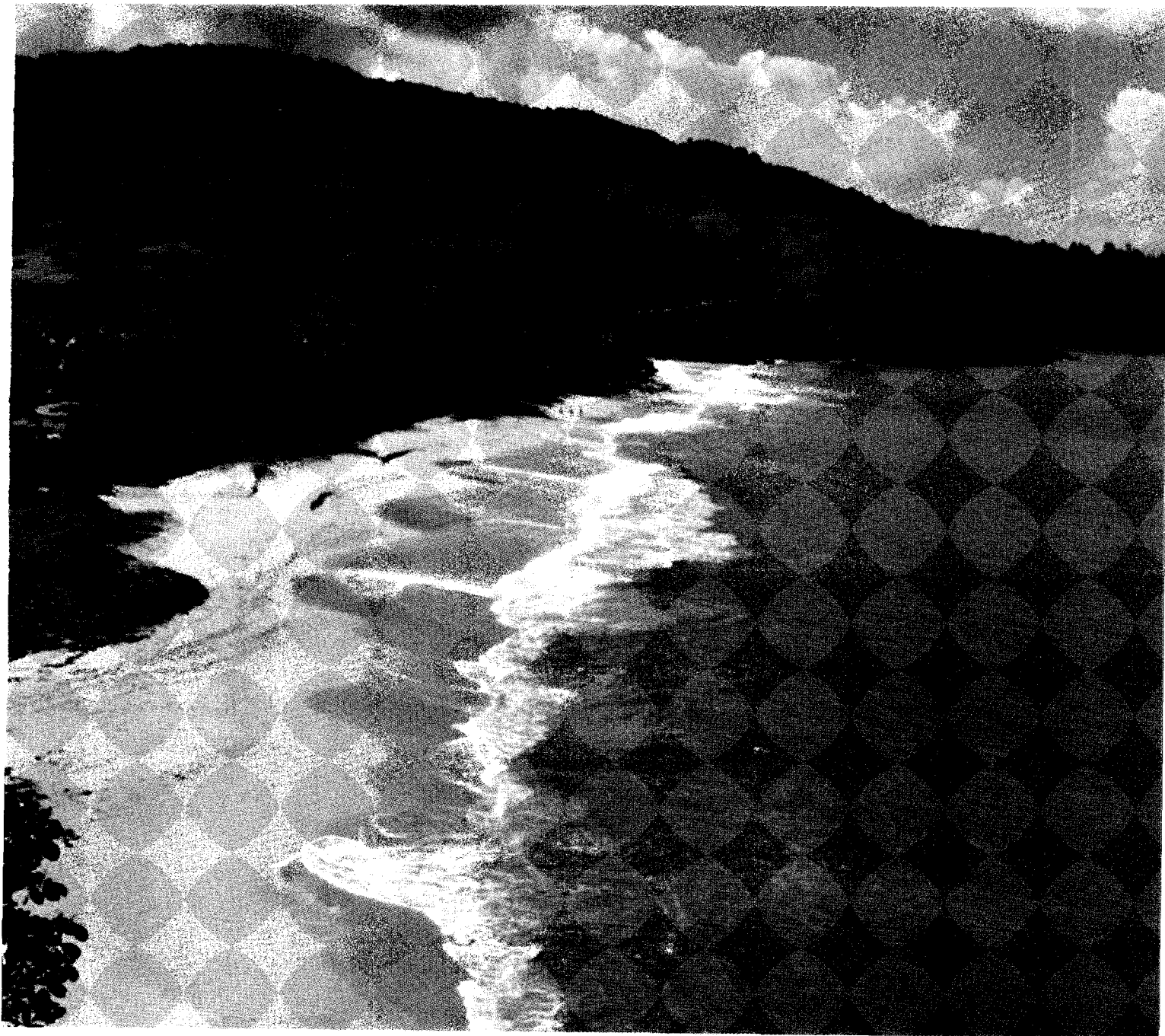
BART WAGNER is forty years old, with brown eyes, brown hair, a deep tan, and a wide, white smile. He was waiting for us in a muddy new G.M.C. pickup truck at the head of a rut-track lane between a fence overgrown with mesquite brush and prickly pear and a field of brilliant green. He had on a red John Deere cap and scuffed brown boots. (Caraveo's boots were tan snakeskin, and he had a braided-horsehair band on his big hat.) We parked at the side of the road and got out in a blast of windy heat and joined Wagner in the chilly cab of his truck. A grid of silvery irrigation pipes quartered the green field, and the soil was wetly black. We started down the rut-track.

"That field?" Wagner told me. "No—that's kale. I understand it's a kind of soul food. I've tried it a couple of times, but I didn't really care for it. Nobody eats it around here. It's all shipped out. It's really a hell of a crop, though. We can get three or four harvests a season. You cut the leaves but leave the crown and it sprouts again. It's the same with spinach—except that with spinach two cuttings is about the limit. This field we're coming to now is spinach."

Caraveo said, "I don't like all that prickly pear over there, Bart."

"I know," Wagner said. "It's on the agenda." He said to me, "The old-timers didn't mind prickly pear as much as we do. They used to call it south-Texas alfalfa. There was many an old cowboy saved by that cactus. They'd take a blowtorch and burn off the spines and feed the succulent to cattle in time of drought. Your cow won't put on weight that way, but she'll stay alive. Some old cows get to like prickly pear so much they'll eat it spines and all. I've seen them out there eating

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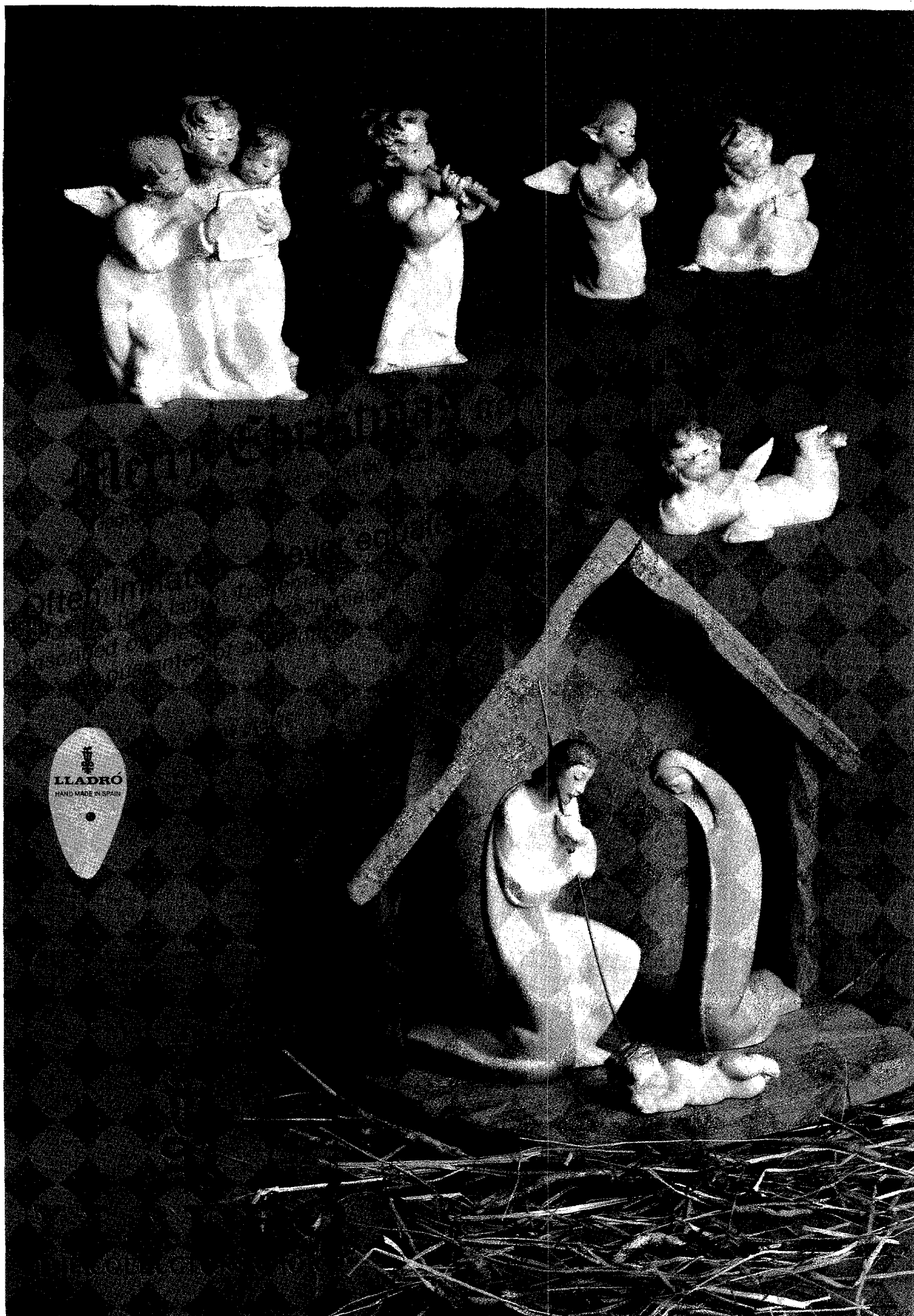
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away, with their lips and tongue all swollen up and bleeding."

"Your spinach looks good," Caraveo said. "I think I'll cut myself a little salad. O.K.?"

"Help yourself," Wagner said. "We're going to start cutting here tomorrow." He said to me, "Let's get out and take a closer look. I want to show you something."

We followed him up a row of crinkly green. Most of the plants were a good seven inches high. They looked, at a glance, like a photograph in a Burpee catalogue, and I said so.

"Maybe so," Wagner said. "But I'm a farmer, and all I see are the flaws. I mean, those little holes—that's beetle damage. Where those leaves are kind of frayed—that's wind-rubbing damage. And here where they're more like torn—that's how hail splits a leaf. No real harm, but you always keep hoping for perfect. Besides, the second cutting is always better. We'll do all right. All we need is a break in the weather."

Caraveo laughed. "He means a bad break for somebody else. That's the best way to make a good living in produce. You get your crop and everybody over in Arizona or out in California loses his."

"The market is just a damn yo-yo," Wagner said. "And it makes you sick to go up to San Antonio and see what spinach is selling for in the store. I don't even want to think about Chicago and New York. But I like it fine at this end. I like a job that keeps me outdoors, I like the independence, and I like being in a basic business. Growing food is real. There's a self-satisfaction. There are a lot of businesses I'd be ashamed to be in."

"Amen," Caraveo said.

"WE'VE got two kinds of customers," George Henrion, the manager of the Crystal City branch of the Southeastern Public Service (Ice) Company, told me. "And we make two different kinds of ice. One is what we call white ice. The three-hundred-pound slab that that fella's loading over yonder is a bar of white ice. That's the kind of ice the produce shippers use, and that's our main business in the winter. Our season for white ice is the Winter Garden season. It starts in October, when they start shipping cucumbers, and it begins to taper off around the end of April. But during that period we sell Warren Wagner and Joe Byrd and a couple of shippers down in Carrizo Springs an average of four thousand tons a month. The other

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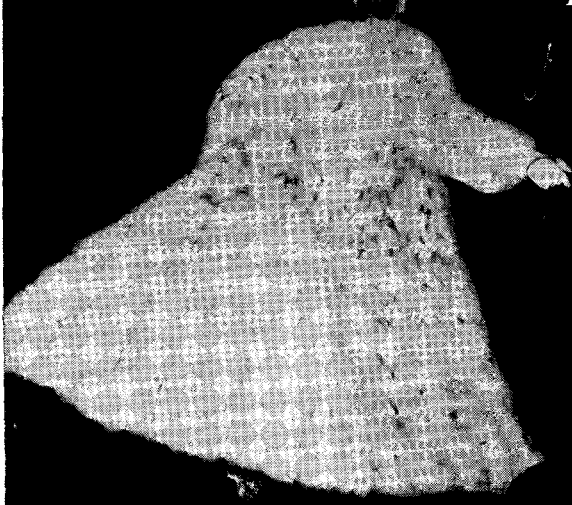
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kind of ice we make is clear ice. That's the ice you buy at the store to cool your iced tea or whatever with. For home use, you naturally want it nice and clear. Now, I doubt if you know this. The faster and colder you freeze ice, the cloudier it is. We manufacture white ice at twelve degrees Fahrenheit in as short a period as twenty-four hours. Clear ice takes thirty-six hours at only around eighteen to twenty degrees. Another thing about making ice that people generally don't know is that you don't add cold to the water. You take the heat out of the water. Now . . ."

THERE were a dozen laughing, shouting, sweating stripped-down Mexicans working along the loading dock at the Wagner shipping sheds. They were working hard and fast and together in an almost choreographic synchrony. Some were unloading bushel baskets of fresh-cut spinach from a field van. ("We've tried plastic, we've tried everything," Warren Wagner told me, "but nothing can match the old-fashioned wooden bushel for getting produce to market in top-grade condition.") Some were slipping off the basket lids and lifting a few top inches of spinach to make an open center. Some were filling the opening with a shovelled fling of crushed ice. Some were slapping the baskets closed again. Some were heaving the iced and finished bushels up to a man on the tailgate of Frank Kirksey's eighteen-wheel refrigerated tractor-trailer truck. "You notice the way he's stacking those baskets?" Kirksey said. He was a big young man in pointed boots, with his belly hanging over his belt. "He's leaving a little aisle down the middle. That's so when it's loaded they can blow in a sealer of ice for extra safe-keeping. I don't use my refrigeration on a load of spinach. I do for cabbage and other stuff. But with spinach you need ice, to preserve the moisture. That won't be for a while yet—another couple of hours. My truck will hold close to eleven hundred bushels of spinach. This is my first load of spinach this year, but I've been trucking spinach for a good long time. And my daddy—it's our business together—did the same before me. I'm carrying this load up to New York—up to a packer in the Bronx. This is Thursday. I'll be out of here by maybe four o'clock. I'll be somewhere in Louisiana by two or three in the morning, and I'll lay down on the bunk in my cab for a couple of hours or so. Gas is the problem—I mean diesel, of course. I try to get from one cheap station to the next. I've paid as



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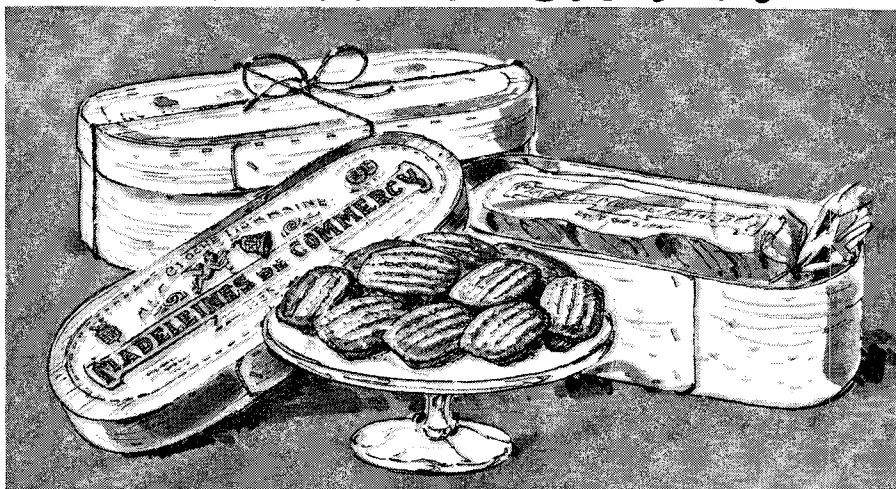


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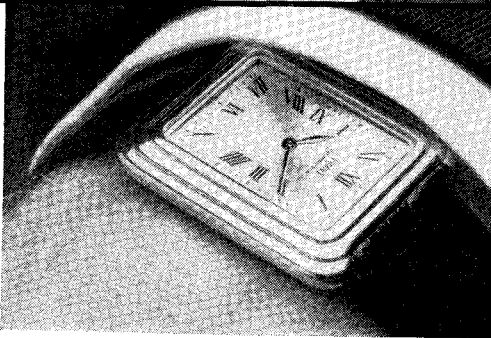
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little as forty-seven cents and I've had to pay as high as sixty-five. That's a hell of a difference when you get only about three damn miles to the gallon. I drive as fast as the law will let me. I mean, I keep my eyes and ears open. I figure to be home in Amelia, Virginia, by Saturday afternoon for a cooked meal and a good bed, if I'm lucky. Then, if she feels like it, I'll carry my wife on with me up to the Bronx on Sunday. Your friends up East will probably find this spinach in the store by Tuesday morning."

"I'VE farmed and I've ranched, and all the rest," Jack Kingsbery told me. "I've cowboied with the best of them. Then one day back in 1963 my wife said I didn't seem to be doing much of anything between midnight and four in the morning, so I started up this Kingsbery Manufacturing Company. At first, I stayed close to the local economy. I made all-steel horse feeders and cattle chutes, and calf tables for castrating. Then I invented the Kingsbery Steel Gun Safe. I do business now all over the country. Look at these letters—Michigan, California, Pennsylvania, Alabama, Ohio, New York. And I owe it all to some son of a bitch who broke into my house on Maverick Street and stole four thousand dollars' worth of rifles, pistols, and shotguns. That was in 1974. I kept my guns in wooden cabinets with glass doors, and all a burglar had to do was see them through the window and come in and break the glass. Talk about TV sets and stereos and electric typewriters! Guns are made to order for the ordinary thief. Guns bring almost the full retail price on the hot market. Down in Mexico, they bring better than the original price. I make three different models of safe. That's the smallest standing over there. It's roughly five feet tall, twelve inches deep, and not quite three feet wide. It has a top shelf and three half-shelves for any kind of valuables you might want to lock up, and racks for six guns. I've got others that will hold up to thirty guns and thirty pistols. My safes are all steel, three-sixteenths of an inch thick. They're built like a regular safe, and they're made to be bolted securely to the floor. I don't say they're one hundred per cent burglarproof, but it would take a real determined professional to get one open. And those real professionals don't go around looking for a few hundred dollars' worth of guns. I'm thinking about the loonies and the junkies. I make and sell around six hundred gun safes a year. They sell



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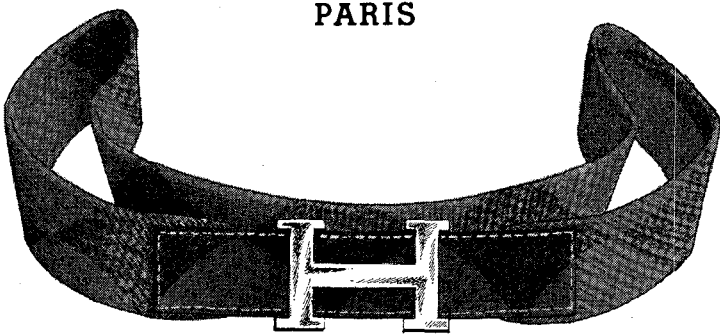
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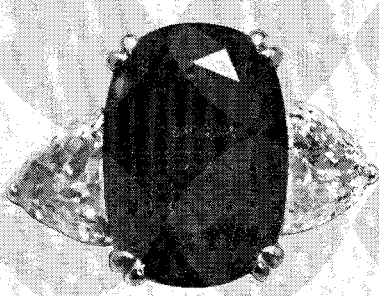
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BUMPER stickers are popular in Crystal City. Uncommonly so, I thought. Every third or fourth car seemed to me to carry some aphoristic exhortation or assertion. Most of them were only too familiar: "SAFETY IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY," "THE BEST LIFE INSURANCE: JESUS CHRIST," "I'M PROUD TO BE A FARMER," "REGISTER MATCHES, NOT FIREARMS." But there was also another I saw from time to time: "RAZA UNIDA—UNIDOS VENCEREMOS." I asked Dale Barker about it one evening. "That goes back to our revolution," he told me. "Back to 1969. We had some real excitement here for a couple of years. You've probably noticed those boarded-up windows down at the paper. I got tired of replacing the glass. What happened here has also happened in a lot of other Southwestern towns with large Mexican-American populations. The Mexicans got organized and took over the local governments. It was a little different here, though. Everywhere else that I know about, they worked within the framework of the Democratic Party. Here they set up their own party. La Raza Unida, they called it—which means 'united race,' or, more accurately, 'united people.' That old bumper sticker just says that the united people will succeed. And they sure enough did. They had a good leader—a highly intelligent young man, a charming young man, named José Angel Gutiérrez. I've known Angel all his life. He was president of his high-school class. He went to college—to Kingsville, and then to San Antonio for a master's degree in political science, and to the University of Texas, at Austin, for a Ph.D. He came home with a commitment to the Movement. He also had some powerful friends—Chicanos like Chavez. And Father Smith—the Reverend Sherrill Smith, the pastor of the Sacred Heart Church—was another. The first thing La Raza did was take over the school board. Then they won the city council. And in 1974 Angel was elected to a four-year term as county judge. I try to be objective. I don't think La Raza has run the town much



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worse than the Anglos did. The Razas came in cold, and they had a lot to learn. They did make one serious mistake. They very foolishly—maybe naïvely—refused to allow a rate increase for natural gas from the supplier in this area, Lo-Vaca Gathering Company. They fought it through the courts, and lost. But even though they lost, the city refused to pay, and last September Lo-Vaca cut off service. You may have read about it. It was in the papers all over the country. Now we're trying to convert to propane. At much higher rates than natural gas, of course."

"YOU bet," Jack Kingsbery told me. "I went through the revolution. Every minute of it. At the top of my voice. And they sprayed my building, too. Only, whoever did it, what they wrote was 'I Love You.'"

JUDGE GUTIÉRREZ leaned back in his leather chair and clasped his hands behind his head. He smiled at me across his desk—a handsome man in heavy-rimmed glasses, with a heavy black mustache. He was carefully dressed: polished tan boots, checked tan trousers, a tan leather coat and matching vest, an open shirt, with a thick gold chain around his neck. "I'm sorry I couldn't see you sooner," he told me. "I've been in Washington. I was called to a conference. My long-range plan, you know, is to represent my people in Congress. As a Democrat? Or as La Raza? I don't know. Meanwhile, I intend to run for reelection to the county court. As you may know, the county judge is the chief administrative officer in the county. I'm concerned to reconnect gas service in Crystal City—natural gas. I want to improve the quality of life in general for my people. Zavala County is rich in soil, water, and climate. My great concern is a more equitable division of its wealth. I oppose the concentration of land in the hands of a small Anglo elite. Twenty-six people own eighty-seven per cent of Zavala County. What I envision is a coöperative farm, with land acquired through a federal grant. It would provide dignified work for a hundred and fifty of my people, and it would be governed by a board of directors—one of them an Anglo—with myself as chairman. The funding would be minimal—around a million dollars. Joe Byrd has indicated a willingness to sell us land. I consider this plan both desirable and necessary. I want to get my people off welfare. I want them to control their own labor

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and to earn more. I want them to be able to have work here at home. I want to lift their morale." He sat forward in his chair. "Have you seen my little book? 'A Gringo Manual on How to Handle Mexicans'? Let me give you a copy. I think it will amuse you."

"WELL, I'm not one of Angel's great admirers," Ray Caraveo told me. "And he's certainly not one of mine. He calls me the white man's puppy. But I would like very much to see something like his farm plan in operation in Zavala County. Except in one respect. I don't want a coöperative. I know too much about the Russian experience. The home gardens there have always outproduced the state collective farms on an acre-to-acre basis. People work best when they're working for themselves. I'd like to see each member of the project responsible for a specific piece of acreage. That could be a really tremendous thing."

"OF course, I *inherited* the gas problem," Raul T. Flores, the city manager, told me. "I took office only in July, you know. By then, Lo-Vaca had already taken action to terminate our service. But it's a problem I'm trying to solve. Propane is not the most desirable solution, but I don't see any other choice at the moment. Crystal City is in trouble financially. We owe Lo-Vaca a great deal of money. I admit it. But then what city isn't in trouble these days? So let me say this. I firmly believe that we will be financially stable in—well, in a few months."

"WHEN our revolution took place, I was glad, I was happy," Noemi Cumpian told me. Mrs. Cumpian is an interviewer at the Texas Employment Commission and the wife of an independent trucker. She and her husband have three young children. "The revolution was good for my ethnic pride. I was proud to have a Mexican school board, more Mexican teachers. I was proud to have a Mexican city hall. I was proud to have a leader like Judge Gutiérrez. But now—I don't know. Everything is getting so political."

THE Reverend Sherrill Smith came back from the telephone. We were drinking coffee in the dim and haphazardly furnished parlor of his rectory. He is a tall, taut, haggard man in his middle fifties, and he gave

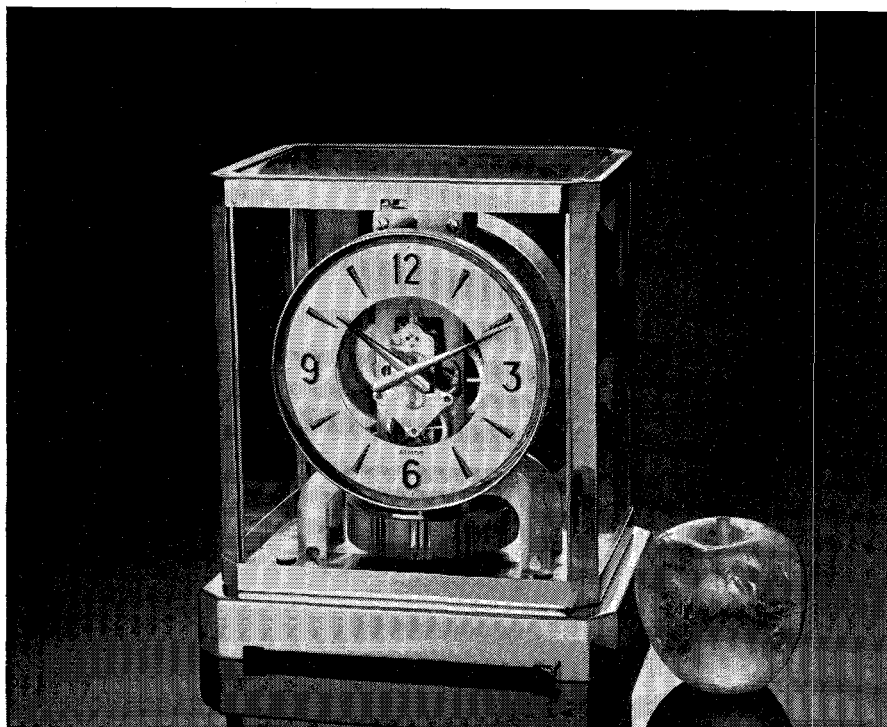
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me a nervous smile. "I'm sorry," he said. "More parish business. I have no social life whatever. The Mexicanos quite naturally consider me an Anglo. And the Anglos consider me to be deep-down a Mexicano. Or worse—a Chicano. They do agree that I'm a priest. And I am. I grew up in Chicago and I went to Northwestern, but I studied for the priesthood at what is now Assumption Seminary in San Antonio, and I owe my life in the Church to the late great Archbishop Robert E. Lucey. It was he who introduced me to Catholic Action, to racial justice and social action, to the Movement. I came to Crystal City at a thrilling time, in 1972. The revolution was in full swing. I'm afraid my reputation preceded me. Most of the parish thought I was some kind of political appointee. The Mexicanos, the ordinary folk, were distressed. They feared I wasn't spiritual. They were mistaken. I'm a totally spiritual priest. My social involvement has always been an extension of the spiritual. I've never used the pulpit for political purposes. Of course I supported La Raza. I was enthusiastic. I had nothing but admiration for Angel Gutiérrez. He was a leader. And yet—"

The telephone rang. Father Smith made a face. He jumped up and trotted out to his office. He spoke rapidly, softly, in Spanish. He came trotting back. "La Raza," he said, and shrugged. "I don't know. Is dissension an absolute of politics? There are now three La Razas. There is the faction I call the Gutierristas. There is the faction I call the Barrio Club—the thugs and the visionaries. And there's the faction I call Los Inocentes. I am now aligned with the Inocentes. We have the school board and the city council. We're the middle, I suppose. We have a Mexicano middle class, you know. Upward-striving. Real Americans. I hate to say it, but Angel is a heavy-handed man. He doesn't want just power. He wants to be *recognized* as powerful. Not everybody is willing to knuckle under to him. Only the raggedies, as I call them, need a strong leader. But the revolution—on balance, it has been good. It was, if nothing else, psychologically good for the Mexicanos. They needed hope. But as far as the two cultures are concerned nothing has changed. Real social integration is a dream. The two cultures haven't blended. In my six years here, I have performed only six biracial marriages." He broke off. He gave me a shy look. "I confess to writing poetry. Let me recite a little poem I've written along that

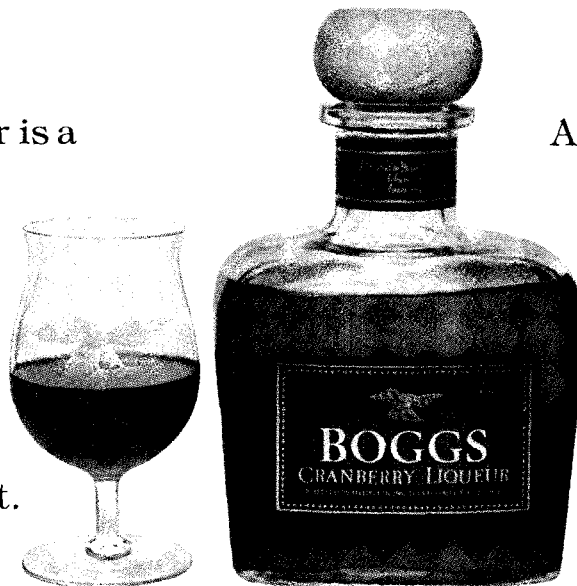
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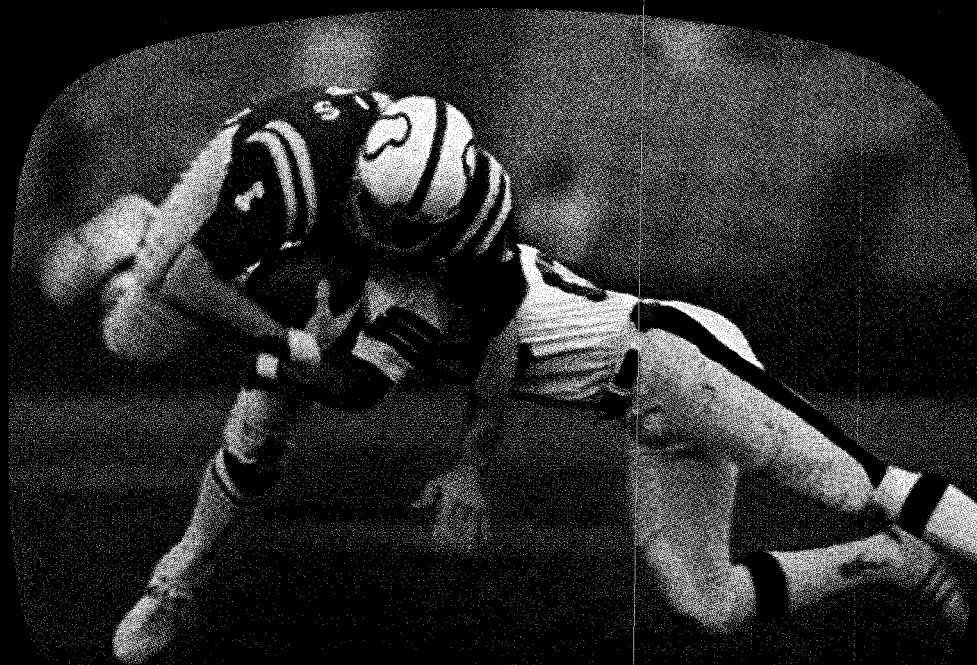


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line. I call it 'Mexicano/Gringo.' " He then recited:

"Crystal City zippered together by
railroad tracks
Keeping their distance/eying each
other,
Tied together/held apart,
Lying side by side but never touching,
Their meeting in the eye's distance
Merely an illusion."

Father Smith was silent for a moment. "I've been happy here as a priest," he said. "I'm happy to have been involved in political affairs. I've always given of myself. I've wanted to be exploited—to be used. Maybe I overestimated how much I could contribute. I realize now that I'm just another gringo—I'm the priest, I'm tolerated. I wish I could be optimistic. What I'm saying is this: The times they are a-changing. In Crystal City. In south Texas. In the whole Southwest. There's a tide coming up from Mexico. There's a push of aliens. What will this region become? Another Mexico? As an Anglo, I'm very much aware of the push. I don't know about our local Mexicanos. I think maybe they're not aware of it yet. But they will be. Because they're Americans now. I see a hopeless surge of the dispossessed. I see the whole Southwest becoming a rural slum. And, in time, I suppose, the whole earth."

He looked at his coffee, and took a little sip. "Actually," he said, "I'm contented here. I'm getting my head around the idea that this is my last parish—that I'll be staying here to the end. The town is neither friendly nor unfriendly to me. Fortunately, I'm a loner socially. I'll survive. I'm secure in my faith. This is beautiful country. The birds. The flowers. The sun. There's a pond over near Batesville. It's a haven for wild ducks in winter. I go out there as often as I can, and stand and look. Sometimes I get an idea for a poem."

"YOU'LL have to forgive this mess," Owen Williams, the president of the Zavala County Bank, told me. "We're knocking out that wall and expanding next door. But no—I'm not interested in politics. I'm interested in Crystal City and Zavala County. And if I didn't think they were going to survive I wouldn't be spending three hundred thousand dollars to remodel this building." —BERTON ROUECHÉ

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EDWARDIAN PLEASANTRIES

THE distinguished actor and playwright Emlyn Williams celebrated his seventy-third birthday here last Sunday—a day that he passed in part on the stage of the Playhouse Theatre, where until December 10th he will be busy performing a variety of roles in a one-man show called “The Playboy of the Weekend World.” Mr. Williams has stitched the show together from a number of short stories by H. H. Munro (1870-1916), who wrote under the pen name Saki. (Munro’s stories were first published in newspapers and magazines, and it was—and continues to be—a convention in England for journalists to employ pseudonyms, especially when they are risking humor.) At the outbreak of the First World War, Munro, though already in early middle age, immediately enlisted. He was killed in action in a muddy shell hole on the Western Front; his last known act was to shout, “Put that bloody cigarette out!” Little in his wary, witty, emotionless writing is as vehement as that shout, and the place of his death is as far removed as one could possibly imagine from the settings he favored, which are the London drawing rooms and ample country houses of the English upper classes.

Like his older contemporaries Wilde and Shaw, Munro made excellent use of the advantage of being an outsider; Wilde and Shaw, as Irishmen, and Munro, as a Scot, won the approbation of their social superiors in England by seeing through them and making open, and sometimes extremely harsh, fun of them. Perhaps it’s because Mr. Williams is a Welshman, and therefore a member in good standing of the company of outsiders (Tierra del Fuego is not farther from England than Wales is), that he was attracted to the task of turning a baker’s dozen of Saki’s best stories, including “The Secret Sin of Septimus Brope,” “The Lumber Room,” and “The Open Window,” into what he describes as “a solo entertainment.” He has carried out this difficult literary feat adroitly; nevertheless, I felt that the evening lacked nourishment. The reason may be that I was overly familiar with the material, or that my natural skepticism of *all* one-man shows had been heightened by the fact that only a few days

earlier, in the same theatre, I had been listening to Alec McCowen’s recitation of “St. Mark’s Gospel.” If I found even the New Testament a trifle thin, what was I likely to make of Munro?

Certainly Mr. Williams is an ideal teller of stories, as we know from the one-man shows he created out of the works of Dickens and Dylan Thomas.



Handsome, graceful, and much at his ease on an almost empty stage, Mr. Williams puts us at our ease as well by seeming to take us into his confidence, somewhat at the author’s expense: we are not to give these Edwardian pleasantries and unpleasantries more than their due. His voice assumes just the right weight of ironic detachment whenever he must get past a famous witticism without doing harm to the natural rhythm of his delivery. Munro is a match for Wilde in the manufacture of quotable one-liners, as his page in Bartlett’s attests (“His socks compelled one’s attention without losing one’s respect.” “Waldo is one of those people who would be enormously improved by death”), and I’m sure that, thanks to their repetition, these clever lines sound much hollower to our ears than they did when they were first uttered. That is one hazard for Mr. Williams to outwit; another is that Munro suffers from being taken in big doses. Much as writers dislike hearing it, there is such a thing as a bedside book, and Munro’s collected stories are an admirable specimen of the genre. A function of bedside books is to invite sleep, while in the theatre sleep is the enemy that every actor seeks feverishly to keep at bay. With Mr. Williams, we are not only awake but happy to be awake; given Munro’s uncanny capacity for lulling, I hope my words will serve Mr. Williams as a small, belated birthday present.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Left Behind

SIMON GRAY’s “The Rear Column,” at the Manhattan Theatre Club through December 10th, is based on a historical episode. In the late eighteenthies, Henry M. Stanley, the explorer of the Congo, led an expedition to relieve one Emin Pasha—General Gordon’s only surviving lieutenant—in

the Sudan. Stanley’s officers were British volunteers, and he left a column commanded by two of them—a Major Barttelot and a civilian named Jameson—behind at a camp in the Congo jungle, to wait for a promised contingent of porters. Three other officers, on their way to join Stanley—the Messrs. Bonny, Ward, and Troup—stopped off at the camp for supplies, as they had been instructed to do, but Barttelot was so furious at Stanley for abandoning him that he refused to give them any without specific written permission; unable to go forward, they were forced to remain at the camp. I set forth all this history and name all these characters, who actually lived, to demonstrate that, although it rarely occurs, a play—a powerful play, at that—can be written about real people who happen not to be Henry IV, Part II. The action takes place over the span of a year, in a large storeroom in the camp; along the back wall are stacked big wooden cases of unopened provisions—unopened by order of the Major, of course—and the play tells the story (as imagined by Mr. Gray) of that terrible year and of a misunderstanding so profound that it becomes lethal.

“The Rear Column” is essentially a play of character, ironic and tragic—of English gentlemen bearing up, or appearing to bear up, under unbearable circumstances, and of the demoralization of all of them as their reserves of physical and mental and nervous strength are eroded over the months. That the Major has become addled by his obsessive vindictiveness is apparent to the officers under him, yet their training is such that, in spite of spurts of rebelliousness, they never disobey him or overthrow him. At his orders, they abuse their Zanzibari and Sudanese soldiers and porters, flogging many of them to death for incidental infractions. Troup, the most volatile of the officers, keeps blowing up at the Major and then apologizing, though he was perfectly right in the first place. On Christmas Eve, the officers gather around a table, sing carols, and speak fondly and sentimentally of their ghostly time together. They are trapped in Barttelot’s lunatic orbit by their rigid code of deportment.

Each of these characters is written with admirable subtlety and clarity, and they are so performed under the subtle, clear direction of James Hammerstein. Remak Ramsay is the overbearing Major, through whose cruel fanaticism flashes of sweetness occasionally break; John Horton is Jameson (the Osborne of this “Journey’s End”—this “Jour-

ney's End" with a difference), an amateur artist, sketching animals and flowers, and masking his horror and desperation with humor and gentleness and sympathy. Paul Collins is Troup; Josh Clark is Bonny; Benjamin Hendrickson is Ward; and Alvin Alexis is a bewildered, pathetic young native servant of the Major's. Louise H. Gorham is a native woman, and Edward Seamon is Mr. H. M. Stanley himself, who appears at the end to shed light on what has gone before. (Except for Mr. Horton, a Canadian, all these actors are Americans.) In every instance, their acting is all that any playwright could wish for, and it meets, even surpasses, the high standards of the Manhattan Theatre Club. Good setting by John Lee Beatty.

E. L. Doctorow's "Drinks Before Dinner" has the distinction of being the first thoroughly boring play ever to be done at the Public. Deliberately untheatrical, and composed of ponderous banalities, it is set in the expensive, trendy apartment (Lucite and Léger) of a New York doctor and his wife. A group of their friends are assembled, and they are waiting for a mysterious guest of honor before going in to dinner. One of the friends, a man named Edgar (played by poor Christopher Plummer), starts talking about how depressed he is by the quality of life in America today, listing everything that everybody else has been listing over the past few years: dinner parties duplicating other dinner parties, people indistinguishable from other people, celebrities on television intruding into living rooms, unpunished murderers picking off thousands of victims, that sort of thing—all factual enough but basically untrue to anyone with eyes and ears. The other guests respond, sometimes with laughter (as the audience sits stunned by tedium) and sometimes with long speeches of their own; it should be pointed out that Edgar is not the only monologist aboard. Edgar's desperation becomes apparent when he pulls a revolver from his pocket and proceeds, as someone says, to hijack the dinner party. At the opening of the second act, the guest of honor, a distinguished public servant and Nobel Peace Prize winner, has arrived, only to be trussed to a chair by Edgar, still fooling around with the revolver and still talking. Now the subject is specifically the end of the world, and he ticks off the marked-down words and phrases of advanced technology and science. Eventually, he untrusses the guest of honor, who rounds on all present, calling them "scum," "bene-

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ficiaries," "privileged"—the warmed-over Marxist scold, with the warmed-over Marxist vocabulary. Well, the textual analysis of pretentious rubbish is not my game, so I will say no more. The members of the supporting cast, a distinguished one, have little to do besides listen, and they do it well enough. To waste the time of such actors as Maria Tucci, James Naughton, Josef Sommer, Virginia Vestoff, and Charles Kimbrough is a great pity. To waste the time of Mr. Plummer and of Mike Nichols, who, as director, did everything conceivable to breathe life into a moribund script, is a downright crime.

"**T**HE MASTER AND MARGARITA," an adaptation by Andrei Serban of a novel by Mikhail Bulgakov, is an Expressionist nightmare fantasy, directed by Mr. Serban, about a visit to Moscow of the Devil in the guise of a magician, accompanied by an assistant demon, a cat, and a pretty vampire. The "master" of the title is a writer whose novel is spurned by the writers' union and slashed by the critics. When he burns it in despair, he is taken to a hospital for the insane, where he dreams and hallucinates. "The story passionately expresses the agonizing struggle of the artist in an oppressive society," says a program note. At the Public (where the play is in workshop production through December 3rd), it passionately expresses the boundless resourcefulness in pageantry and the theatrical invention of Mr. Serban, who can be an inspired and inspiring director. Such snatches of the story that do break through the spectacle seem to be empty melodrama. At its best—in crowded scenes played on tables that have been joined to make ramps across the room—the show becomes a delightful spectacle. Also delightful is the superb performance of a Czechoslovakian actor, Jan Triska, as the Devil, and also effective and/or entertaining are F. Murray Abraham (the novelist), and John Shea, Sam Schacht, Wallace Shawn, Gerry Bamman, and Roy Brocksmith. —EDITH OLIVER

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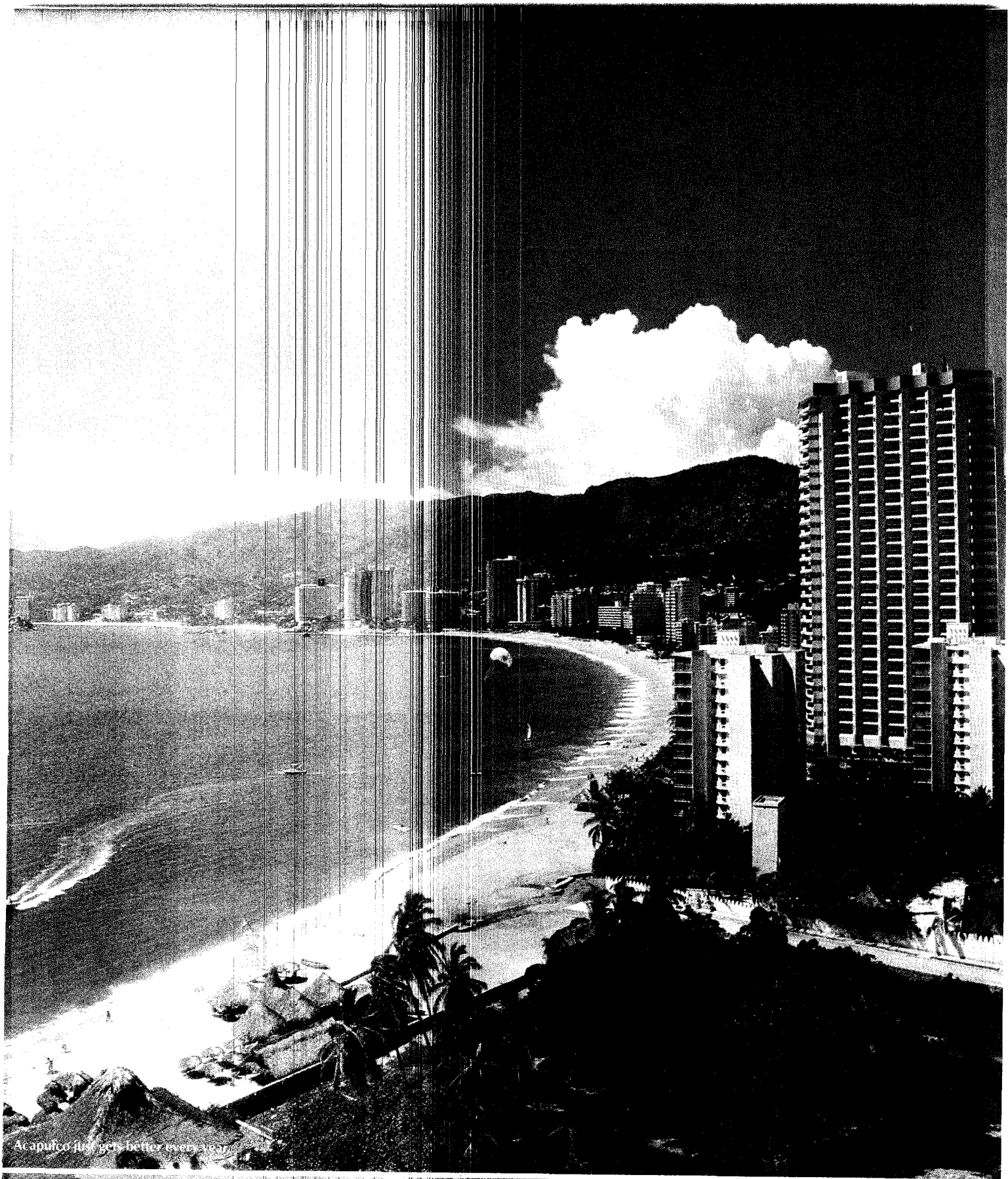
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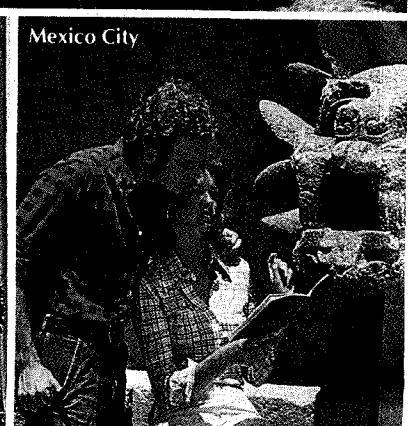
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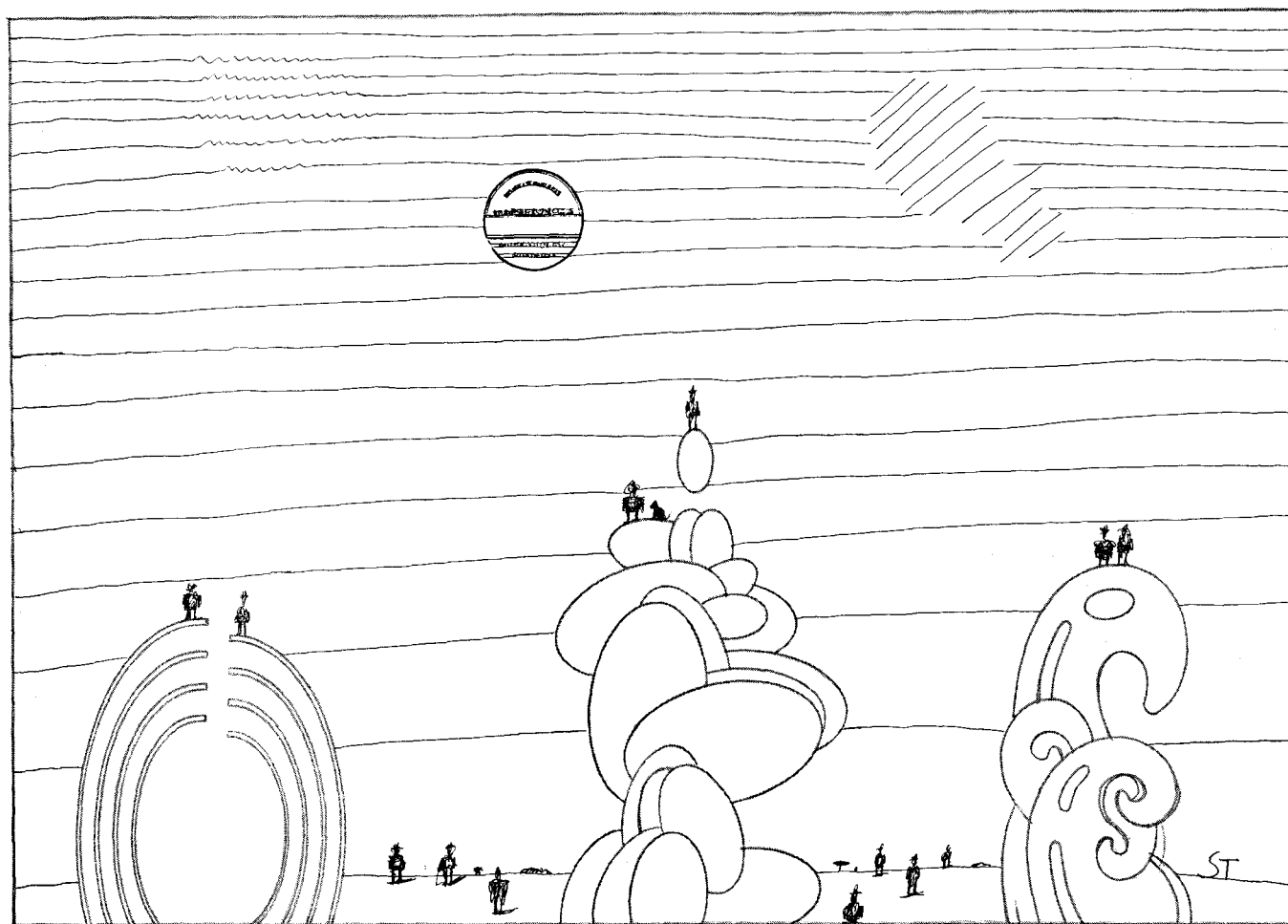
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ANNALS OF SCIENCE

DNA-II



THE origins of molecular biology, before they fused for the first time, in the early fifties, in the discovery of the structure of deoxyribonucleic acid, or DNA, were two distinct, even antithetical approaches to understanding the nature of life. The first approach was through the function of the gene. It was biochemical, in the work of Oswald Avery and Erwin Chargaff with nucleic acids, and genetical, in the work of Max Delbrück, Salvador Luria, and the others of the American phage group, who were using some of the most elementary of all living creatures—the viruses called bacteriophage, which prey on bacteria—to get at the most elementary facts of biological reproduction. James Watson had grown up in the phage group, and in the fall of 1951, at the age of twenty-three, he brought the group's approach to England, to the Cavendish Laboratory, at Cambridge, to Francis Crick. The second approach was structural—through determining the physical configurations of the large, long-chain molecules of the cell, to characterize their chemical sequences exactly and to reconstruct their three-dimensional architecture, called their

stereochemistry. Watson came to England to learn that approach, and found Crick using it, for it happened that research into structures had been a British invention and a British specialty, though not quite exclusively. The chief exception was an American, Linus Pauling, doing structural research into biological molecules at the California Institute of Technology, in Pasadena; Pauling had energy, inventiveness, showmanship, and genius enough for a consortium.

These two approaches set the conceptual frame for the identification of deoxyribonucleic acid as the very substance of the gene—despite the rooted prejudice that the gene would have to be made of protein—and for the elucidation of its structure: a structure of great economy and beauty, which at a stroke made clear how genes could do the two things they must do; namely, to produce more genes identical to themselves and to dictate the assembly of the other substances, of extraordinary diversity, that make up the organism. The discovery of the structure of DNA was an intellectual drama of high order. It was a bitter comedy of personalities as well. Watson and Crick, at

the Cavendish, were the central persons of the drama, along with Rosalind Franklin and Maurice Wilkins, at King's College, London. Franklin died in 1958. In 1962, Watson, Crick, and Wilkins shared the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine for the discovery of the structure of DNA. Also in Cambridge, looking on, were Max Perutz, head of the unit in the Cavendish where Crick and Watson worked, and the Cavendish Professor, Sir Lawrence Bragg. The biochemist Chargaff was in New York, at Columbia University. Delbrück, Watson's mentor and correspondent, was at Caltech and so in regular touch with Pauling.

Linus Carl Pauling was born to exemplify the advice of Sir Peter Medawar—an immunologist who himself shared the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine in 1960—to his fellow-scientists: "Humility is not a state of mind conducive to the advancement of learning." No American scientist now alive compares with Pauling. He calls himself a physical chemist. In over half a century in science, in over five hundred scientific publications, Pauling has stretched that designation to cover everything from crystal structure and

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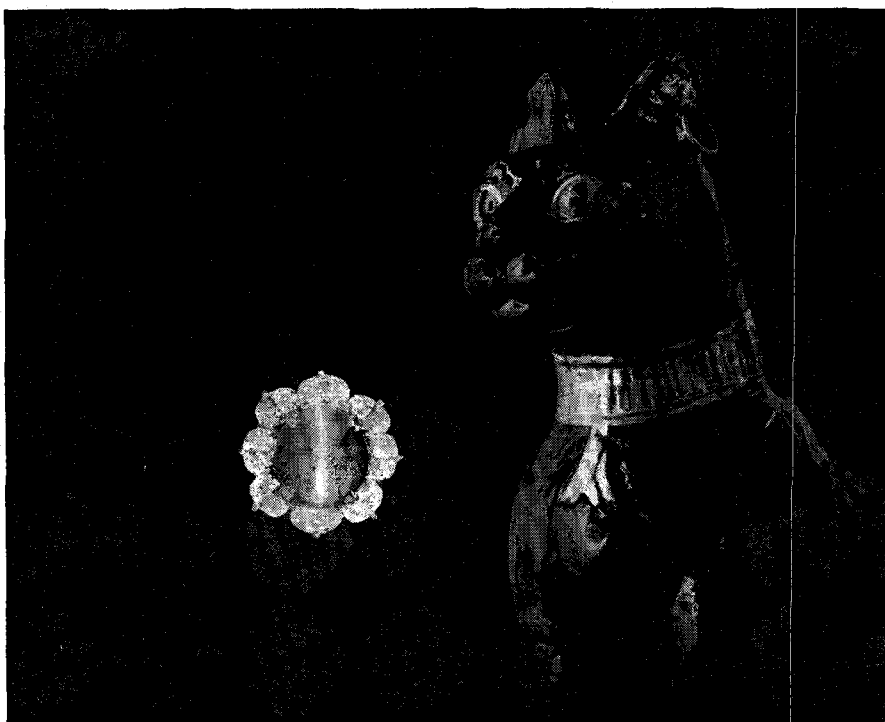
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quantum mechanics, where he began, to molecular biology, molecular medicine, molecular psychiatry, and the structure of atomic nuclei—the areas that many of his recent papers touch on. Pauling's original and abiding concern has been the structure of molecules and the nature of the chemical bond. His definitive book, first published in 1939, was "The Nature of the Chemical Bond." More than anyone else, Pauling has made the structure of molecules the central and most productive question of modern chemistry. Watson, in his memoir, "The Double Helix," published in 1968, told the story of the discovery of the structure of DNA as an epic race on a track converging with Pauling's. It is doubtful whether Pauling was ever competing for the prize as hotly as Watson imagined (or said that he imagined). Yet the competition was spur and rationalization for both Watson and Crick. There is no doubt whatever that Pauling's lifetime of work on the structures of molecules provided information, insights, rules, techniques, and intellectual approaches that Watson and, especially, Crick required, more directly than they built on anything learned from phage or bacterial genetics. The discovery of the structure of DNA by Watson and Crick was itself a tribute—Crick's tribute—to Pauling.

Pauling resigned from Caltech in 1963. He later moved up the coast to Palo Alto, where Stanford University gave him a laboratory, graduate students, an occasional course to teach. The campus there, one spring noon-time when I went to see him, was a vast, green, icy calm of eucalyptus trees and palms, long lawns, wide driveways, and not many people. Pauling came into his office with a silk sweat scarf at his neck, white stubble over pink cheeks, and a flat tweed cap on his head. He pulled off the cap, liberating a corona of gray hair. Watson, when he first met Crick, wrote to Delbrück about him that "he is no doubt the brightest person I have ever worked with and the nearest approach to Pauling I've ever seen—in fact, he looks considerably like Pauling." There is a resemblance, particularly in that Crick and Pauling both have something of the convergence of nose and chin the English call a nutcracker face; but Pauling has a generous mouth, heavy eyebrows, large eyes of startling blue, and a rubbery expressiveness of feature. Crick, in both looks and speech, could only be English. Pauling, when he talks, could only be an American of the Far West, of the marvellous generation now passing—classless, idiosyncratic, radical,



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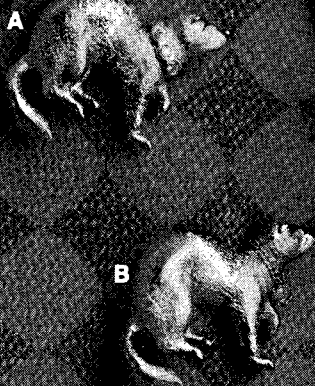
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with a zestful rolling gait to his speech.

Pauling sat down at a desk stacked with books and neat piles of papers. The room was crowded with filing cabinets. Shelves around the walls held more papers, and knobs and slices of brilliant-colored plastic that represent atoms—shiny white for hydrogen, scarlet for oxygen, blue for nitrogen, black for carbon—made to be fitted together into models of molecules. He ruminated for a few moments about the origin of the term “molecular biology.” It has often been credited to the English crystallographer William T. Astbury, who had begun to make structural investigations of large biological molecules in the nineteen-thirties, slightly earlier than Pauling did; but Pauling wasn’t so sure Astbury deserved credit. He had read a letter in the weekly journal *Science* in which Warren Weaver, who had been director of the program of grants for research in the natural sciences at the Rockefeller Foundation, pointed out that he had used the term in the foundation’s report for 1938. In the report, Weaver had written of aiding explorations in “those borderline areas in which physics and chemistry merge with biology,” and had said that “gradually there is coming into being a new branch of science—molecular biology—which is beginning to uncover many secrets concerning the ultimate units of the living cell.” Weaver’s letter claiming the term had set Pauling thinking.

“The Rockefeller Foundation had started supporting my work about 1932, I believe it was, or 1933,” Pauling said. “And they made it rather clear that if we were working on biological substances they’d be more interested. This was largely Warren Weaver’s idea—that the time had come when a more basic attack ought to be made on the problem of *life*, in the field of biology and medicine. They put up a large amount of money for our work in Pasadena—several million dollars over a period of years—and I think that at that time I may have used the term ‘molecular biology,’ too,

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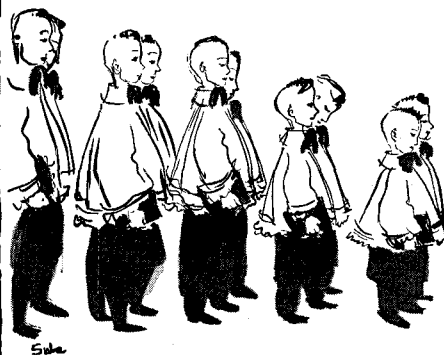
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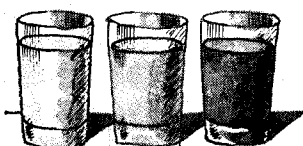
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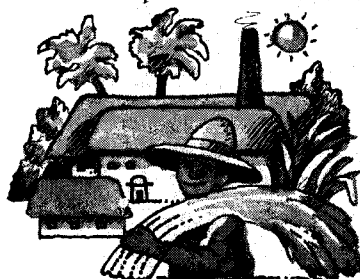
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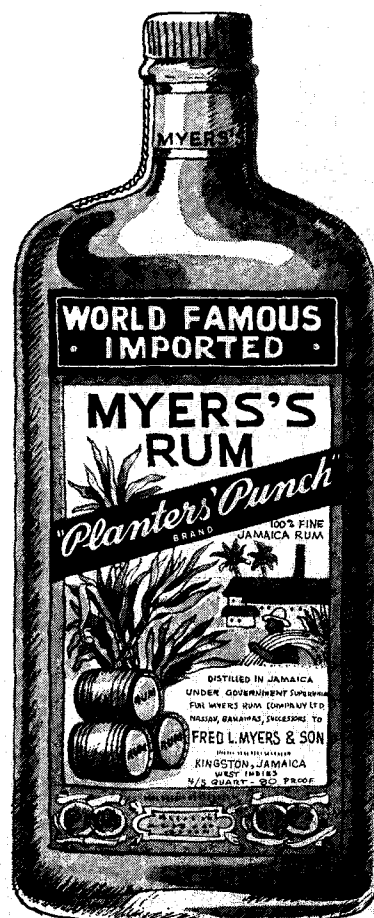
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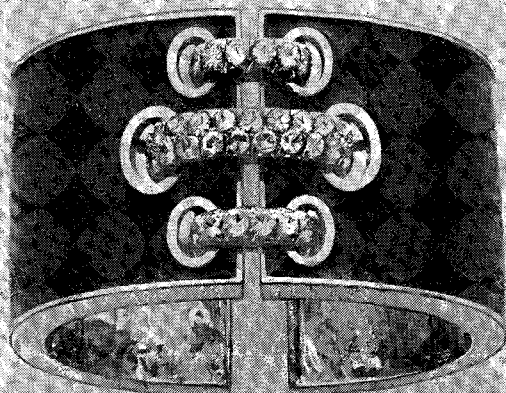
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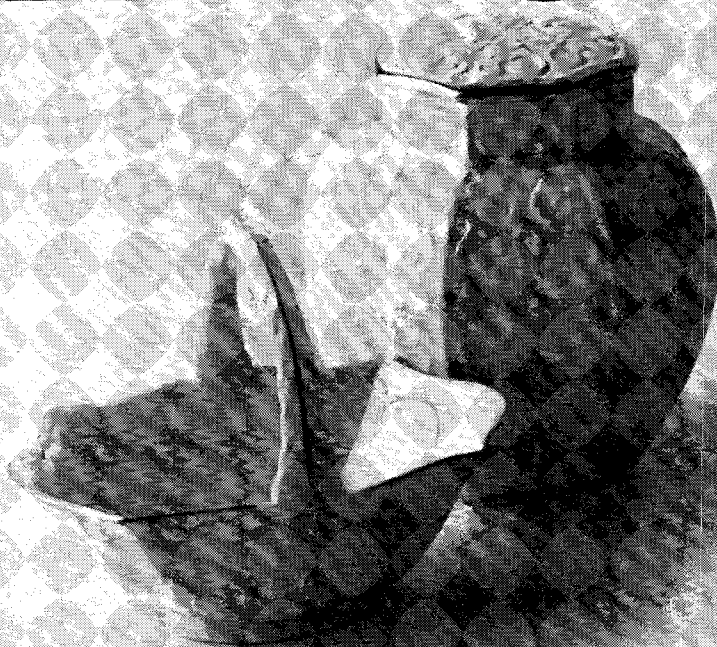
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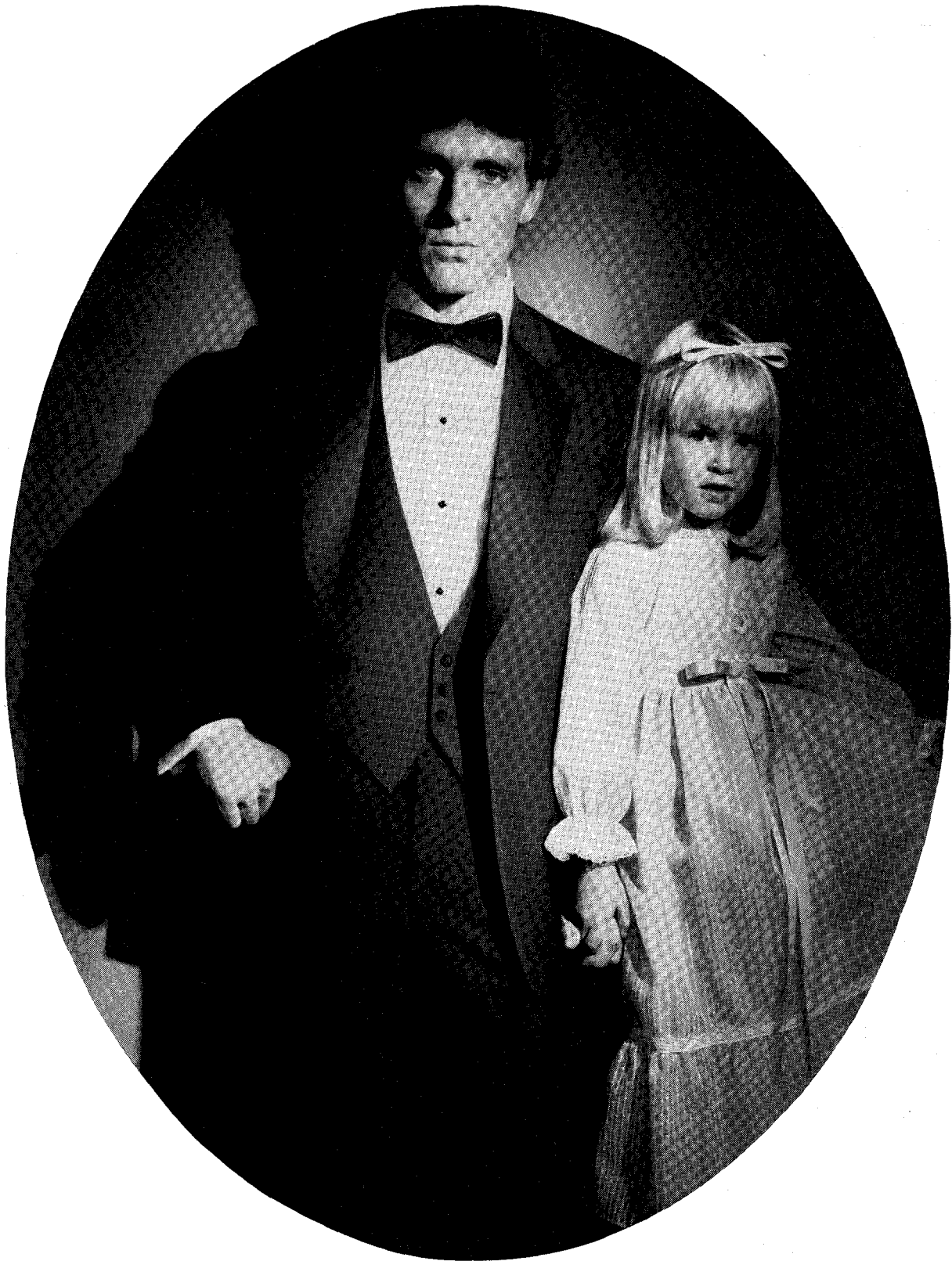
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or several of us together may have used it. My own first work in this field was on hemoglobin, in 1935—a theoretical job. I asked what the structure of the hemoglobin molecule should be in order to account for the way it takes up oxygen. This is just straight physical chemistry. And the conclusions that I reached were mildly interesting. Over-simplified, of course.

"I became interested in chemistry in 1914, at the age of thirteen, because another student showed me the laboratory he had set up in his bedroom," Pauling said. (He has set down these reminiscences several times.) "I decided then to be a chemist, and to study chemical engineering, which was, I thought, the profession that chemists followed. I studied at Oregon State Agricultural College, and had my first full-time job as a teacher there, when I was eighteen to nineteen years old—teaching quantitative analysis. The idea of the chemical bonds holding a molecule together was still rather vague. I taught the hook-and-eye idea—that we had to imagine the sodium atom, say, as having a hook attached to it, and the chlorine atom as having an eye, into which the hook could fit to make salt. Then I found out that in 1916 Professor Gilbert Newton Lewis, at Berkeley, had said that this hook-and-eye combination is not a very good picture, and that the chemical bond is really a pair of electrons—two electrons that are held jointly by two atoms. I had my desk in the chemistry library that year when I was teaching full time, and I read the chemical journals as they came in. And I read about the electron-pair bond—the covalent bond. I knew a great amount of descriptive chemistry, and I could see how the shared pair of electrons could explain what the forces are that hold the atoms together. I could see that the first steps were being taken toward a real, systematic science of structural chemistry. It was then that I developed a strong desire to understand the physical and chemical properties of substances in relation to the atoms and molecules of which they are made up. This interest has largely determined the course of my research for fifty years."

Pauling is one of the three people who have received two Nobel Prizes. Marie Curie shared the Nobel Prize in Physics with her husband and Antoine-Henri Becquerel in 1903 and had the Prize in Chemistry all to herself eight years later. John Bardeen, an American, got a piece of the Prize in Physics in 1956 and again in 1972. Pauling



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was awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1954, "for his work on the nature of the chemical bond and its application to the elucidation of the structure of complex substances." That was the year the Nobel Prize in Literature went to Ernest Hemingway, and his citation could with justice have been added to Pauling's: "for the vigorous perfection of a style that has put his contemporaries to school." Pauling's second Nobel was the 1962 Peace Prize, which he got for his work to bring about the treaty banning tests of atomic explosives in the atmosphere. Pauling's political stand in the last years of the Truman Presidency seems mild now—a rather flamboyantly idealistic campaign against the Cold War, atomic weapons, and the development of the hydrogen bomb. In those days of the rise of Joseph McCarthy and Richard Nixon, when the national anxieties reverberated into hysteria in southern California, Pauling's course required courage and principle. His politics had unpleasant consequences at the time. At the end of April, 1952, Pauling was supposed to go to London to attend a meeting of the Royal Society on the structures of proteins, but at the last minute was refused a passport. Some claim that if he had got to London he would have seen the newest X-ray-diffraction pictures of DNA from the laboratories of Maurice Wilkins and Rosalind Franklin, and from them learned what he needed in order to solve the structure.

Pauling had become entranced with chemical phenomena at the time quantum mechanics was beginning to be exploited to bring a new, structural order into the immense mass of information that classical chemists had accumulated about how atoms combine. Quantum theory dates from 1900, but in January of 1926 the Austrian physicist Erwin Schrödinger, then at the University of Zurich, touched off the

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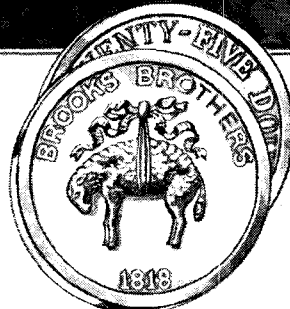
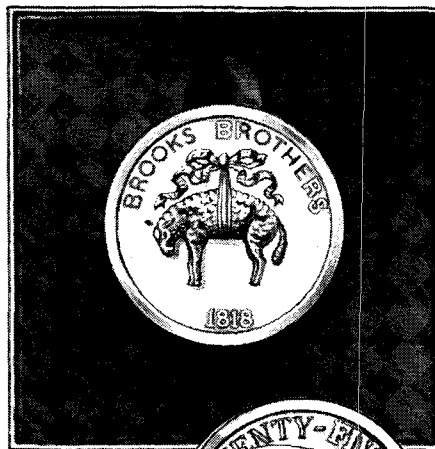
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final development of its full, modern form, distinguished by the term "wave mechanics," and immediately he and many others—among them Werner Heisenberg and Max Born, in Göttingen; Paul A. M. Dirac, in Cambridge; and Niels Bohr and his group, in Copenhagen—were drawn into the most intense and fruitful competitive collaboration that science has ever known. Pauling went to Caltech in 1922 and received his doctorate in chemistry in 1925. He went to Europe on a Guggenheim Fellowship in March of 1926, studied for a year in Munich, stayed a few weeks in Copenhagen at Bohr's institute, and then, for five months, went to Zurich, where Schrödinger was. In the next ten years, Pauling and others working in the domain where physics shades into chemistry—working at a scale of around a billionth of an inch, and concerned with the energy levels, numbers and positions, and spins of the outermost electrons in different kinds of atoms—were learning just how atoms are allowed in nature to behave in one another's intimate company. Pauling was the anthropologist confronted with an imperfectly known language that turns out to belong to a rich, strange culture whose every interchange is governed by precise rules of hierarchy, status, and payment. To learn the language was made more difficult, of course, by the need to invent new instruments to ask each new kind of question. But the greatest problem was that in the unfamiliar language the very categories of thought turned out to defy preconception. That was where quantum mechanics offered the promise of order.

By far the most powerful consideration Pauling brought into structural chemistry from the new physics was the idea of resonance. It makes intuitive good sense to say that the atoms composing the molecules of a substance tend to arrange themselves in the way that is most stable, and that this conformation will be the one that requires the least energy. After all, once a molecule falls into its least energetic conformation, work is required to push it into any other. Quantum mechanics can demonstrate this sensible notion mathematically for simple molecules; the balance of energy in large molecules of biological interest is as yet beyond exact computation. Resonance takes the idea of a molecule's stability one step further—a step outside the commonsensical, perhaps. The principle of resonance states, for example, that if a molecule can be described as having the bonds among its atoms arranged in either of two ways,



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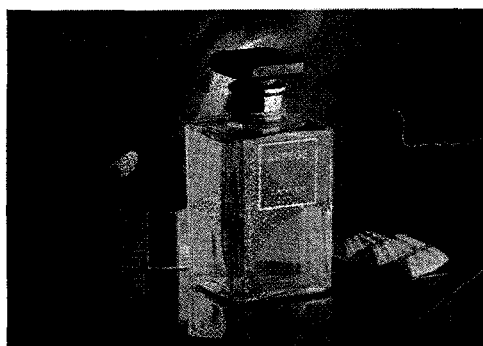
1927 Paris in the twenties was vibrant with creative genius. Poulenc, Hemingway, Debussy and Picasso transfixed the world with new forms of artistic expression. The population was seized with post-war euphoria, luxury reigned and artists broke freely with tradition.

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Already renowned as a fashion designer, Jeanne Lanvin was one of the bold new talents fascinating Paris society. Artists and writers such as Stravinsky, Vuillard and Arthur Rubinstein would



The standard "Arpège" bottle, recognized throughout the world.

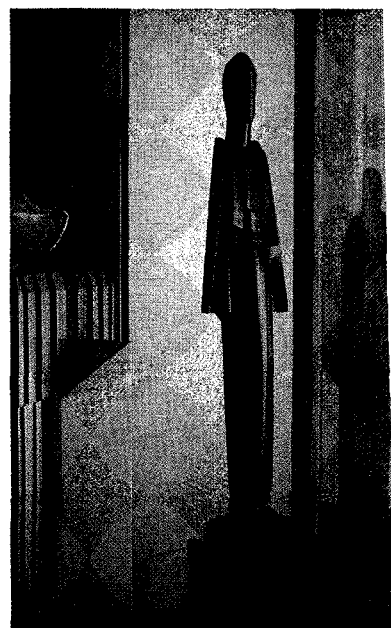
gather at her home, decorated by one of the great designers of the decade, Armand Rateau.

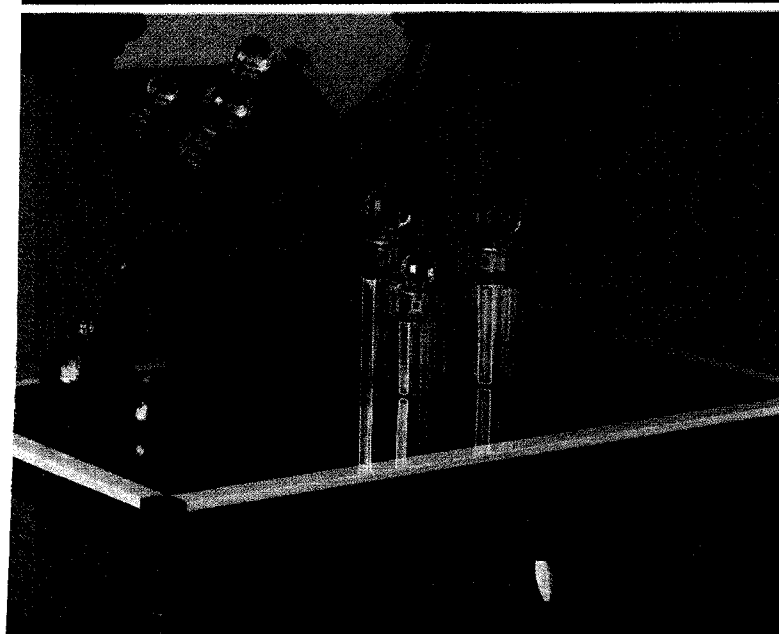
In her field, Jeanne Lanvin was herself an artist, working with her carefully chosen fabrics until she had achieved highly personal designs that were unmistakably "Lanvin". To enhance her dresses, she wanted a perfume that would also be a masterpiece — as exceptional, sublime and matchless as her gowns. Her wish was fulfilled by André Frayse, a young perfumer who produced Arpège after three years of research. The fragrance, named spontaneously by Marie-Blanche de Polignac, Jeanne Lanvin's daughter and an accomplished musician, quickly became the sensation of Paris.

The Arpège "Boule Noire"

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*The "Boule Noire" created for
Arpège in 1927. The black glass bottle,
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design by Paul Iribe depicting
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then the molecule is to be considered as existing in both arrangements simultaneously.

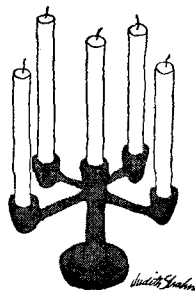
"I was thinking about this problem in 1928 in relation to the carbon atom," Pauling told me. Carbon is a gregarious stuff; the carbon atom has an outer electron shell with four electrons available for making shared-electron-pair, or covalent, bonds—four hands, so to speak, to clasp its neighbors'—where oxygen, say, has but two and hydrogen only one. Since 1874, chemists had understood that carbon's four bonds tend to take positions directed out from the atom toward the corners of a regular tetrahedron—that is, splayed tripodwise as far from each other as possible in three-dimensional space, pointing outward at the four corners of a pyramid that has triangular sides and a triangular base. But in the twenties physicists knew from atomic theory, confirmed by unmistakable evidence in the lines produced in the spectroscope, that one of the four valence electrons of the carbon atom is in a different orbital state from the three others. This contradiction blocked the formulation of a coherent theory of bonds. Pauling invoked resonance to unite what the physicist knew about electrons with what the chemist knew about bonds. "I had the idea that these electrons in different kinds of orbits may be all right for the spectroscopist, but for chemical calculations they can be combined, hybridized together, into four equivalent electrons occupying four tetrahedral orbits," he said. He published a short note in 1928 about the equivalence of the four bonds of carbon.

Pauling wrote another paper that year that brought him into direct rivalry with Lawrence Bragg for the first time. Beginning in 1912, Bragg, with some help from his father, Sir William Bragg, had invented X-ray crystallography—the method of determining the repeating structures of atoms arrayed together in crystals by analyzing the way they diffract X rays. Pauling had started teaching himself the subject by reading the Braggs' book on it in the summer of 1922, before he went to Caltech as a graduate student; in December of 1922, he had made his own first X-ray determination of a crystal structure with the simple mineral molybdenite. While Pauling had been in Europe in 1926 and 1927, Bragg, then at the University of Manchester, had launched a series of papers

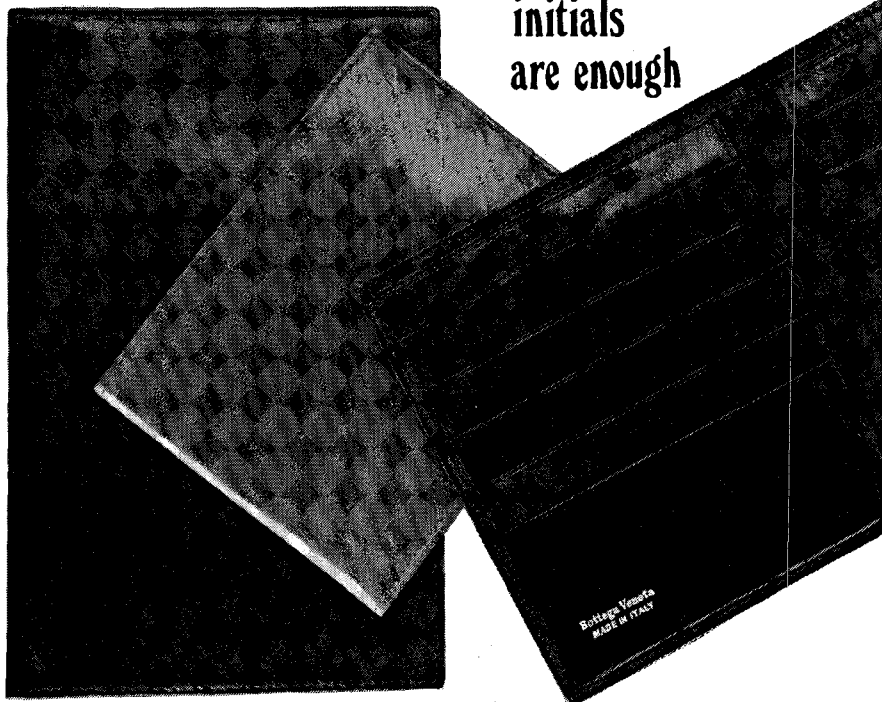
giving the crystal structures, beginning with the gemstone beryl, of the class of minerals called silicates. The silicates presented the most complicated molecular structures that had yet been attempted. Bragg devised a theory—more a practical rule than a theory—for thinking up structures compatible with a substance's chemical composition to try out against the X-ray data. Pauling, on his way home from Europe in the fall of 1927, stopped for a week or so in England. There he met the elder Bragg but not the younger. When Pauling got back to Pasadena, he began investigating silicates himself. He published several structures, including the gemstone topaz. By the summer of 1928, he understood that the various relations among atoms that dictate the stable forms of a crystalline substance could be stated as a set of six principles. He wrote these down. They were published the next spring. To this day, they are called the Pauling rules. The principles were not entirely original with Pauling. The first three, anyway, had been in the air among crystallographers—had, in effect, been used by Bragg. Pauling clarified them, codified them, demonstrated their generality and power.

To put the consequences in a single long sentence, Pauling taught a couple of generations of chemists that the sizes and the electrical charges of atoms determine exactly their arrangements in molecules: there must be neutralization of the electrical charges, positive or negative, not just on the average over the whole molecule but locally, at the spot, while at the same time atoms have to be packed—they fit snugly together. Structures of the molecules of two hundred and twenty-five substances were determined in Pauling's laboratory in those years, and a great many others in other laboratories. The suggestions from physical theory were pursued by many physical techniques, an important one being X-ray diffraction. Pauling's chief rival in the work was Bragg. According to Max Perutz and others, Bragg was always chagrined that Pauling had been the first to codify and publish the rules by which physics applies to the determination of the structures of minerals.

In the spring and summer of 1930, Pauling went to Europe again, for six months, where his first stay was several weeks in Lawrence Bragg's laboratory. "My visit to Manchester was a disap-



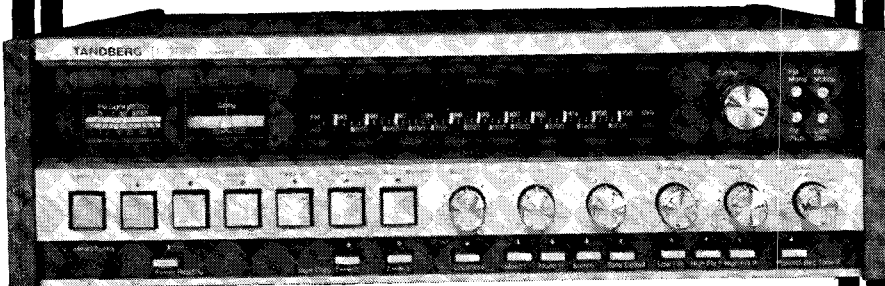
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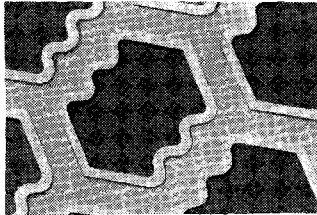
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pointment to me," Pauling told me. "I had essentially no contact with Bragg. And they failed to ask me to give a seminar talk, say, on my work, although I had done a great deal of work that bore on what Bragg's lab was doing." He went on to Germany. Once again ideas of quantum physics, resonance, and hybrid bonds were in the air; they made rules that created coherence out of the experimental data in just the way that the anthropologist learning the strange language will suddenly see that by combining categories he had thought were exclusive, or even contradictory, he can make sentences where nonsense reigned before. When Pauling got back to Pasadena this time, he proceeded to write the grammar book. His great essay "The Nature of the Chemical Bond" was published in April of 1931—thirty-four pages in the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*—and was followed by six more installments in the next two years and then by the first edition of his great book.

"By 1935, I felt that I had an essentially complete understanding of the nature of the chemical bond," Pauling said. By the mid-thirties, the chemical bonds that occur in biological substances could be divided into strong ones and weak. The strong ones are the shared-electron-pair bonds, or covalent bonds, whose first approximate explanation, by Gilbert Newton Lewis, Pauling had found so exciting. These can be single or double (or, rarely, triple). If the bond is single, rotation of the atoms (or groups of atoms) at each end is possible around its axis, and the molecular structure that results is to that extent flexible and so less predictable. If the bond is double, the bond axis is rigid and greatly restricts the resulting molecular structure. It's like two people holding hands in a country dance, who are less free to swing to different positions if they are holding by both hands than if by just one each. Single and double bonds differ also in length, the double bond being shorter, and stronger, too, again like two people joining both hands in the dance. Whether two atoms—of the same element or of different elements—can form a valence bond at all, and whether the bond can be a double one, depends on whether those sorts of atoms have the electrons available to share. As more atoms get linked to the first pair, changing the molecule to a different chemical substance, they influence the character of one another's bonds. The concept of resonance predicts all this. The elementary text-

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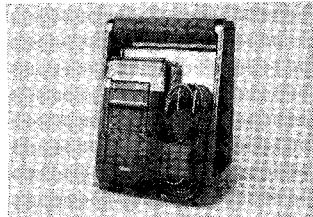
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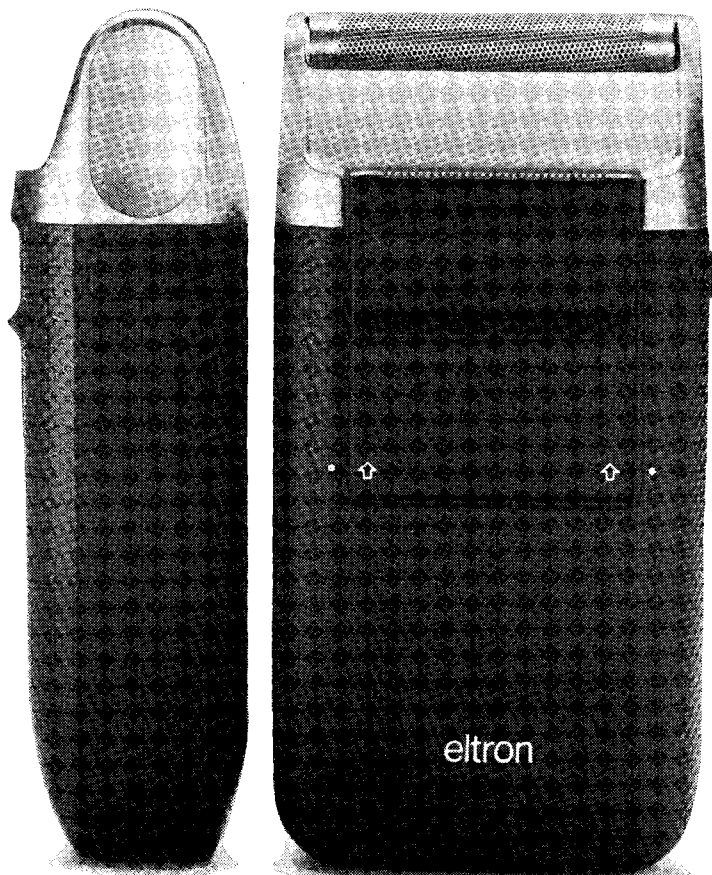
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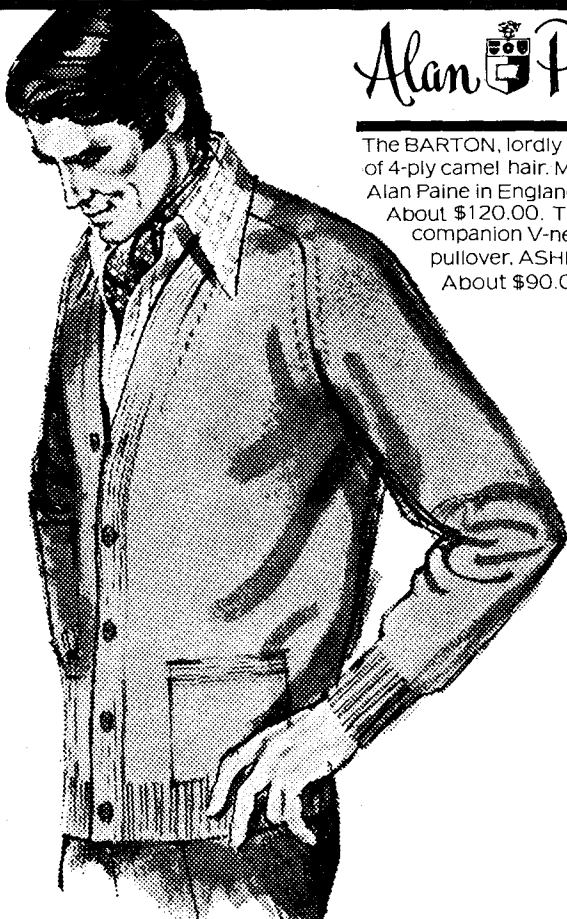
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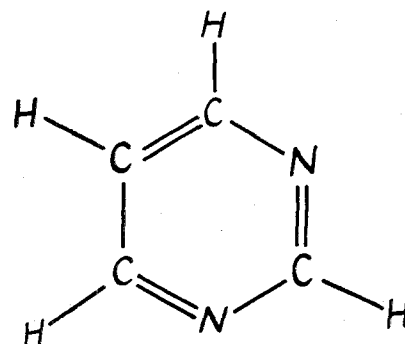


Alan Paine

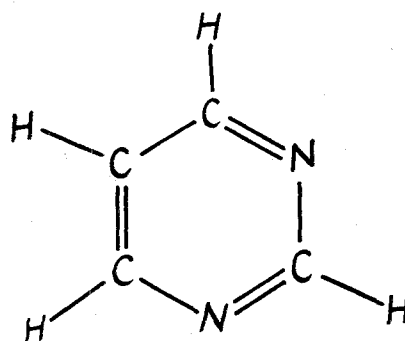
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book might show a ring—with C for carbon, N for nitrogen, H for hydrogen, and double lines for double bonds—this way:

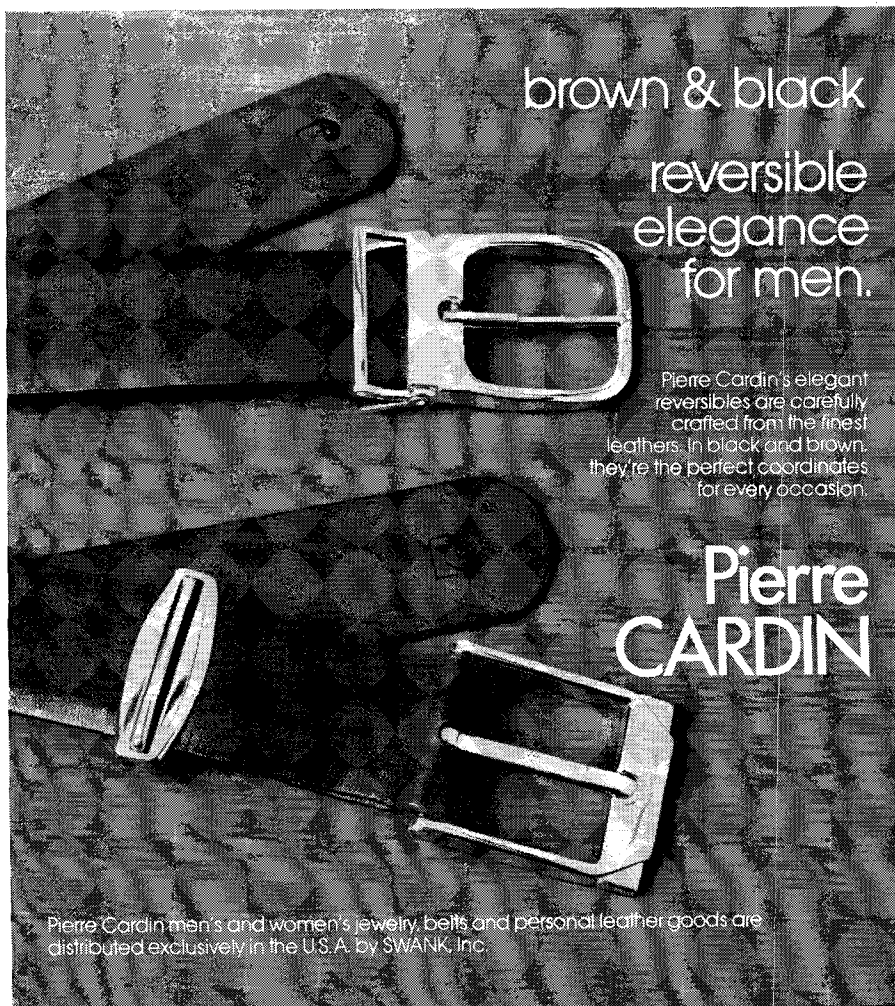


But it can just as correctly be drawn another way:



And the paradoxical insight by which the idea of resonance departs from common sense is that these bonds lie both ways at the same time. Resonance amounts to the whole square dance swinging in motion. The physicist might state this fact in terms of the probability of finding a given molecule arranged one way or the other at a given split instant. The physical chemist, concerned with the stability of the molecule, addresses another aspect of the same fact when he speaks of a bond's having a certain percentage of double-bond character, which will determine its exact length, its rigidity, and the angles it can take in relation to other bonds. What Pauling's laboratory did, more than any other, was to get the measure of these lengths and angles in molecules of hundreds of different substances. By the late thirties, he knew he had refined his measurements to a couple of hundredths of an angstrom—eighty trillionths of an inch, more or less—and to a couple of degrees of arc.

The details of bonding were essential to an understanding of protein structures and, in the most surprising way, were the central mystery of DNA. Nucleic acids, both DNA and RNA, are made up of three molecular units—the simple sugar called ribose, the acidic grouping of a phosphorus atom bonded to four oxygen atoms and



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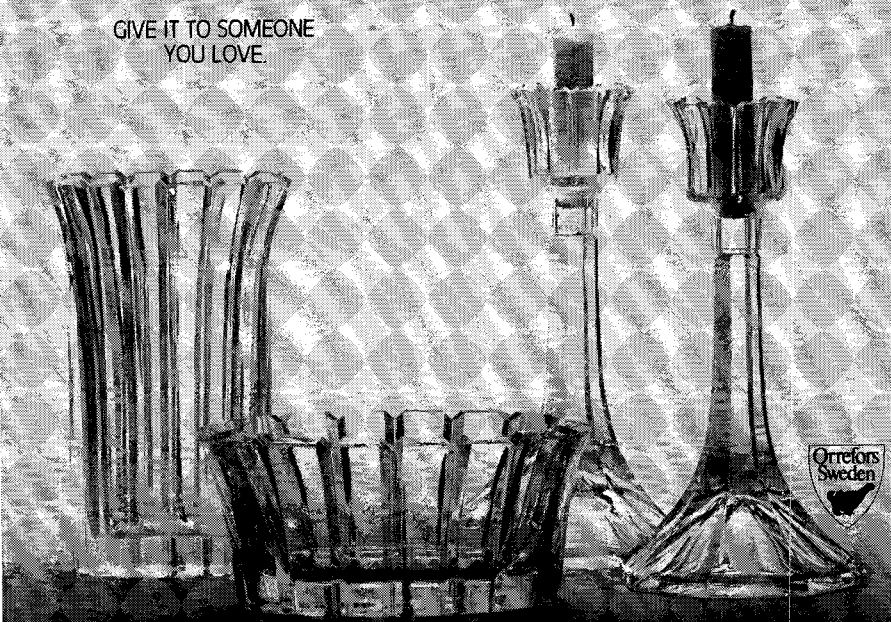
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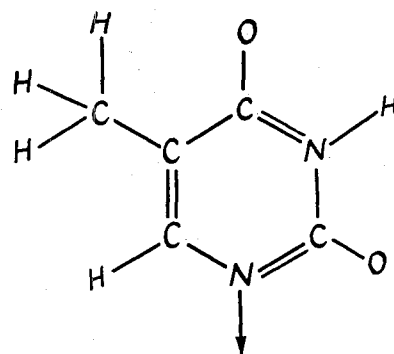
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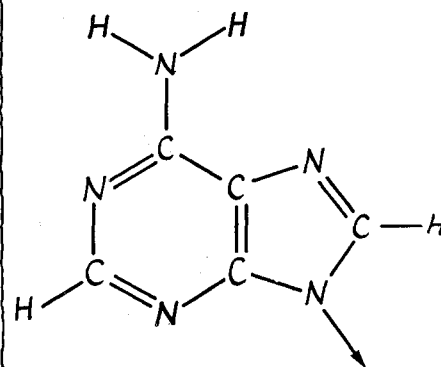
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called a phosphate, and the constituent called the bases. The sugar unit in DNA is stripped of an oxygen atom—hence deoxyribose. The backbone of a nucleic acid alternates, sugar-phosphate, at length; at each sugar—each knuckle of the backbone—a base sticks out, and the three-unit sub-assembly of phosphate, sugar, and base is called a nucleotide. Though the backbone is perfectly monotonous, the bases vary: DNA has four principal bases, adenine and guanine (the purines), cytosine and thymine (the pyrimidines), while in RNA thymine is replaced by the not quite identical uracil. The particular dance of carbon and nitrogen in the diagrams is the ring on which two of the bases in DNA—the pyrimidines, thymine and cytosine—are built. Written out fully, thymine looks like this:



Bond to
deoxy sugar

The purines are double-ringed; adenine looks like this:



Bond to
deoxy sugar

The partly double character of the bonds circulating around the rings has one general consequence that again makes intuitive sense: the pyrimidines and the purines are flat. This fact is of great importance to the structure of DNA—not least because that made it practical for Watson, in trying to construct a model for DNA, to cut out the shapes of the four bases with scissors from sheets of cardboard.

Bonds of another sort, called electro-

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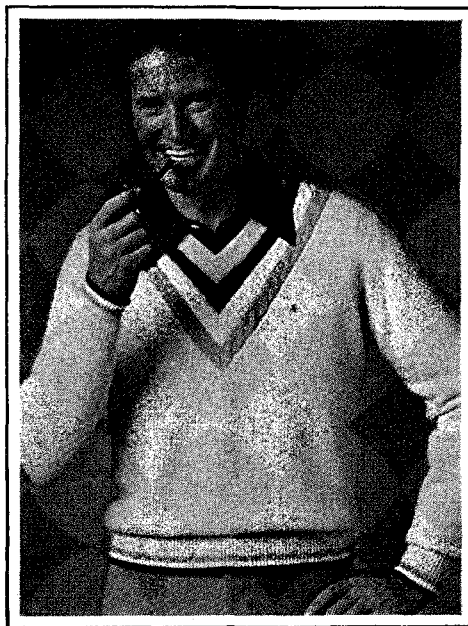
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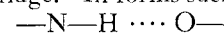
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static, function between atoms that are of opposite charges but are without the sharing of an electron pair; these bonds range from weak to very strong. The weakest of all, not so much a bond as a momentary flirtation, results from the van der Waals forces—named after Johannes Diderik van der Waals, a Dutch physicist, who described them in 1873. These arise because any two groups of atoms, as they approach each other closely, will induce slight fluctuations in each other's electrical charges. Van der Waals's name is also attached to another aspect of this phenomenon—the distance at which two atoms begin to get in each other's way. Van der Waals distances, or contacts, are an ever-nagging limitation in any attempt to model the structure of a large biological molecule. In the processes of life, the most significant weak bond is the hydrogen bond. This one arises when a hydrogen atom is covalently bound into a molecule and yet, though it has but one electron, has some surplus electrical charge in the outward direction, so it can link lightly with another atom of opposite charge, which in turn is covalently bound elsewhere. The older, more descriptive term for the hydrogen bond was "hydrogen bridge." In forms such as



and



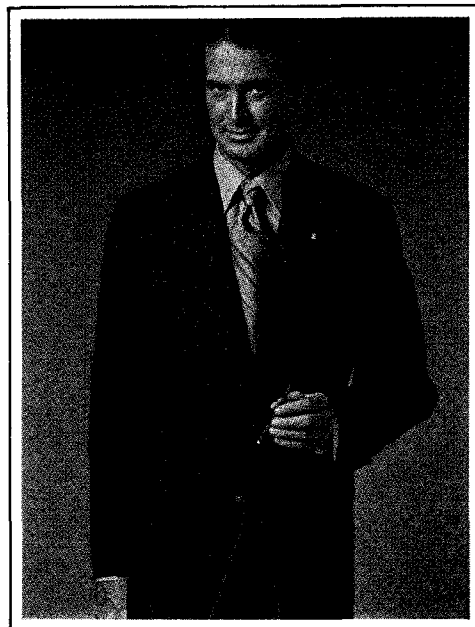
hydrogen bonds lace together and stabilize the configurations of large molecules. Hydrogen bonds can be formed or broken at living temperatures at a relatively low cost in energy, ranging up to ten per cent of what it takes to make or break a covalent bond. All these weak binding forces work best when molecular surfaces have complementary structures that bring several interacting groups close enough together to form a die-and-coin relation.

In the mid-thirties, Pauling turned from the elementary grammar of bonding to sentences and paragraphs. "While I was doing the hemoglobin studies in 1934 and 1935, I began to speculate more generally about the properties of the large molecules found in living organisms and about the problem of the structure of proteins," he said. Others were beginning to speculate, too—notably, Astbury, at Leeds, and another British crystallographer, Desmond Bernal, at Cambridge, and, slightly later, Perutz and Lawrence Bragg. The simple first question they all faced was whether protein molecules, known to be very large assort-

ments of a small number of components—the twenty-odd amino acids—were jumbled like paper bags of mixed nuts or were orderly. Bernal had discovered, in 1934, that crystals of the enzyme pepsin, if they are kept soaking in the liquid out of which they have been precipitated, yield clear, characteristic X-ray-diffraction patterns. These proved that all pepsin molecules have exactly the same structure—which was implicit, indeed, in the fact that the molecules formed crystals at all. Protein crystals are still mounted for X-ray diffraction as Bernal mounted them, bathed in their mother liquor. Bernal himself understood, from the hour he made his discovery, that these clear X-ray-diffraction patterns opened the line to the direct and complete determination of the structures of proteins. Yet the molecules were far too complicated to be worked out from those clear diffraction patterns until the decisive next discovery—the way to get controlled variant X-ray patterns for comparative analysis—was made by Perutz, nineteen years later.

Bernal had demonstrated that proteins were ordered; not even the most general rules of their order were then certain. One theory said that proteins were long chains of amino acids. The latest of the many alternatives to chains was the cyclol theory, which had it that a protein molecule was a cage of rings made up of amino acids. In 1939, Pauling and an associate, Carl Niemann—and several other chemists at about the same time—demolished the cages and showed that all the evidence favored the chains. In the protein chain, amino acids link up by what is called a peptide bond; this is a strong covalent bond, with a lot of double-bond character, between the carbon at the end of one amino acid and the nitrogen that begins the next. The peptide bond is named after the powerful digestive enzyme pepsin, one of the family of enzymes which cleave these bonds and so break up protein chains; “pepsin” is, in turn, derived from a Greek root meaning “to cook.” Pepsin was one of the first enzymes to be prepared in pure form, which is why Bernal happened to work with it in 1934. Protein chains are called “polypeptides.”

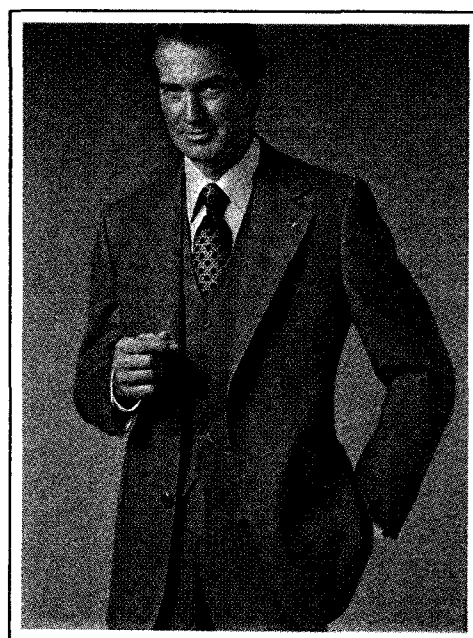
Pauling, once hemoglobin had set him thinking, went after proteins with characteristic energy. “In 1937, I realized that there was very little detailed structural knowledge about the amino acids themselves,” he said. “Nobody was attacking the problem vigorously, systematically. Bernal had made a preliminary study of some amino acids,



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without determining any structures. Although there had been several X-ray studies of amino acids reported in the literature, they were all wrong. I knew, of course, what Bill Astbury, at Leeds, had written about the structure of keratin—hair, horn, fingernail, and so on. But I knew that what Astbury said wasn't right."

Astbury, like Bernal, had been trained in crystallography by the elder Bragg. The University of Leeds was set financially as well as geographically in the midst of the great North of England textile industry; Astbury had been hired by the university in 1928 to do research in the physics of textiles. He collected X-ray-diffraction data about organic molecules by working not with crystals but with fibres, which limited him to the scant list of natural materials that grow well-ordered fibres. Even these produced diffraction patterns that were streaks and partial rings rather than the sharp spots produced by crystals like Bernal's. Astbury's abiding interest was wool and the protein keratin, which makes up wool and many related animal substances—hair, horn, fingernail. By the early thirties, Astbury was publishing diffraction patterns that gave tantalizing glimpses of the physical requirements any structure proposed for protein would have to meet. His photographs and his vividly plausible interpretations influenced everybody's thinking about large biological molecules. Three indications were most important. Astbury showed a pronounced change in the diffraction pattern and thus in structure between unstretched and stretched wool. He called the structures alpha and beta keratin; these terms persisted, together with the conviction that stretching can produce great and informative changes in fibre structures. The data also suggested, fuzzily, that the polypeptide chains in unstretched keratin were coiled helically. Further, a strong smeared spot in the diffraction patterns told crystallographers that the molecular structure repeated itself every 5.1 angstrom units—every twenty billionths of an inch or so. If the polypeptide chain of unstretched keratin was a helix, 5.1 angstroms should be the height of each turn.

DNA is also a fibrous substance. When somebody sent Astbury a particularly well-prepared sample of DNA from calf thymus, he began a series of diffraction studies. The DNA fibre diagrams, too, offered fascinating suggestions, if few certainties. A heavy streak seemed to show a repeating structure every 27 angstroms, and

there was evidence from which he concluded that the bases lay flat—stacked like “a pile of plates,” he wrote—and were 3.4 angstroms apart.

Astbury suggested all sorts of structures for keratin and for DNA which he thought were compatible with his data. In 1938, the annual symposium on quantitative biology held at the Biological Laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor, on Long Island, was about protein structures. Astbury came, and presented with high enthusiasm a matched team of structures that showed, he said, how the spacing of the nucleotides 3.4 angstroms apart along a strand of DNA corresponded with the spacing of the amino acids in a polypeptide chain. He believed that he had thus explained how DNA and protein are united in the chromosome. But his imagination was sometimes clearer than his data. His diffraction patterns for keratin and for DNA were to prove invaluable and yet confusing; they were never clinching.

In particular, that 5.1-angstrom repeat in the molecular structure of keratin could not be reconciled with Pauling's independent data. “I knew that what Astbury said wasn't right, because our studies of simple molecules had given us enough knowledge about bond lengths and bond angles and hydrogen-bond formation to show that what he said wasn't right,” Pauling told me. “But I didn't know what *was* right. Although no direct experimental evidence was available about molecular dimensions of simple peptides or closely related substances, I thought the general structure theory should permit predictions to be made. I spent the summer of 1937 in an effort to find a way of coiling a polypeptide chain in three dimensions compatible with the X-ray data reported by Astbury. This effort was unsuccessful, which led me to conclude that I was making some unjustified assumption about the structural properties of the molecules.” Twelve years later, Pauling learned that not his structural theory but the interpretation of the X-ray patterns was at fault. The difficulty foreshadowed what happened with the structure of DNA.

“Therefore, 1937 was the year when I decided we should determine the structures of amino acids and simple peptides, to see if there wasn't something important that we were overlooking—some structural feature that didn't show up in the more distantly related simple molecules we had been studying,” Pauling told me. In that year, he was joined at Caltech by

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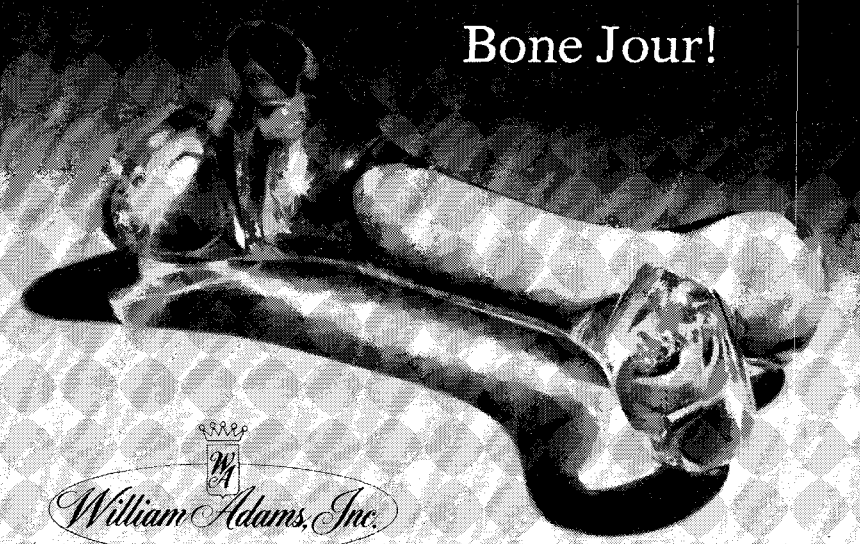
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Robert Corey, who was also interested in the structures of protein. "Well, we carried out that investigation over a period of years," Pauling said. "And by 1948 it was evident that there were no surprises about these molecules, really. We had made our information more precise but hadn't changed our understanding in any qualitative sense. The dimensions I had taken eleven years before for the polypeptide chain were shown to be correct. So in the spring of 1948 I again attacked the problem of coiling the polypeptide chain."

Pauling's method was to build models, sometimes with pencil and paper at first, eventually with precisely scaled physical representations of the atoms—open three-dimensional puzzles in which the individual pieces to be fitted together already carried many of the limitations of angles, lengths, and sizes. These simple toys were invented by Pauling and Corey, and are a remarkable contribution to molecular biology: they amounted to a kind of analogue computer that embodied many of the physical rules and restrictions in order to cut out the endless refiguring of interlocking readjustments. Pauling and Corey built with strict observance of the principles they had learned. One rule that turned out to be crucial was that no rotation is permitted around the peptide bond because resonance gives it partial double-bond rigidity; it follows that the atoms immediately to each side of the bond should lie in a flat plane—as, indeed, they do, to within a tenth of a billionth of an inch. Another rule was that the three atoms of a hydrogen bridge make a straight line.

From the spring of 1948 through the spring of 1951, well before Watson arrived in England, rivalry sputtered and blazed between Pauling's lab and Bragg's—over protein. (Bragg had gone from Manchester to Cambridge some ten years before, to become Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics.) The quest was to propose, and verify in nature, a general three-dimensional structure for the polypeptide chain. Pauling was working up from the simpler structures of components. In January of 1948, he went to Oxford for two terms as a visiting professor. "In Oxford—it was in April, I believe—I caught cold," Pauling told me. "I went to bed, and read detective stories for a day, and got bored, and thought, Why don't I have a crack at that problem of alpha keratin?" Confined, and fingering the polypeptide chain in his mind, Pau-

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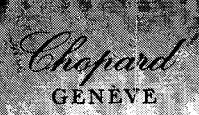
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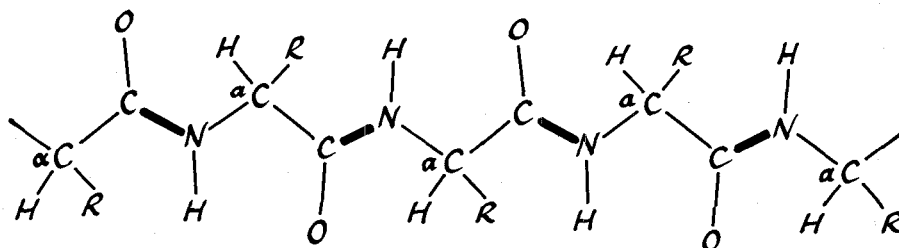
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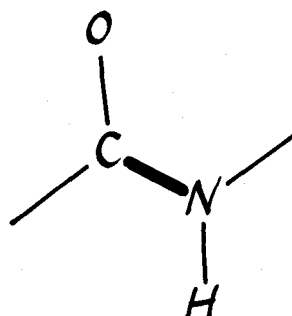
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ling called for paper, pencil, and straightedge, and attempted to reduce the problem to an almost Euclidean purity. "I took a sheet of paper—I still have this sheet of paper—and drew, rather roughly, the way I thought a polypeptide chain would look if it were spread out onto a plane." The repetitious herringbone of the polypeptide chain looked quite simple:



Pauling put lengths and bond angles in from memory. He ignored the complex fringe of side chains, one at each point—the alpha carbon—where the residue, R, of a particular amino acid sticks out from the backbone; though the different side chains give the protein its specific functional characteristics as this or that enzyme, hormone, or whatever, they were irrelevant to Pauling's problem then. He knew that the peptide bond, at the carbon-to-nitrogen link, was always rigid:



And this meant that the chain could turn corners only at the alpha carbons.

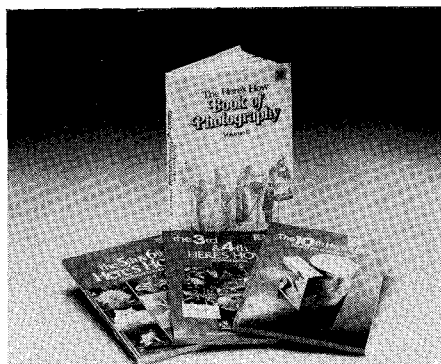
Pauling had come to realize that there was a general argument, much stronger than anything suggested by Astbury's prewar data, for supposing that the structure he wanted would be a helix. "The idea that I had in 1948, and had not had in 1937, is this," he said. He held his right hand in the air. "You can show, rigorously, mathematically, that if you have a structure, such as a right hand, and another structure identical with it but somewhere else in space"—he raised his hand higher, turning it—"the relation between this structure and *this* one is a rotation around an axis with a translation along the axis. That's the *general* relation between two asymmetric but equivalent objects in space. And if you

repeat that, you automatically get a helix. Then I creased the paper in parallel creases through the alpha carbon atoms, so that I could bend it and make the bonds to the alpha carbons along the chain take the correct angles. And then I looked to see if I could form hydrogen bonds from one part of the chain to the next." He saw that if he folded the strip like a chain of

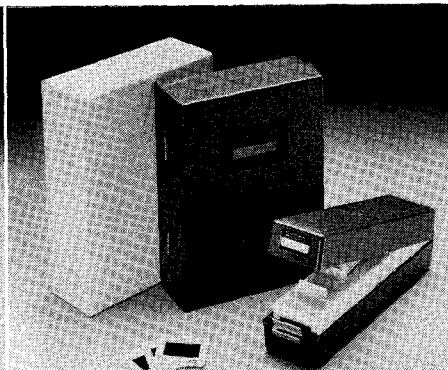
paper dolls into a helix, and if he got the pitch of the helix right, hydrogen bonds could be shown to form, $N-H \cdots O=C$, three or four knuckles apart along the backbone, holding the helix in shape. After several tries, changing the angle of the parallel creases in order to adjust the pitch of the helix, he found a pitch where the hydrogen bonds would drop into place, connecting the turns of the backbone, as straight lines of the right length. He had a model.

Worked out, Pauling's paper model met all the criteria. It was similar to the structure he had abandoned eleven years earlier, and it still failed to account for the strong spot on the X-ray-diffraction pattern that Astbury had obtained with keratin; according to the model, the height of a full turn of the helix should not be 5.1 angstroms, as Astbury had said, but 5.4. Therefore, Pauling withheld publication.

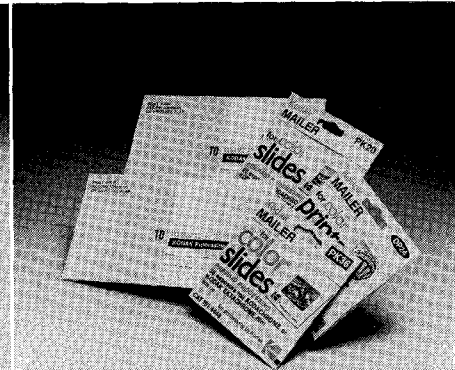
A few months later, Bragg got deeply interested in the general structure of the polypeptide chain when he saw a different and what looked like a quick route to the solution, starting with Astbury's old data and adding clues that seemed to have been found in the latest diffraction studies of hemoglobin and the related protein myoglobin. These studies had been carried out in his lab by Perutz and John Kendrew, a chemist who had turned to biology and had joined Perutz after the war. At Bragg's urging, they tried to exhaust the permutations of structure permitted by the data they had gleaned—they found nearly twenty—and then to light on the likeliest one. Bragg, Kendrew, and Perutz published first—in the spring of 1950, in *Proceedings of the Royal Society*. But Perutz said recently that they were always uneasy about the structure they chose. The pa-



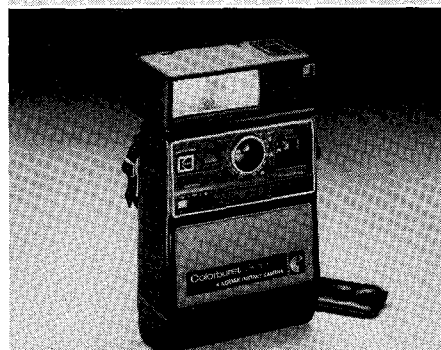
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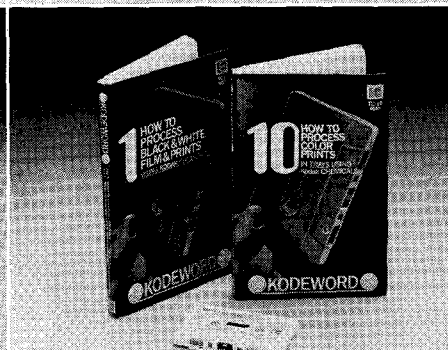
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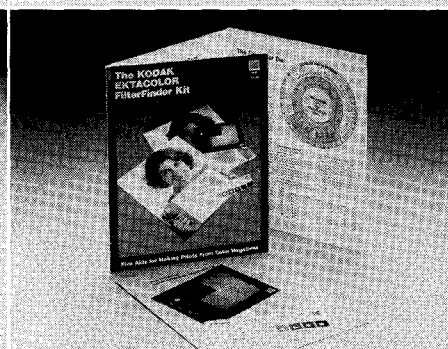
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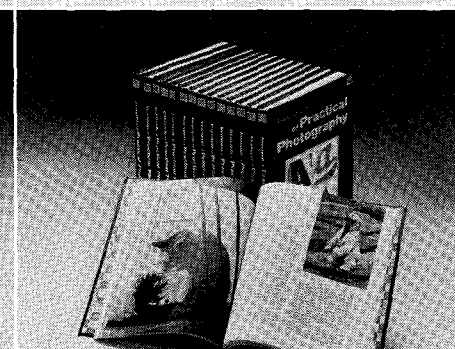
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per is certainly odd: long, diffuse, uncharacteristically uncertain—an illustrated mail-order catalogue of the latest polypeptide models. Finally, grudgingly, the authors settled for a flip-flop ribbon structure first proposed for the polypeptide chain by Astbury years before. And they got it wrong, for they fell victim to the 5.1-angstrom spot, and they failed to keep the peptide bonds flat and rigid. The error was an intense embarrassment to Bragg—a scientific humiliation. Thirteen years afterward, he said, “I have always regarded this paper as the most ill-planned and abortive in which I have ever been involved.”

Pauling chuckled when he spoke of that in our conversation. “We got the alpha helix, you know, and Bragg and Perutz and Kendrew were trying to do the same, and they—ah, failed, because of, really, a lack of knowledge of the principles of chemistry, of structural chemistry.” He picked up several bright oxygen and nitrogen atoms and rapped them together. “I had even discussed the structures of the amino acids and simple peptides in my book ‘The Nature of the Chemical Bond,’ and I judged that none of them had read this book carefully.”

FACTS in science are made significant by expectations—a truism patly illustrated by what happened next. The work at Pauling’s own laboratory in 1949 and 1950 refined and extended what he already knew. He and Corey also devised a second structure, more loosely twisted, that seemed plausible. Meanwhile, a group of researchers at Courtaulds, a British corporation that makes artificial fibres for fabrics, had devised a fibrous polypeptide that was altogether synthetic and somewhat different in composition from keratin. When they took a look at its structure, they found that it did not show quite the same diffraction pattern as natural keratin. Reports of their fibre began to appear in 1949. When a preprint of the last of the Courtaulds papers, with the least equivocal X-ray pattern, reached Perutz, late in 1950, he was engrossed in a new attack on hemoglobin, through study of the abnormal hemoglobin of sickle-cell anemia. He merely noted that the picture seemed peculiar because it was missing an essential feature of the diffraction pattern of natural keratin. Something was wrong. When Pauling received a preprint of the same paper, he saw at once from the pattern that the long molecules of the artificial polypeptide were packed neatly alongside one an-

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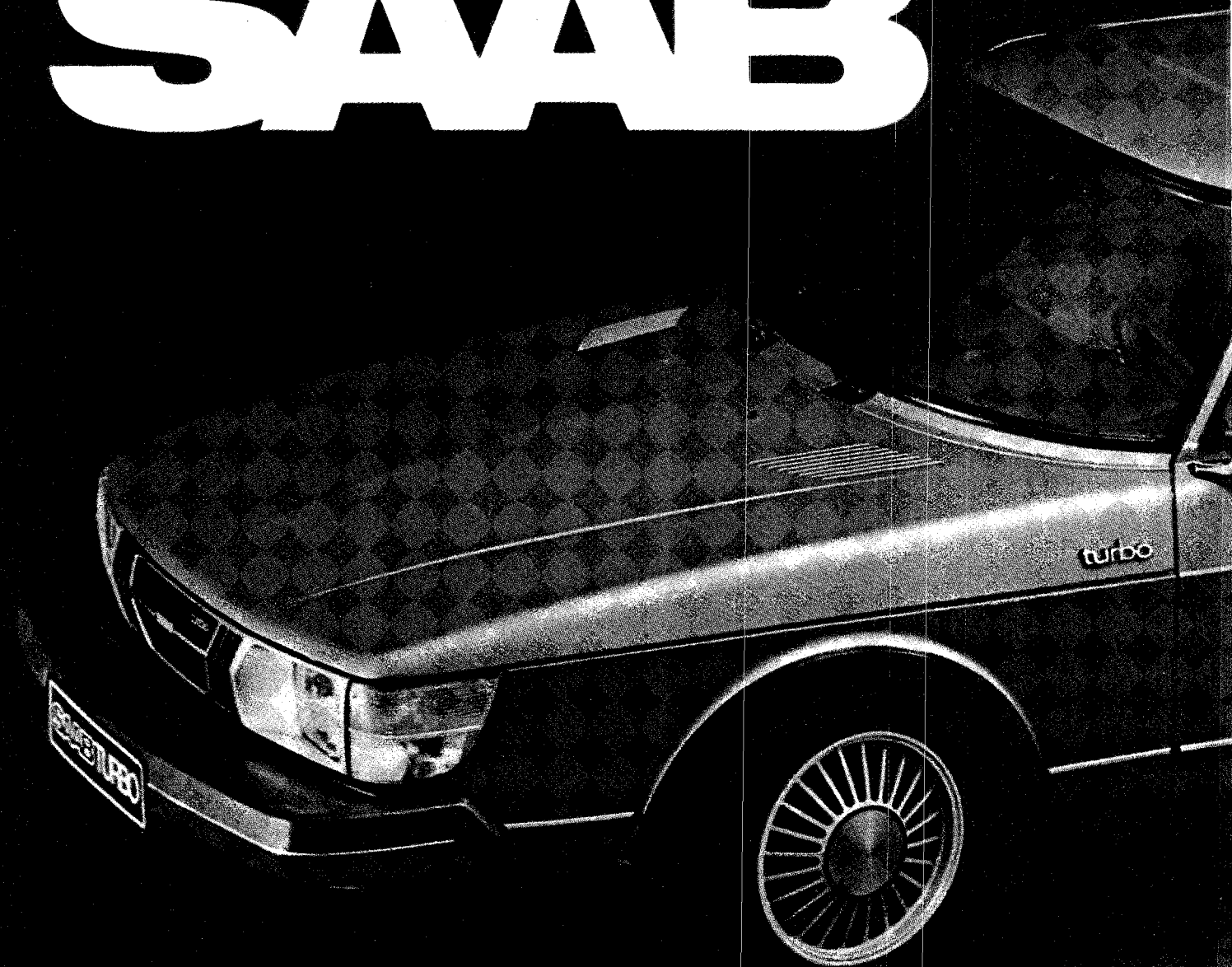
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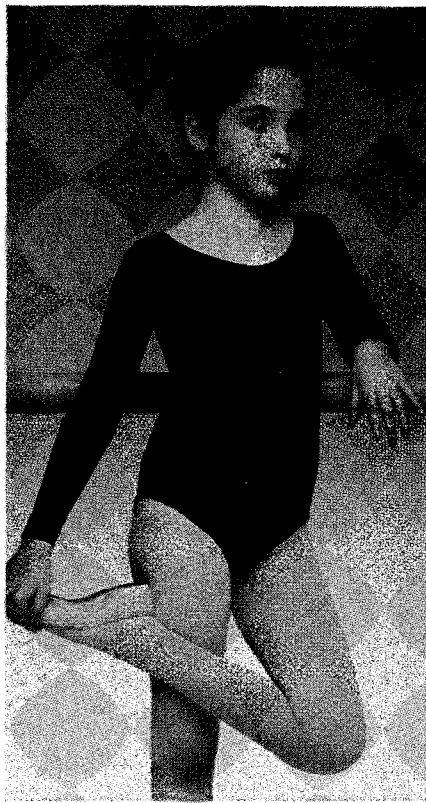
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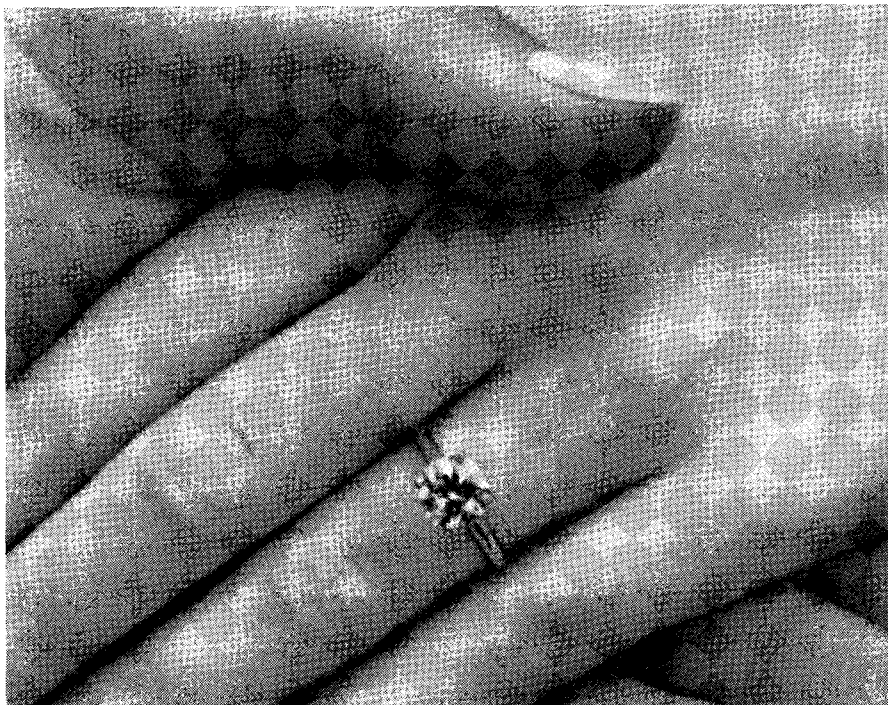
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other in hexagonal array, like a fistful of pencils; though the men who published the pictures had not recognized it, the individual molecules had to be helices. More important, the artificial polypeptide lacked Astbury's anomalous spot for the 5.1-angstrom repeat, which had been holding him back. Something was right.

Pauling and Corey's announcement of their structures began with a short letter of the sort that establishes priority, sent to the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* in October of 1950 and published in November. They said hardly more than that they had spent fifteen years investigating the detailed atomic arrangement of simple substances related to proteins, that they had used their results in an attempt to canvass all reasonable structures for the protein chain, and that now they had constructed "two hydrogen-bonded spiral configurations" that obeyed the rules and fitted the data. That winter, Pauling gave a lecture at Caltech about protein structures. The theatre was full. Pauling chalked a line of the chemical formula for a polypeptide on the board. He then held up a length of the baby's toy composed of soft plastic bubbles in many colors and shapes that pop together to form a necklace of sausages, and began to demonstrate how amino acids combine. He turned to the molecular models on the bench before him. They followed the stereochemical principles, he said—setting those out in detail, with emphatic reference to Bragg, Perutz, Kendrew, and the flat peptide bond. The spiral shapes were held together by hydrogen bonds, and these were straight lines, of known length. The first model was the result of Pauling's paper-folding two years before: a tight corkscrew in which each complete turn rose by 5.44 angstrom units—and not 5.1, he said, with emphatic reference to Astbury. This model, sometime that winter, he had christened the alpha helix. More specifically, he called it the three-residue spiral, though it was nearer four: each full turn of the corkscrew took in about 3.6 amino acids. Here was another lesson in physical chemistry for his rivals. Heeding the conventional crystallographic wisdom, Bragg, Perutz, and Kendrew had reasoned from the regularity of the X-ray patterns that the number of amino acids had to come out exactly even in each full turn. Pauling had seen that this was not explicitly required. In this model, he said, each nitrogen was hydrogen-bonded to the carbon-oxygen pair that the twist brought into position for it



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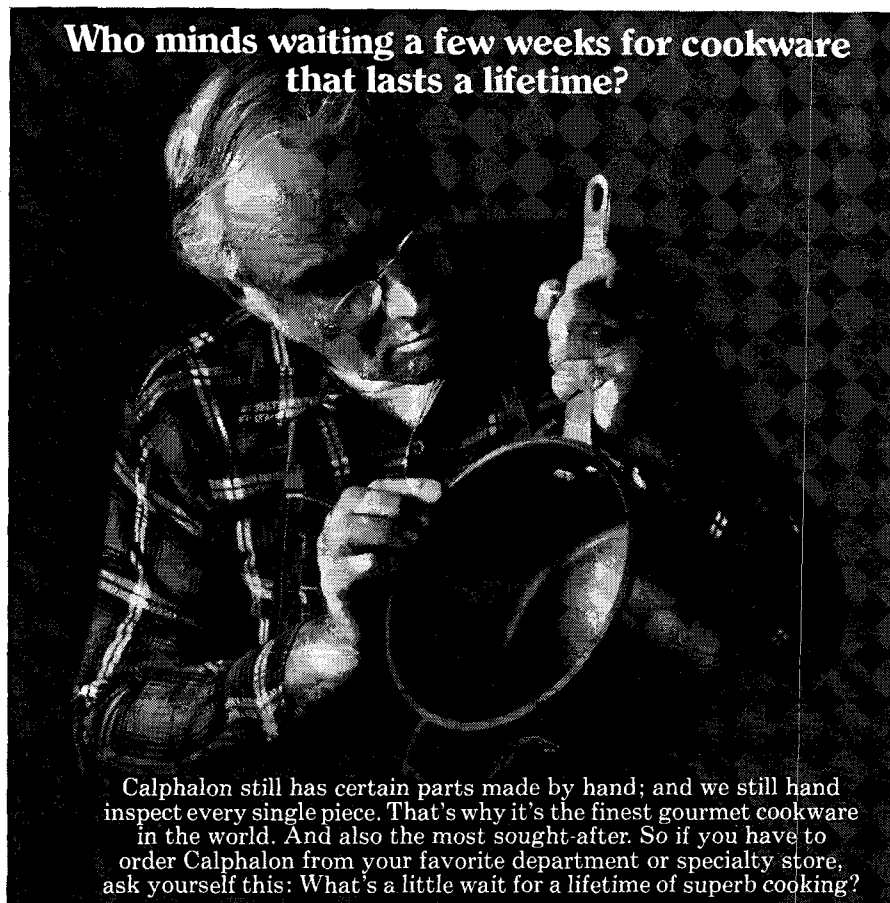
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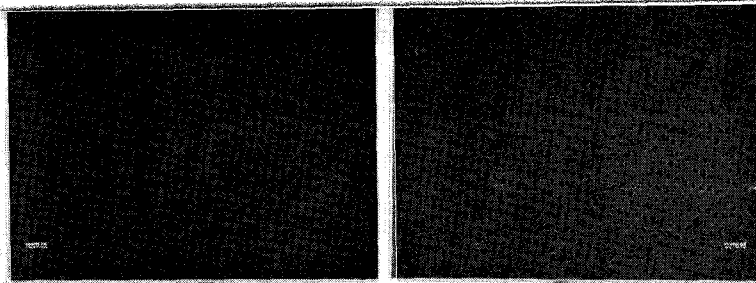
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farther along the spiral, three amino-acid residues away. He asserted that this helix would be found in unstretched keratin, in muscle fibres, in hemoglobin. The second model was the five-residue spiral, similar but more openly wound, with slightly more than five amino acids in a turn, which Pauling presented with equally persuasive detail.

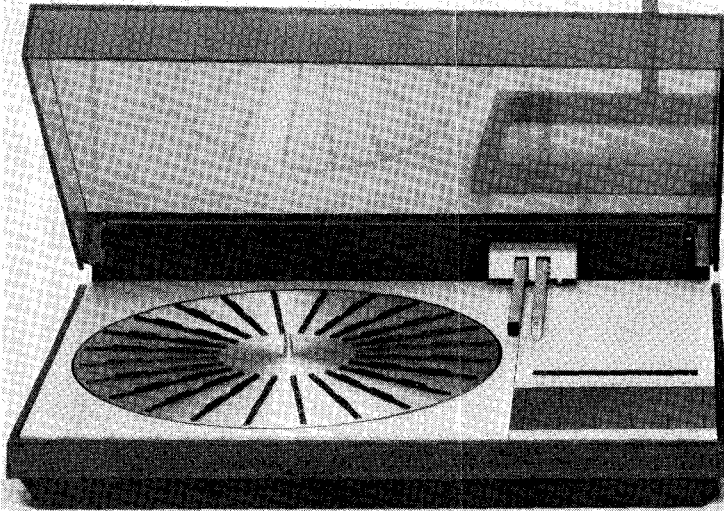
I asked Pauling, when we talked, what had become of that.

"Well, the second one was a nice structure in all respects," he said, with the manner of a veteran teacher who has seen a promising pupil fail his exams. "Except that it had a hole down the middle. I mentioned, not in the first paper but later, that the van der Waals instability associated with having that vacant space, not big enough for a water molecule or anything else to get in, would have made this structure less stable, less likely to occur. And I think it has never shown up." He could shake his head with benignant regret at its fate. The other, the alpha helix, was a rare triumph.

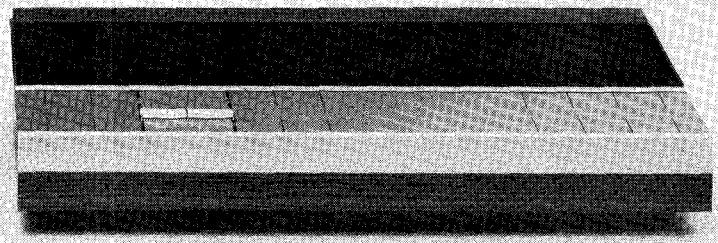
Rumors about Pauling's lecture and models spread quickly, even before details of the structures were published. Watson was by then in Europe, on the post-doctoral fellowship that Delbrück and Luria had arranged for him so that he could study nucleic acids with the Danish biochemist Herman Kalckar, who had taken Delbrück's phage course, at Cold Spring Harbor in 1945. Watson had found Copenhagen cold, the biochemistry of nucleotides irrelevant, and Kalckar incomprehensible and pre-occupied. Watson had been, as he said later, "very underemployed." He had passed the time by slipping off across town to the laboratory of Ole Maaløe, a Danish member of the phage group, to do experiments on the transfer of radioactive DNA from phage to their progeny, and he and Maaløe had completed a paper about that. Though the results heightened Watson's suspicion that DNA, not protein, was what genes are made of, they were not conclusive; the research was nothing he could not have done in Delbrück's lab in Pasadena or, in summer, at Cold Spring Harbor. In the spring of 1951, Kalckar went to work in Naples for several months, taking Watson with him. Watson's underemployment got worse. A conference on the structures of large molecules, late in May, brought Maurice Wilkins to Naples from King's College, London, to give a talk on DNA. When Watson attended Wilkins' lecture, he was brought to sharp attention by a slide of a new X-ray-



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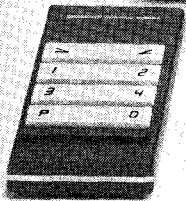
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diffraction pattern that Wilkins had obtained from what he said was a crystalline form of DNA. Watson had never heard of Wilkins and knew nothing at all about crystallography. But he saw the essential point: if DNA could form crystals, it must have a repeating, regular, orderly structure, and so could be solved. On his way back to Copenhagen, he stopped in Geneva to see Jean Weigle, a Swiss member of the phage group, who had just come back from a winter at Caltech. Weigle told Watson about Pauling's lecture on the alpha helix. Then, when Watson got back to Copenhagen, he read Pauling's first full report on the two spirals, in the April, 1951, issue of *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*, and a few days later he was astounded, as were biologists everywhere, by the May issue, which carried seven more articles by Pauling and Corey—fifty-one pages that began with more details about the positions of the atoms in the two helices, went on to the structures of hair, feathers, muscle and tendon, silk, horn, quill, gelatine, hemoglobin, and synthetic polypeptides, and included two additional general configurations for protein. One of these was a flat, layered structure called pleated sheet, which Pauling and Corey thought would be found in stretched hair and in fibres that yield similar diffraction patterns. Pleated sheet, while hardly ubiquitous, does occur as a structural element of many proteins, and has entered the lexicon of every biologist. The other general structure proposed was for collagen, which is the tough, flexible protein found in tendon, bone, tusk, and the cornea of the eye. Pauling's model for collagen, a tricky, intertwining three-stranded helix, was wrong.

Watson's account of his reaction to the Pauling bonanza is restless and complicated; he seemed to enjoy displaying himself as shallow. Though he had not been present at Pauling's demonstration in Pasadena, he wrote in "The Double Helix," "Several fellow professors . . . watched this performance with mixed feelings. . . . A number of his colleagues quietly waited for the day when he would fall flat on his face by botching something important." The first of the papers was "above me, and so I could only get a general impression of his argument." After reading all of the papers, he was left in a fever of envy of Pauling's verve: "The language was dazzling and full of rhetorical tricks. One article started with the phrase, 'Collagen is a very interesting

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protein.' It inspired me to compose opening lines of the paper I would write about DNA, if I solved its structure. A sentence like 'Genes are interesting to geneticists' would distinguish my way of thought from Pauling's." After Wilkins' evidence that DNA had a crystalline structure, the Pauling and Corey papers on protein had the immediate practical effect of convincing Watson that he had to learn X-ray-diffraction techniques if he wanted to find the structure of the gene. This resolve, his boredom with Copenhagen, and the luck of an encounter between Luria and Kendrew at a conference in Ann Arbor that summer, where Luria arranged Watson's future, took him within a few months to Cambridge to study, he later wrote, under "someone named Max Perutz."

The Cavendish reacted to the alpha helix, too. First with chagrin: "Why didn't you tell me that the peptide bond had to be planar?" Sir Lawrence Bragg demanded of one associate, and got the reply "I thought I had done." Then came generous confirmation: Perutz first read Pauling and Corey's seven papers on a Saturday morning at the laboratory. He saw that the alpha helix was obviously right. He saw, further, that if the alpha helix was right, the diffraction pattern of natural, unstretched keratin ought to show a spot at a position where nobody had ever reported one, which would confirm the model's uniform but very small rise—about 1.5 angstroms—along the axis of the helix between one amino-acid residue and the next. Perutz wondered why Astbury, who had taken hundreds of X-ray-diffraction pictures of fibres containing keratin, had never noticed this spot. But he remembered, from visits to Leeds, that Astbury's customary laboratory setup for taking diffraction pictures employed too small a photographic plate, and the wrong angle between the fibre and the X-ray beam, to reveal the 1.5-angstrom spot. So after lunch Perutz got a single horsehair, set it up at the angle he had calculated, and took a single picture. There was the predicted spot. On Monday morning, he showed it to Bragg, saying that the Pauling triumph had made him so angry at their collective stupidity at the Cavendish that he had had to verify the structure at once. Bragg said only, "Perutz, I wish we had made you angry sooner!"

Perutz went on to find the same spot in porcupine quill and in synthetic polypeptides. With Hugh Huxley, a Cavendish colleague, he found it in muscle fibres. Perutz's data on hemo-

globin went down only to 2 angstroms, but by taking a new photograph he found the spot once more—"barely visible with the eye of faith," he said recently, but an indication that this functioning, non-fibrous protein contained stretches of alpha helix, too. That summer, Perutz published his findings—the first independent demonstration that the alpha helix was real.

Francis Crick had joined Perutz's unit at the Cavendish in June of 1949. He had not known enough structural chemistry to catch the blunder that his colleagues had made. A while after Pauling published, Crick began to wonder about the mathematics needed to predict the X-ray-diffraction pattern of any given model that was helical. He also absorbed from Pauling, he later said, the virtue of boldness in theory-making—boldness as an aspect of rigor. Perhaps most important, he learned the value of model-building—learned the lesson that playing with the rods and knobs of precise molecular models was the only way to see what the theory could be when all the physical limitations were operating at once.

By Watson's account, when the pursuit of the structure of DNA was fairly begun, it was Pauling he imagined himself competing with, Pauling he wrote to friends like Delbrück to ask about, the thought of Pauling he employed to whip himself out of neurasthenic lethargies into frenzies of work. When it came to it, two years later, Pauling and Corey published a structure for DNA some weeks ahead of Watson and Crick—and this time, too, in a mirror image of the competition for the alpha helix, the team that published first got it wrong. Indeed, Pauling "botched something important."

I asked Pauling about DNA.

His answer was quiet. "We weren't working very hard at it," he said. "We had really very little in the way of our own experimental data—a few rather poor X-ray photographs of DNA, not carefully prepared. I wasn't putting in much of my time on determining the structure. I thought I would get it worked out, you know, in a matter of time. I didn't know there was competition—that is, I wasn't involved in any race. Corey and I published our paper on a proposed structure, but we had misinterpreted some of the X-ray information— Well, there were two things involved. The value of the density of DNA that we had taken from the literature was wrong. And the X-ray photographs that we were interpreting were really superpositions of two forms of DNA. You know, it was Maurice

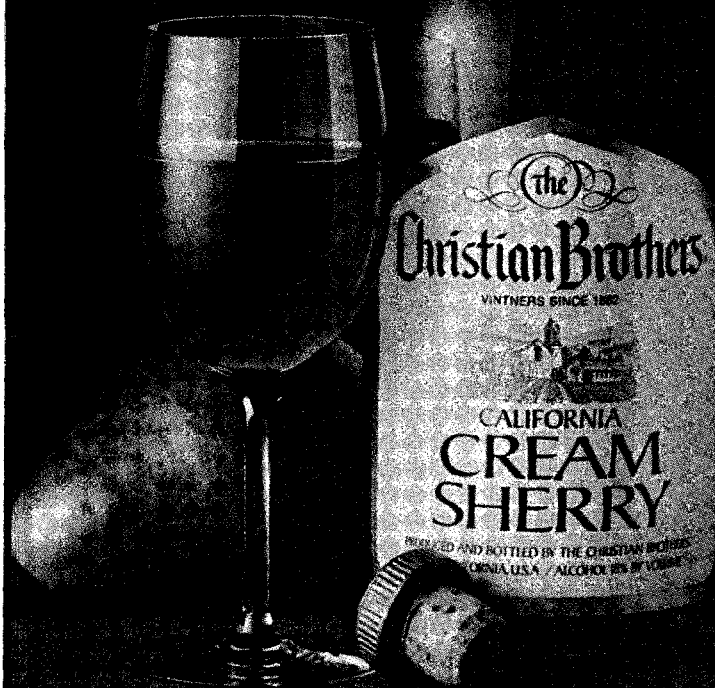
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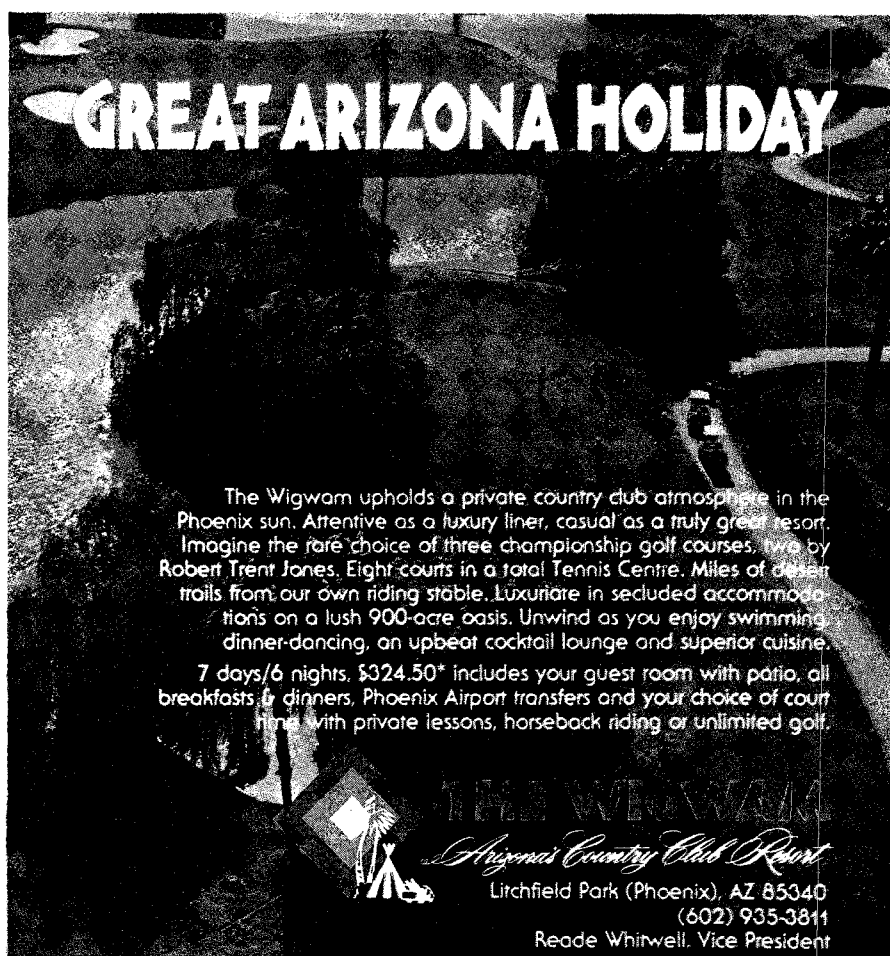


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Wilkins' experimental work that put Watson and Crick on the right track. Wilkins made better preparations of DNA, which isolated either one structure or the other structure, and therefore he got X-ray photographs that separated their characteristics." Pauling did not compare the contributions of Wilkins and Rosalind Franklin; it was, in fact, Franklin who distinguished the two forms.

"IT is also a good rule not to put overmuch confidence in the observational results that are put forward *until they are confirmed by theory*," Sir Arthur Eddington wrote in 1934. His paradoxical inversion of the inductive system as preached, from Bacon to Russell, has become an epigraph for the latter-day recension of the scientific method as practiced. The biochemistry of nucleic acids in which Watson put so little trust that winter in Copenhagen was yielding facts in Paris, New York, and elsewhere that profoundly affected the search for the nature of the gene. No theory sorted out and confirmed the facts. That step was still to come. Several of the facts, all the same, looked puzzling enough to be important. More than that, some of the stiffest barriers to theory were at last borne down. DNA as a molecule was growing more intelligent. Much of the new work was directly inspired by Oswald Avery's great paper in 1944, identifying the transforming principle, which induced heritable changes in pneumococci, as DNA.

In Avery's own laboratory, at the Rockefeller Institute, the biochemical proof that the transforming principle was nothing but DNA was being driven still further. Avery's associate Rollin Hotchkiss, after many attempts, began to find other inheritable characteristics, such as resistance to penicillin, that could be passed from pneumococcus to pneumococcus by purified transforming principle. They remained cautious, Hotchkiss wrote later, about "what biological generalization could responsibly be drawn." In Strasbourg, the French biochemist André Boivin, after claiming to have found the phenomenon of transformation by DNA in *Escherichia coli*—the bacteria familiar to all the members of the phage group, because they used *E. coli* as the host to grow bacterial viruses in—began measuring the amounts of DNA in animal cells. He and his colleagues Roger and Colette Vendrely reported for a variety of species that the germ cells—sperm and ova—which, according to Mendelian genetics, must have half the



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number of genes of the somatic cells, indeed have half as much DNA. Other people, there and elsewhere, were finding in DNA the corollary characteristics of the gene: that DNA is formed and broken down at a far slower rate than other substances of the cell, and that, in any particular species, the amount of DNA in the nucleus of the somatic cell is remarkably constant, even when the creature is severely starved. Sometimes these workers were less guarded, reporting, for example, that "the invariability of the deoxyribonucleic acid appears as a natural consequence of the special function now attributed to it, of being the depository of the hereditary characters of the species." The change in scientific climate—the sensation that DNA as the genetic material was getting a lot warmer—was perhaps more perceptible to biochemists and bacteriologists than to those who worked with phage. This was a matter of what one read, who visited one's lab, which experimental systems seemed congenial, what colloquia one attended, whom one believed. But Watson has always been extremely sensitive to the heat.

The biochemist Erwin Chargaff was decisively moved by Avery's work. When he read the paper on the transforming principle, upon its publication, he was already running a laboratory, in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. The lab was mostly working with lipoproteins—linked fat and protein molecules in the cell—but had done a little with nucleic acids, enough that Chargaff had read what there was to read about them. Avery's intellectual style—most particularly his fastidious understatement—chimed with Chargaff's reverence for the complexities that biologists destroy by describing them. Chargaff experienced what in a less urbane man might be called a conversion; he himself, several years ago, compared his ensuing quest with that of Cardinal Newman in "The Grammar of Assent." Avery's discovery, Chargaff wrote, "certainly made an impression on a few, not on many, but probably on nobody a more profound one than on me." And he went on:

For I saw before me in dark contours the beginning of a grammar of biology. . . . Avery gave us the first text of a new language, or rather he showed us where to look for it. I resolved to search for this text. Consequently, I decided to relinquish all that we had been working on or to bring it to a quick conclusion. . . . But these biographical bagatelles cannot be of interest to anybody. To the scientist nature is as a mirror that breaks every thir-

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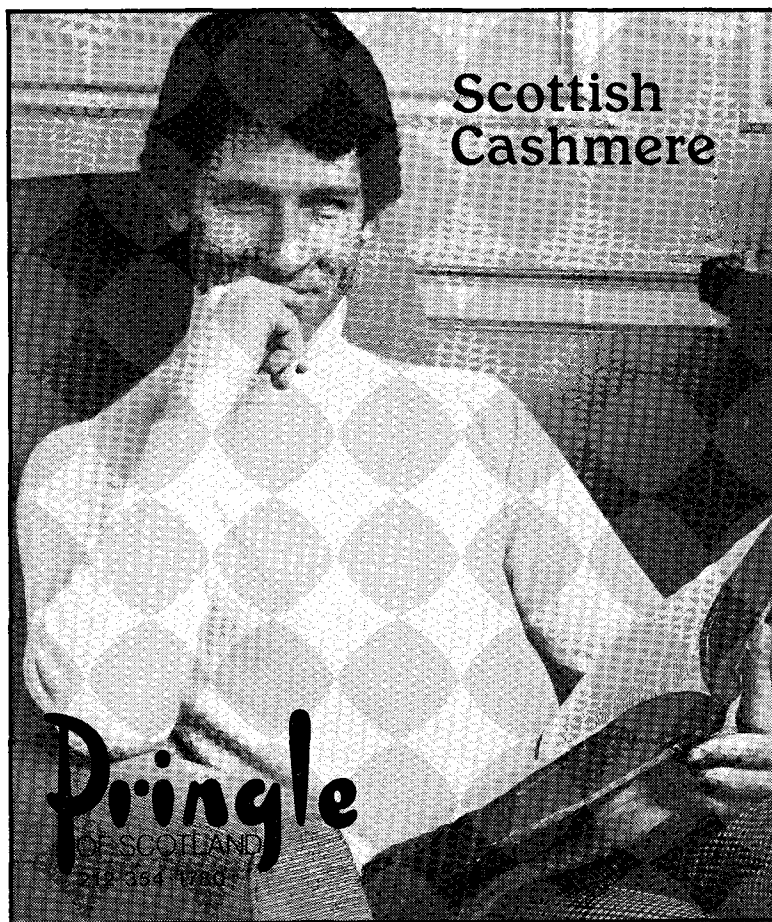
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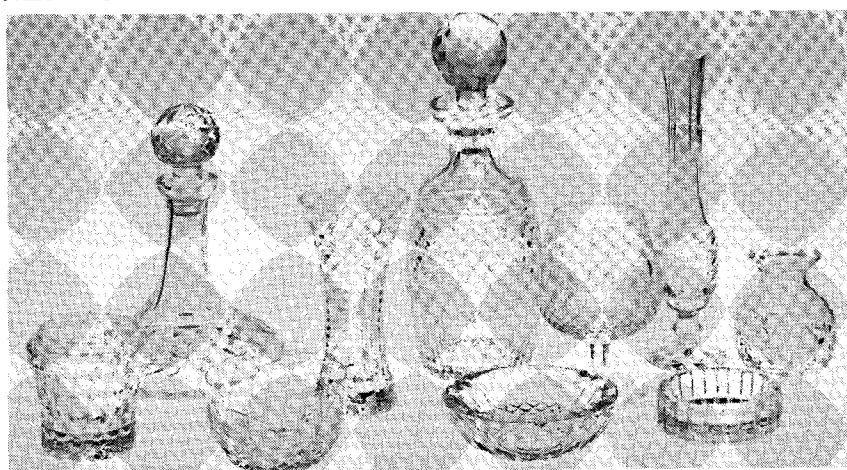
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ty years; and who cares about the broken glass of past times? I started from the conviction that, if different DNA species exhibited different biological activities, there should also exist chemically demonstrable differences between deoxyribonucleic acids.

The differences would have to reside in the exact proportions and arrangements of the nucleotides. The chemistry, however, looked insurmountable. Science is helplessly opportunistic; it can pursue only the paths opened by technique. Chargaff's chief technique was paper chromatography, which was then brand-new, and which he spent two years adapting for use with nucleic acids. Chromatography is simple, in principle: dissolve the DNA in something that will chop it up into its separate components; float the solution down a sheet of wet filter paper; examine the paper under ultraviolet light to find the spot where each kind of base comes to rest; cut the spots apart with scissors; wash each fraction off its paper with another solvent and measure it. The problems began, though they hardly ended, with the choice of solvents that would cleave the nucleotides—particularly those containing the pyrimidines, which are unpleasantly refractory—without degrading any into something else. In 1949, Chargaff gave a series of lectures about his results before the Chemical Societies of Zurich and Basel, the Society for Biological Chemistry of Paris, and the Universities of Uppsala, Stockholm, and Milan. The lectures summed up four years of published and unpublished research; he revised them into a paper published in *Experientia* in May of 1950. Chargaff's paper "Chemical Specificity of Nucleic Acids and Mechanism of Their Enzymic Degradation" was the next high point after Avery's in the biochemical delineation of the gene. Like Avery's, it bears the impress of an individual mind working. The paper, with the work it represented, was the finest thing in Chargaff's scientific career, as well as the culmination of that entire school, or line, of biochemical reasoning. It is also scarred by an opportunity missed, a failure to take the inductive leap, which illustrates perfectly why theory is indispensable to confirm fact. What Chargaff found most significant among his own facts, at the time, bore on a theory that was already toothless, enfeebled, and about to be abandoned on the trail. His evidence showed that the four bases in DNA occur in widely varying proportions in yeast, bacteria, ox, sheep, pig, and man. Thus, the nuclei of human thymus cells yielded the bases in the



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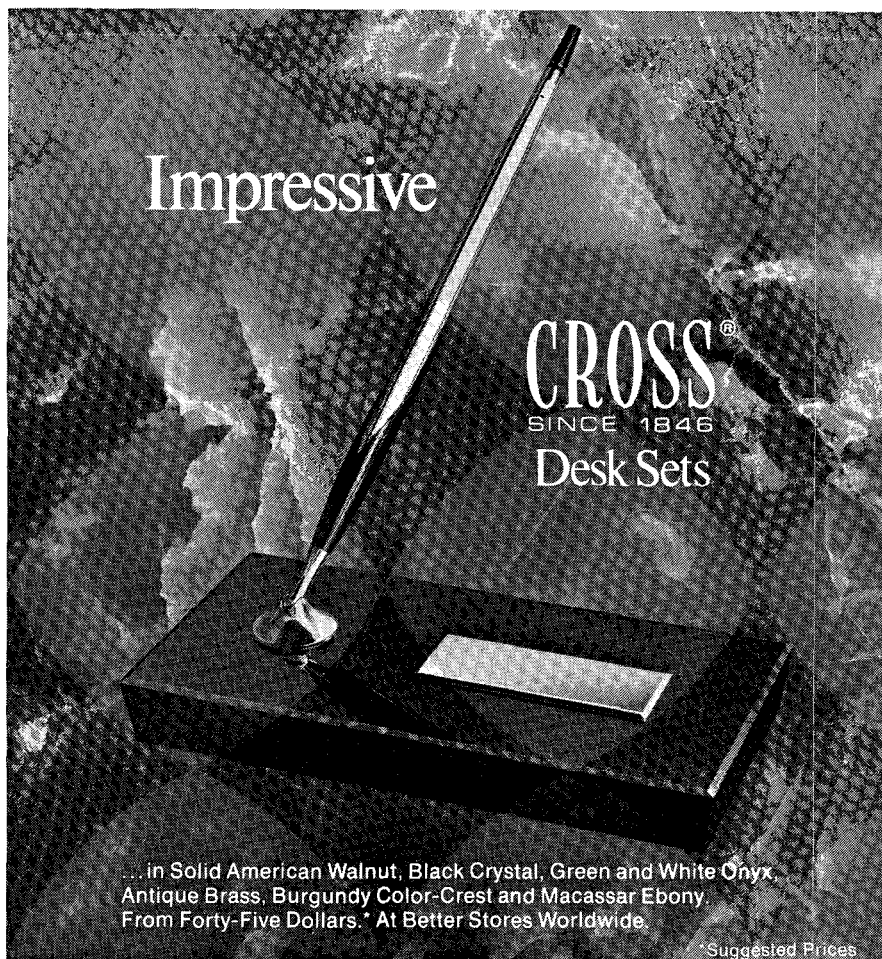
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proportion twenty-eight parts of adenine, nineteen parts of guanine, the two purines totalling forty-seven parts, and sixteen parts of cytosine, twenty-eight parts of thymine, the two pyrimidines totalling forty-four parts. Such figures at last buried the tetranucleotide hypothesis—the idea that the DNA molecule is a monotonous rotation of the four bases one after another. Instead, there existed a great number of different DNAs. For the first time, there was reason to think that nucleic acids were as rich in variety as proteins. Yet within a species, and from organ to organ and tissue to tissue of the same species, the composition of DNA was fixed and typical. And so, Chargaff said, if the long molecules of DNA are to “form an essential part of the hereditary process,” the specificity that could be carried by different sequences of nucleotides along the chain “is truly enormous.” He mentioned a figure for the possible combinations in a reasonable length of DNA that exceeds by many times the number of electrons in the universe.

Chargaff saw one more feature of his tables of data:

It is, however, noteworthy—whether this is more than accidental cannot yet be said—that in all deoxypentose nucleic acids examined thus far the molar [i.e., molecule-to-molecule] ratios of total purines to total pyrimidines, and also of adenine to thymine and of guanine to cytosine, were not far from 1.

That, in 1950, was all that Chargaff committed to print about the strange uniformity he had come upon in the midst of astounding diversity: the uniformity that sets the nucleic acids off from proteins and all other large molecules—the simple equivalencies among the bases of adenine to thymine and of guanine to cytosine, and so of purines to pyrimidines. Chargaff's brief remark was the first statement of the central feature of DNA. He returned to it with more data, but in almost the same language, a year later. The equivalencies are structural, as Crick and Watson understood in 1953; they are functional in ways that began to be evident once the structure was known. The equivalencies are now sometimes called the Chargaff ratios. It is not easy to see how at the time Chargaff could have understood the significance of the equivalence rule or taken it any further; but it remains that he did not take it further. So the observation still smolders in his own recollection. Chargaff has become the man of mor-dant dissent from the Watson and Crick style of science, reviling “the

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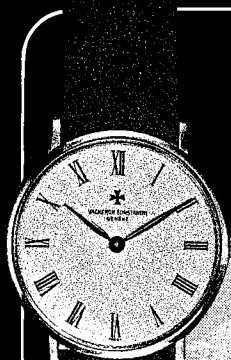
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degradation of present-day science to a spectator sport," and concluding, "That in our day such pygmies throw such giant shadows only shows how late in the day it has become."

MAURICE WILKINS, whose laboratory at King's College, London, produced the X-ray-diffraction pictures of DNA that stated the physical constraints on the structure, shared the Nobel Prize with Watson and Crick in 1962; by the time the prize was awarded, the scientist who had taken the most important single picture, Rosalind Franklin, was dead. When I first got in touch with Wilkins, in June of 1971, he said on the phone that a conference on theoretical biology was to meet all the next week in Versailles, and asked me to meet him. We went to lunch in Paris. Wilkins proved to be thin, bespectacled, with a sharp straight nose and a long neck. He had that shade of dark-blond hair which will fade imperceptibly into gray. He was a fencer in his younger days, and looked it. "But I simply wasn't fast enough," he said. His voice was unexpectedly resonant. He began in science not as a biologist but in solid-state physics. "It's a field that has become very fashionable just now." As an undergraduate at Cambridge, before the war, Wilkins learned a little crystallography from Bernal. He did his doctoral research with the physicist John Randall, at the University of Birmingham, and when the war began he worked first on radar and then on the separation of uranium isotopes, which moved him to Berkeley and the Manhattan Project—the atomic bomb. The war over, Wilkins felt the moral revulsion that affected many of those who had worked on the bomb. And then he, like Watson, Crick, and many others, read the Austrian physicist Erwin Schrödinger's book "What Is Life?" and got interested in putting physics to work on the complexities of living processes. When Randall, his former professor, invited him to join a new biophysics unit, he accepted. In 1946, Randall's unit was set up in King's College, London, which was reconstructing buildings and staff left in ruins by war. The money for the unit came from a governmental agency, the Medical Research Council, set up after the First World War to support research in medicine and in fields basic to medicine.

Randall's vision of biophysics was from the beginning imperial in scope; the performance turned out diffuse. Wilkins spent a couple of years trying to cause mutations in fruit flies

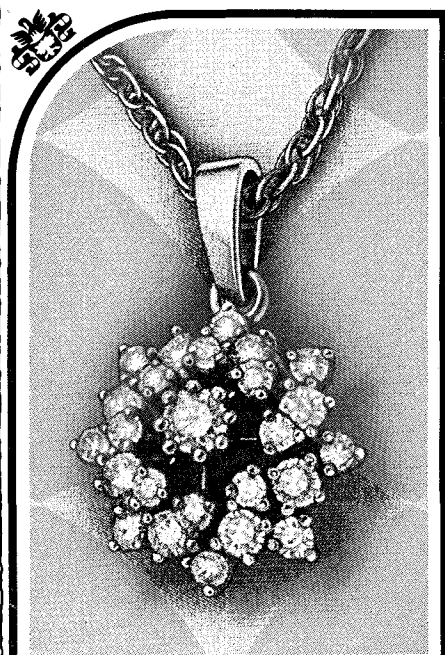


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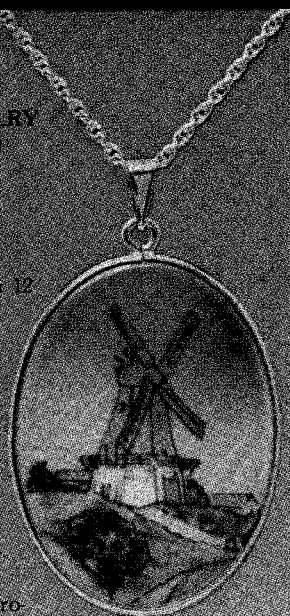
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with ultrasonic vibrations, to no effect. He worked on the development of reflecting microscopes for spectrographic studies with ultraviolet light, and used the apparatus to study the amounts of nucleic acids in cells. He began structural work, he said, "with a little mucking about with tobacco-mosaic virus"—a recurring favorite of physically oriented biologists. Meanwhile, Randall and several assistants were investigating the sperm of rams with the electron microscope and by X-ray diffraction. By late 1950, Wilkins, too, was looking at sperm heads.

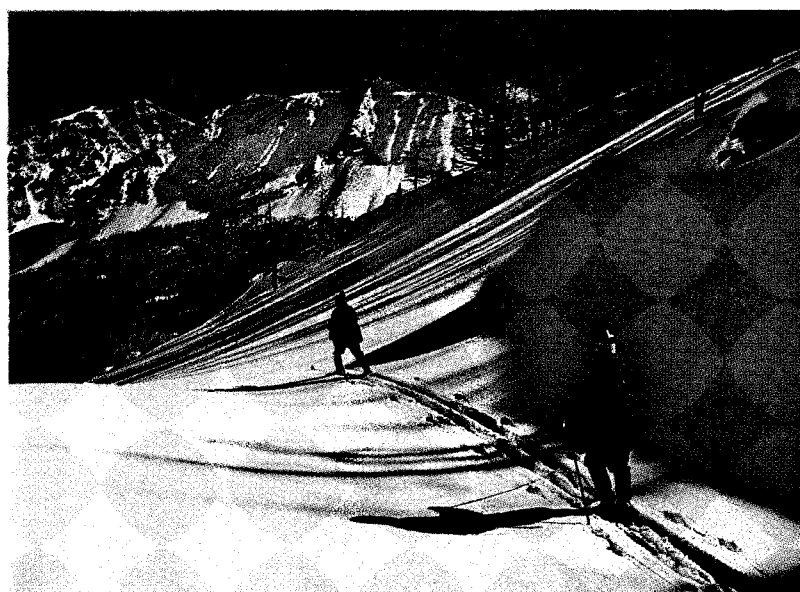
Wilkins had been caught in an excruciating predicament over the solution of DNA. He had started X-ray crystallography with that substance eighteen months before Watson and Crick ever met, and at first had splendid luck. In May of 1950, Wilkins went to a meeting in London of the Faraday Society, about nucleic acids, where a visitor from Bern, Rudolf Signer, described the greatly improved methods devised in his lab for extracting DNA gently enough not to break the long, fragile threads. Signer's recent specimens had preserved the molecules as unbroken strings that were on the order of ten times as long as the DNA molecules then familiar to Chargaff. At the meeting, Signer gave out samples of DNA, and Wilkins took some home to King's. A few days later, he was preparing part of this DNA in highly viscous solution for the ultraviolet studies he was doing. Unexpectedly, he noticed that every time he touched the stuff with the tip of a glass rod and then drew the rod away "I had spun a very thin fibre of DNA, almost invisible, like a filament of spiderweb." The fibres seemed so nearly perfect, so uniform, that the molecules in them must have been neatly aligned alongside one another. Examined under a microscope, in polarized light, the fibres behaved as though they were made up of well-ordered crystals. So Wilkins took the fibres to a graduate student in the unit, Raymond Gosling, who was doing crystallography and had borrowed the use of an antiquated X-ray apparatus in a lead-lined basement of the Chemistry Department. Wilkins and Gosling remembered that Bernal, fifteen years before, had got the first good X-ray patterns from protein crystals by keeping them wet. Accordingly, they maintained the DNA fibres at high humidity. They got striking patterns, with many spots, sharp and detailed, far better than ever before seen from DNA, and, for the first time, unmistakably

from a substance in crystalline form. Then—but why, neither Wilkins nor Gosling has ever fully explained—Wilkins went on to other, related projects. This series of diffraction pictures provided the one that Wilkins showed in Naples a year later, which galvanized Watson's enthusiasm for DNA and X-ray crystallography. "I faced the fact that we would have to go very much further into X-ray-diffraction techniques, in which I was not really qualified," Wilkins told me over lunch. "That's why we hired Rosalind Franklin."

"We hired her," Wilkins said. "It took me a little while to face the fact that our imported X-ray worker was not going to work with us. We fell out. Collaboration was impossible." Franklin had been brought to King's College, Wilkins said, to get the X-ray data about DNA that were needed. She arrived in January of 1951, at a time when Wilkins happened to be away. Randall assigned Gosling to her as a research student. Wilkins, when he got back, turned over to her the rest of the DNA from Signer's laboratory which had yielded the great new diffraction patterns. She spent most of the first eight months setting up new X-ray equipment, with a finer focus, more suited to fibres. Then, in the summer or fall of 1951—about the time Watson arrived in Cambridge—Franklin refused to collaborate with Wilkins, claiming that she had been given DNA as her own independent project.

The conflict between Maurice Wilkins and Rosalind Franklin, though it seems petty at first glance and is certainly distasteful, ranks as one of the great personal quarrels in the history of science. It was marked, in the way of such quarrels, by a bitterness beyond the personal, for as it went on, Wilkins and Franklin—and Watson, observing—realized very well that at issue was the most important discovery then at large in biology. "Basically, I don't think the problem of DNA was so difficult," Wilkins said. "Of course, it's easy to say this in retrospect. But it really was easy to solve. Rosalind Franklin was wrongheaded. Ah, no." Wilkins took off his spectacles. His eyes were slightly reddened by travel. "She had done some first-class work. It is bad form for me to run her down." Wilkins' comments were staccato, somewhat disjointed. It was clear he was pacing a cage of frustration whose bars should have been many years gone. "Francis Crick, I knew, was in a very difficult position. He had no secure job. He was thirty-five and still working for his Ph.D. Jim Watson

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What had Wilkins thought when he learned that Watson and Crick were moving in on DNA?

"Upset? I was bloody annoyed. But—what do I say about my dear, dead colleague? To assess any scientist is damn difficult to do. How can you be fair? I was a bit slow on the base pairing, I must admit. I knew about Chargaff's results, but I didn't cotton on to the fact of a structural implication. Rosalind Franklin put me on the wrong track. She said the structure couldn't be helical. Rosalind Franklin was doing what I can only, reluctantly, call bad work. All I'm saying is: Well, I *didn't* get it. But if people want to speculate about 'Well, if Watson and Crick hadn't got it, who would?,' then I think I could make a good case. As good as anybody's. DNA, you know, is Midas' gold. Everybody who touches it goes mad."

BIOLOGY is not the business of the Cavendish Laboratory. For just past a hundred years, the Cavendish Professorship has been the chair of experimental physics at the University of Cambridge. The man in that chair rules the university's research in physics. Indeed, for most of that hundred years the Cavendish Professor was preëminent in British science. When Watson came to the Cavendish, in the fall of 1951, it occupied a heterogeneous heaping up of Victorian and interwar brickwork, gray and sallow yellow. (It moved to a modern building in 1974.) No tablet marks the place where J. J. Thomson, in 1897, discovered the electron. Room 103 in the Austin Wing bears no indication that here, in the southwest corner, stood the first full model of DNA. From the archway into Free School Lane it is just a minute's walk, through lanes, past shops and pubs and glimpses of walled gardens, to the town square, where the open-air market still thrives, and equally close to the great colleges along the tame river. On the gravelled paths along the river, Watson and Crick used to walk most days after lunch. The Cavendish Professor then was William Lawrence Bragg, who was an adept of what he often described as a specialized branch of optics. Bragg, when Watson was introduced

to him by Max Perutz in 1951, was sixty-one, ruddy, tweedy, burly, with a white mustache, and since 1941 he had been Sir Lawrence; he fit the archetype comfortably. Watson thought of him, or wrote that he did, as the establishment administrator of science, largely irrelevant except when something needed to be fixed up over lunch at the Athenaeum. It is hard to believe that Watson did not know better. Bragg was still working at and publishing research, and was still good at it. Although Bragg had liabilities as a leader of science—and recognized them—these would have been out of Watson's view. Bragg was a highly personal investigator and, it's generally agreed, no great administrator. "His consuming interest was in the nature of things," Perutz once told me. Still, Bragg had one quality essential to the leadership of a great laboratory: an instinct for the grand lines of research which were going to pay out next, and for the men to pursue them. Watson is credited today with something of the same gift. Though he has published no major original research paper since 1962, the laboratory he ran at Harvard until 1977, when he left to be director, full time, of Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, had an admired record, because, observers say, he was an unusual judge of where molecular biology is moving and could tell graduate students what experiments should be profitable. But Bragg had that instinct on a spectacular scale. He fostered at the Cavendish what were to prove the two most important branches of science of the past thirty years. One was radio astronomy. With Bragg's encouragement, Martin Ryle, a young physicist who had worked on radar during the war and had become curious about operators' reports of signals from the sun and the Milky Way, built the first radio telescope; this led to the discovery of quasars and pulsars, and the accompanying upheaval in cosmology, which is far from settling yet. Bragg's other winner was, of course, his recognition of the importance—or even the very possibility—of structural investigation, by X-ray-diffraction methods, of the large molecules that interest biologists. In 1953, Perutz had shown that the structures of protein molecules could be solved by tagging them with heavy atoms such as mercury—provided one could determine where each mercury atom lay in relation to its neighbors. But that preliminary determination was difficult. Perutz found a partial answer; then he and another X-ray crystallographer, David Harker, independently

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suggested different mathematical solutions. Bragg then thought of a simpler way, based on optical principles. He put the method to the test. Perutz wrote later, about that moment, "As the correct values... emerged from his calculations he realized that the problem of protein structure, that seemingly hopeless venture which he had backed against all odds for the past eighteen years, could now be solved, and tears of emotion streamed down his face." Bragg published this method in 1958. It was his last research paper.

"People thought we were very foolish to dream we could ever do it," Bragg said in a conversation I had with him in his London flat one afternoon late in January of 1971, several months before he died, at the age of eighty-one. "It looked absolutely impossible, when you thought that the most complicated structures ever yet got out were for molecules only about two hundred atoms big. The difficulty goes up, you know, not just as the square but as a high power of the number of atoms in your molecule. With hemoglobin, we were trying to solve a structure of ten thousand atoms." We were sitting before a gas fire in a generous Victorian drawing room that looked out over a curve of garden to a mossy church. "Remember, I'm *not* a biologist," Bragg said. "I'm an X-ray crystallographer. My part, my great interest, has been in seeing how one could push X-ray analysis to do more difficult problems of structure. What that structure means biologically—what little I know about it—I only learn through Perutz and Kendrew, and people like that. This—art, let's call it, of finding out what the structure is actually like, by purely physical means, optical means, is the thing that I've been interested in all my life. My first X-ray analysis was in 1912. It was shortly after Max von Laue, in Germany, published his discovery that diffraction effects were produced when a beam of X rays falls on a crystal. Then, to explain the symmetrical spots on the photographic plate—they were looking at the cubic crystal of the mineral zinc blende—Laue brought out a theory of the way this diffraction was produced."

X rays had been discovered in 1895; in 1912, it was still not quite settled whether they were particles, like the electron, or waves. Laue saw that the diffraction effect showed the wave nature of X rays; but he could explain the complexity of the diffraction spots produced by a simple cubic crystal only by supposing that the X rays were of

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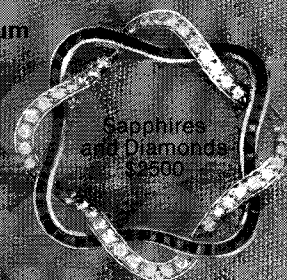


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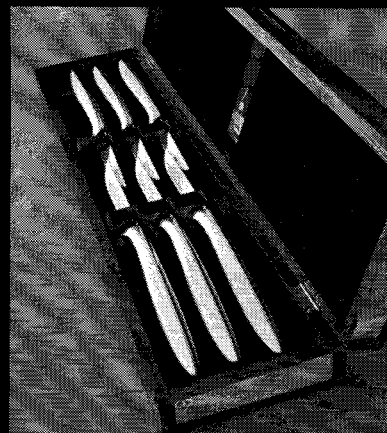
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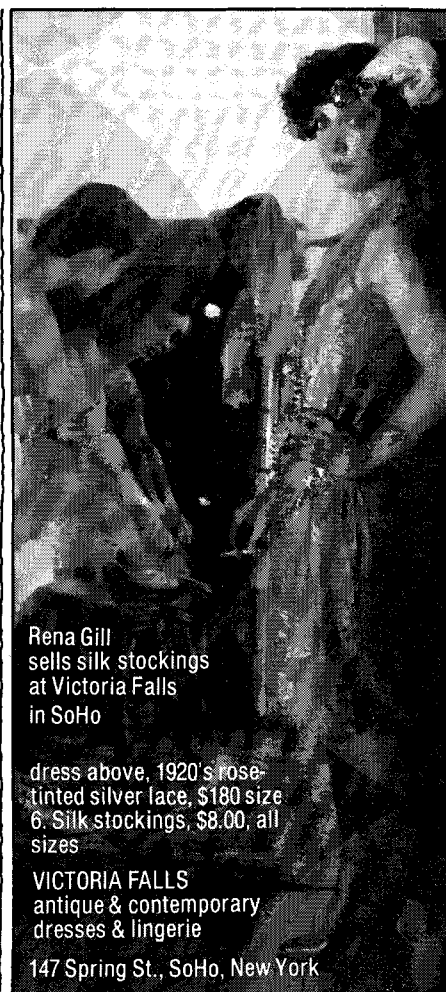


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at least five different wavelengths. Bragg had just graduated from Cambridge with a first in physics; his father was professor of physics at Leeds and himself a leading experimenter with X rays. "In the long vacation, my father showed me Laue's paper, in an obscure German journal," Bragg told me. "Then, when I returned to Cambridge, on thinking over Laue's explanation I said this isn't the way they came about, it's really much simpler." He visualized the true explanation suddenly one day as he was walking through the courts of St. John's College: "Laue thought the peculiarities of the pattern were due to peculiarities in the X rays. I said *no!* What this is trying to tell you is the pattern is due to peculiarities in the structure. And that led on to seeing what the particular structure was, the atomic arrangement in the crystal."

Bragg explained that X rays used in crystallography are shorter than visible light by some four thousand times. The wavelength is one-and-a-half angstroms—a few billionths of an inch—which is the same order of size as the spacing between atoms in many solids. (That is why X rays go through substances that are opaque to the eye.) Penetrated by a thin beam, Bragg said, the orderly array of atoms in a crystal, layer upon layer, scatters the X rays in an orderly way—causing a repeating series of overlapping circles of waves. At intersections with the flat sheet of film, the troughs and peaks of these waves reinforce each other at some points and cancel each other out elsewhere. The interference pattern that results is characteristic of the structure that produced it. "I first worked with Laue's pictures of zinc blende," Bragg went on. "I found that the diffraction pattern was explained by the presence of atoms not only at the corners of the cube but also at the centers of the faces. The first pictures I took myself were with sodium chloride and potassium chloride. And there I got the whole structures out. This was the start of X-ray analysis of crystals. And then much later, of course, to me it was an enormous challenge, an enormous triumph, to be able to get out the actual molecular arrangement in a biological structure. It had looked absolutely impossible. But it so happens that you go on worrying away at a problem in science and it seems to get tired, and lies down and lets you catch it. But my part has been to devise ways of getting the structure out—and that is all a part of optics, of the interference of light, of waves of radiation. And, you see, that's why I was interested in Ryle's

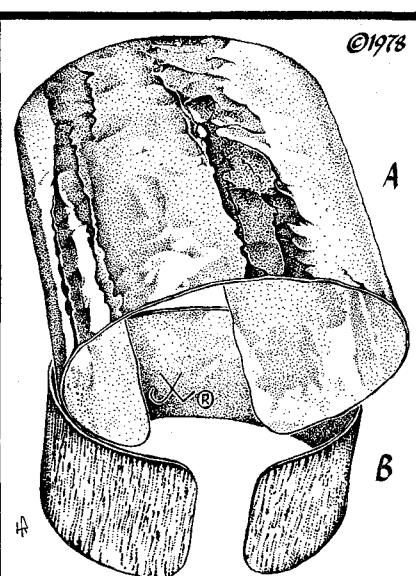


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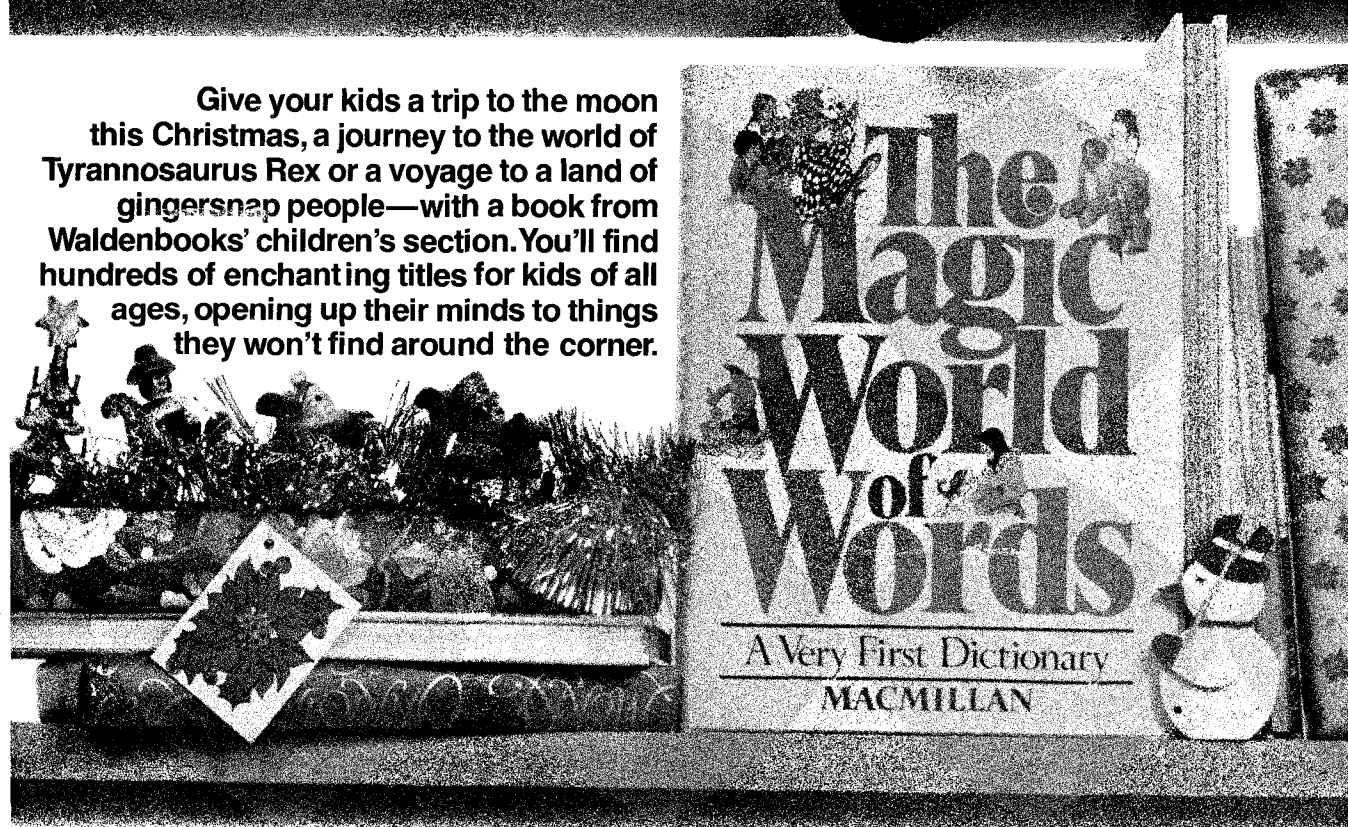
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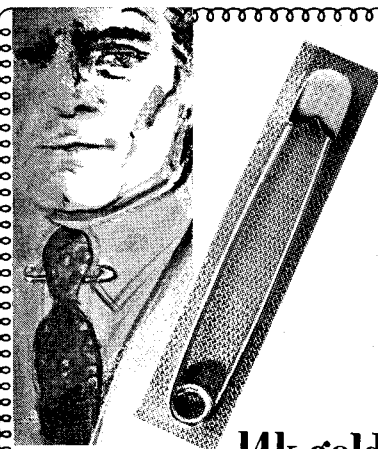
work, too. Because, as you know, radio astronomy is entirely interferometry. The difference is just a matter of scale."

If the prodigious scale of Bragg's vision—outward to the structure of the universe, down and inward to the structure of life—was not altogether evident by the time Watson first met him, one other fact, though Watson fails to mention it, surely bit deep. Bragg was, and remains, the youngest person ever to win a Nobel Prize. The prize, in physics, was for the invention of X-ray crystallography and the first solutions of crystal structures, beginning with common salt. In 1915, when he received the award, Bragg was twenty-five.

After the war, Perutz, "alone with my hemoglobin crystals" in a corner of a laboratory three floors up in one of the newer Cavendish buildings, puzzled over the smeared polka dots that the crystals produce on X-ray film. John Kendrew was the first to join Perutz. The substances Perutz's group studied were biological, but the methods and the men were drawn, like Bragg, from the orthodox physical sciences. Perutz was a chemist. Kendrew was a chemist. Francis Crick, when he came to the Cavendish, in 1949, was an overage graduate student whose work for a doctorate in physics had been interrupted by the war, when he spent seven years in the British Admiralty designing mines.

FRANCIS HARRY COMPTON CRICK, now in his early sixties, is tall, lean, slightly stooped; he has thinning sandy-gray hair and vigorous reddish eyebrows, and his eyes are sapphire blue. His mouth is thin, flexible, amused; his gestures in talk are vivid, and his light voice is full of emphasis and verbal gesture, sometimes almost arch. Many people who don't know him—even many people outside science—know of his shrill laughter and his loquacity (characteristics he had even as a schoolboy), and his arrogance in telling colleagues their scientific business, for these are qualities that Watson, his friend, made notorious in "The Double Helix," the way a cartoonist will seize a politician by the nose.

An important reason Crick changed from physics to biology, he said in a conversation a while ago in Cambridge, was that he is an atheist, and was impatient to throw light into the remaining shadowy sanctuaries of vitalistic illusions. "I had read Schrödinger's little book, too," he said. "Essentially, if you read that book fairly critically, the



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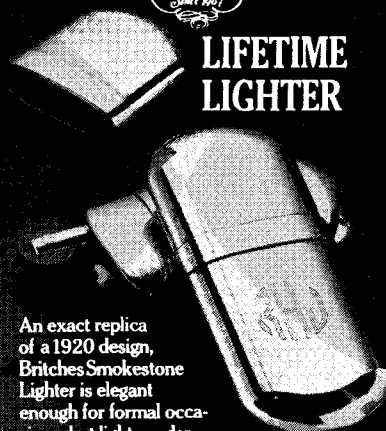


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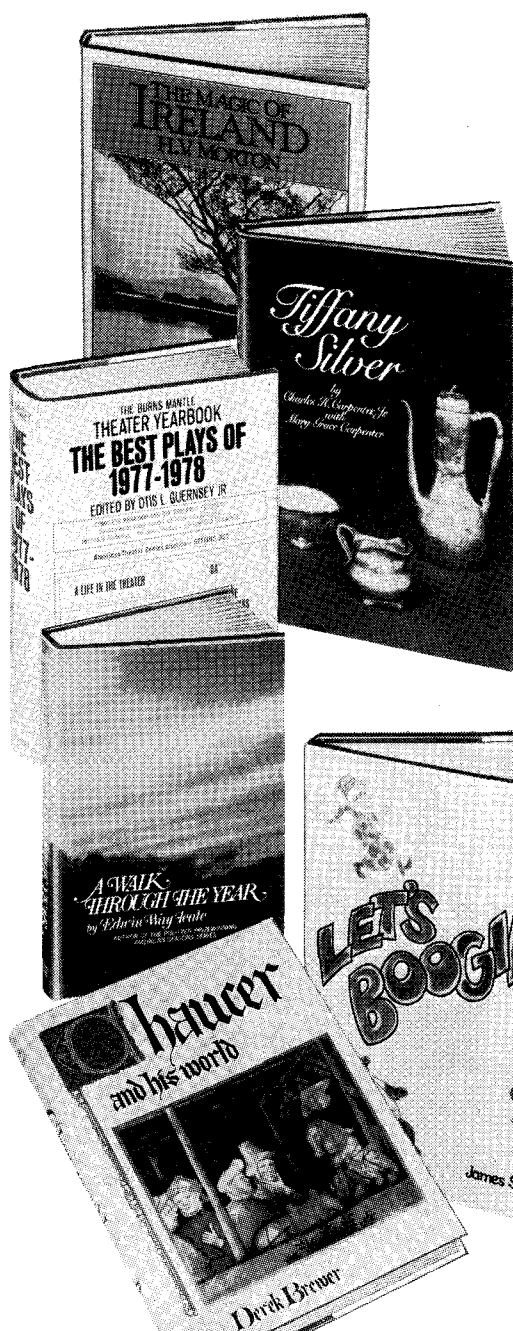
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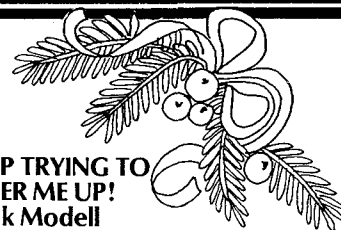
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main import is very peculiar; for one thing, it's a book written by a physicist who doesn't know any chemistry. But the impact—There's no doubt that Schrödinger wrote in a compelling style, not the junk that most people write, and it was imaginative. It suggested that biological problems could be *thought* about in physical terms—and thus it gave the impression that exciting things in this field were not far off. My own motives I never had any doubt about; I was very clear in my mind. Because when I decided to leave the Admiralty, when I was about thirty, then—on the ground that I knew so little anyway I might just as well go into anything I liked—I looked around for fields that would illuminate this particular point of view, against vitalism. And the two fields I chose were what we would now call molecular biology, though the term wasn't common then, and certainly I didn't know it—I would have said the borderline between the living and the non-living, that was the phrase I had in my mind—on the one hand. And, on the other, the higher nervous system and this problem of consciousness, whatever that may mean. And I had a period of some weeks, maybe longer, trying to decide between these two. I eventually decided on what we now call molecular biology simply because I thought that what I knew, as a physicist, was more relevant." In the spring of 1947, in his application to the Medical Research Council for a research student's grant, Crick wrote:

The particular field which excites my interest is the division between the living and the non-living, as typified by, say, proteins, viruses, bacteria and the structure of chromosomes. The eventual goal, which is somewhat remote, is the description of these activities in terms of their structure, i.e. the spatial distribution of their constituent atoms, in so far as this may prove possible. This might be called the chemical physics of biology.

It might also be called a definition of molecular biology. In the fall of 1947, Crick came to Cambridge—but to the Strangeways Laboratory, where he did a piece of cell research that had little structural or any other relevance. Then he learned of the biological work being done by Perutz's small group at the Cavendish. Perutz brought him to Bragg's attention, then got him a staff appointment attached to the Cavendish but paid by the Medical Research Council. Perutz's next task was to get Crick permission, though he was a member of the council's research staff, to register as a Ph.D. student.

Crick moved over to the Cavendish



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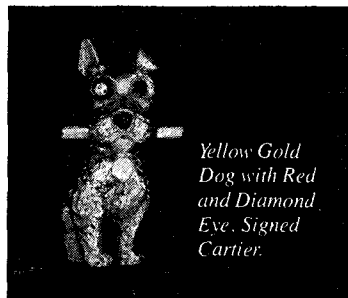
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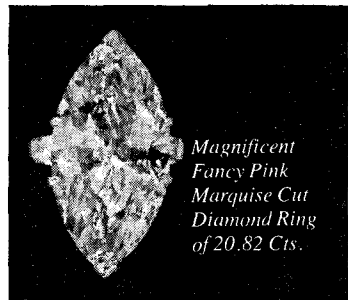
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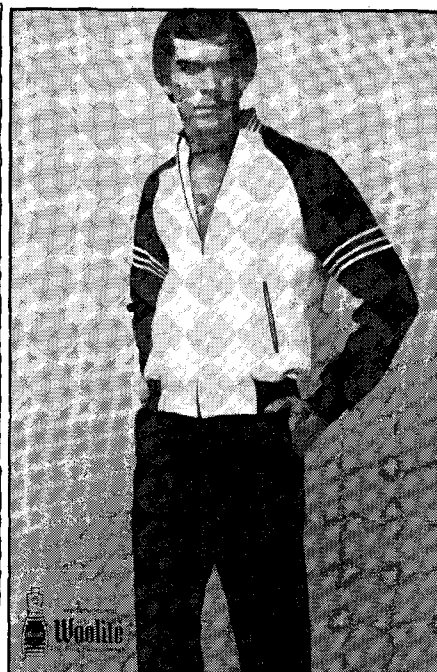


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in 1949, as Bragg, Perutz, and Kendrew were working up the disastrous paper on protein chains, which they published the next spring. Restless and inquisitive, Crick went from problem to problem for more than two years. Yet ever nagging at the back of his mind, he told me, was the question not of DNA in itself but of the relation of gene structure to protein structure—how the one could dictate the other to build the organism. This question was more abstract, yet more precise and more fundamental, than the preoccupations of the other members of the group. Crick kept wanting to look under stones they couldn't yet lift. "All of us at that time were strictly structure-oriented," Perutz had told me. Crick took up the point. "They were aware of the biological implications of their structures," he said. "But they were really thinking about proteins—Bragg, especially—as the next biggest interesting unsolved molecule that you could attack by X-ray diffraction. Now, at an early stage, even before I joined them, I came to the conclusion, first, that the self-replication of genes was important; and although I did *not* realize that the genetic material was pure DNA—you remember that in those days this wasn't altogether clear—I conceived, secondly, the idea of the co-linearity of the genetic material and the amino-acid sequence of the protein. I had already planned—I mean I had conceived—the type of genetic experiments you would have to do. To show that what was in the protein chain, bit by bit, had in some sense to be in the gene. Bit by bit. What I appreciated was that genetics was the key part of biology—and that one had to explain genetics in structural terms."

Crick needed a catalyst. Neither Watson nor Crick remembers for certain their first meeting, some time in the first week of October of 1951, at the Cavendish. "I came home one day," Crick said. "We were living in a little flat in the center of Cambridge in those days, and my wife said to me, 'Oh, Max was here with a young American, and, do you know, *he had no hair!*' What she meant was, he had a *crewcut*. You might say that was the first time I *didn't* meet Jim. And then we must have met, and I don't recall exactly the moment we met. I remember the chats we had over those first two or three days in a broad sort of way." Crick was thirty-five, Watson twenty-three. Watson was able to create almost instantly a mutual feeling of intellectual trust with an old-



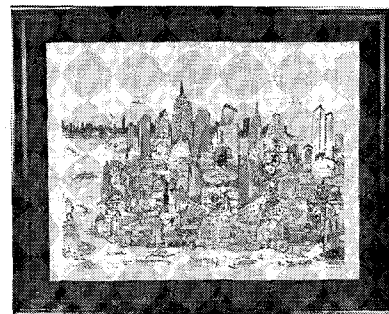
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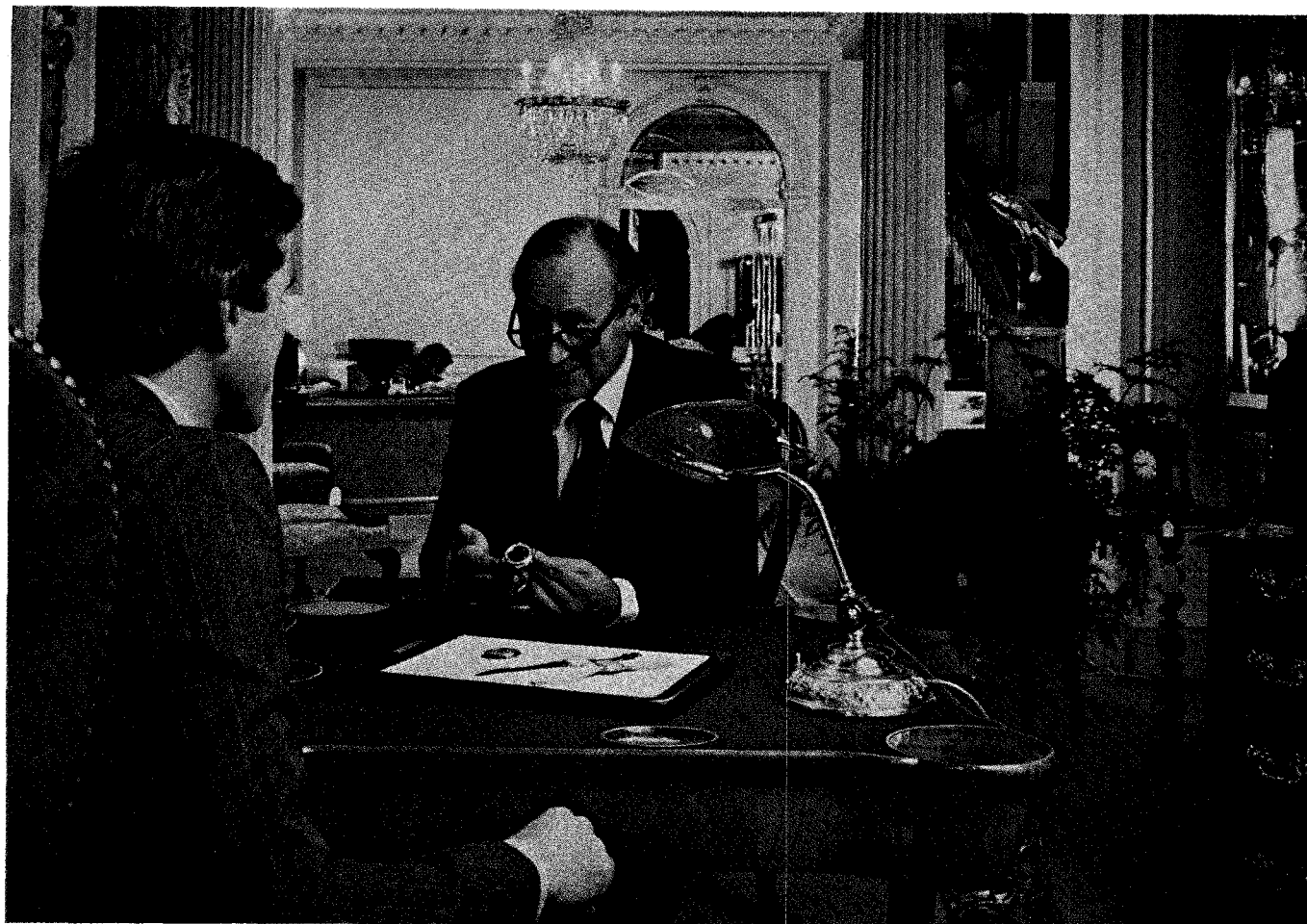
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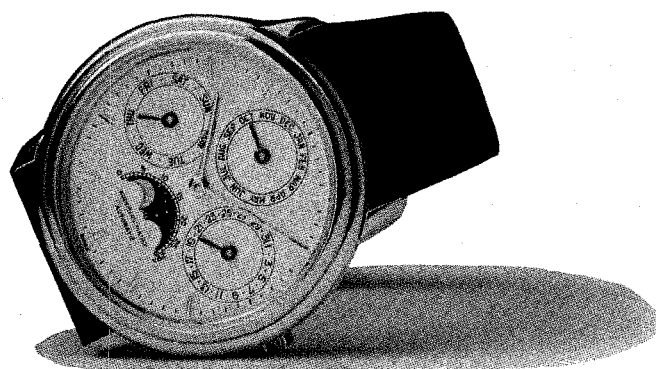
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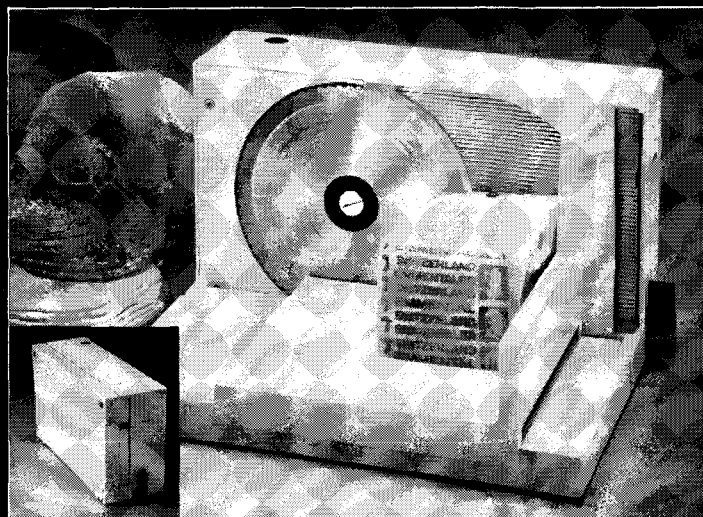
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er scientist of brilliance, which was free of the scathing competitiveness that most colleagues his own age have encountered. Crick and Watson were soon lunching almost every day at the Eagle, a more than usually grubby and picturesque pub, tucked into a cobblestoned courtyard near the Cavendish. At the time Watson appeared, Perutz and Kendrew shared a narrow office with a single window, the way to the corridor leading through a similar room where various assistants sat. They were one flight up; Bragg had a large office on the floor above, and the X-ray machines were in the basement. The office walls were brick, painted yellow, with sturdy wooden slats running up them, at intervals, to which equipment could be bolted. About the time Watson arrived, the unit was given an extra, larger room next door. "Max and John were the senior people," Crick said. "I was just a research student, and Jim was just a visitor. They came in one day and said, 'Well, we've decided what to do about that room. We're going to put you and Jim in the room together, so you can talk to each other and not disturb the rest of us.' So, clearly, we must have got the reputation by that time of talking together rather a lot." Crick and Watson shared the room, cluttered but comfortable, with a succession of third and fourth scientists.

Watson was an exotic addition to the Cavendish. Bragg liked his enthusiasm and its effect on Crick. The two men complemented each other in the kind of many-layered and energizing way that marks great collaborations, whether of scientists or songwriters. Watson brought with him a body of knowledge about genetic function, articulated by the phage group, which was almost entirely unfamiliar to the structural analysts. "Watson arrived knowing nothing of our work, as he admits in his book," Perutz said recently. "But what he fails to say is that we—except maybe Crick, who had read more widely—we knew nothing of *his* work. His arrival at that time was extraordinarily opportune." Two schools of research that until then had been almost isolated from each other met and seethed in reaction: broadly, the English and the American, the concretely structural and the abstractly functional approaches to biology at the physical level. Yet Crick and Watson were uncharacteristic of the traditions they represented. They were juniors, of the second generation. They were, each in his way, intellectually still in transit, not settled in. They were off

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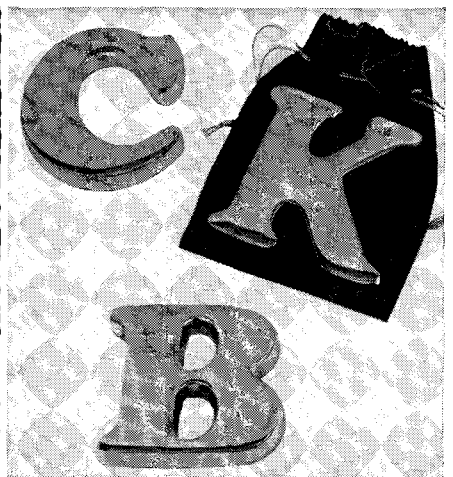
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center, each already prepared to be interested in the approach that the other brought to their encounter. No other member of the phage group had the structural curiosity or the nagging intuition of the importance of solving DNA that Watson had developed. No other crystallographer—except, perhaps, Bernal, in the previous generation—was so radically interested in the simple, root questions of the nature of life and so wide-ranging in his pursuit of clues as Crick had become. Crick was lifted out of himself on meeting Watson—in his own word, “electrified.”

Watson and Crick made two separate attacks on the structure of DNA. When they began, they knew very little for sure about DNA, and part of what they were most certain of was wrong. To consider DNA as a physical object, they wanted diameters, lengths, linkages and rotations, screw pitch, density, water content, bonds, and bonds and again bonds. The sport would be to see how little data they could make do with and still get the structure right: the less the visible scaffolding, the more elegant and astonishing the structure. More than sport was involved. Crick, following Pauling, elevated this penurious elegance into a theoretical principle, the corollary of model-building. “You must remember, we were trying to solve it with the fewest possible assumptions,” Crick said. “There’s a perfectly sound reason why you should use the *minimum* of experimental data. The fact is, you remember, we knew that Bragg and Kendrew and Perutz had been *misled* by the experimental data.”

Among the data that Watson and Crick started with were some X-ray-diffraction patterns. Astbury had published a new one of DNA in 1947, though it had been taken before the war. But this was no substantial advance—it still showed the 3.4-angstrom spacing between nucleotides, and some sort of larger structural repeat at 27 angstroms—while his interpretation was a giant step backward into a monotonous repetition of the four nucleotides. Astbury had also calculated the density of dry DNA. This value, if reliable, could be used, together with the crystallographic dimensions of the DNA molecule, to find how many chains of nucleotides the molecule contained. The number of chains was a crucial question, still unanswered when Watson and Crick began. A mystery only slightly less evident and fully as perplexing was whether, in a two-chain or three-chain structure, the backbones would be on the inside or the outside.



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The diffraction patterns that Wilkins and Gosling had got at King's College, London, in 1950, were far better for tackling such problems than Astbury's—or, at least, better in the rich promise of information from those crystalline spots. Patience, a better camera, greater skill, some varied preparations of the best DNA—but Watson and Crick had none of these. Rosalind Franklin had them.

Besides the diffraction data, there was all that biochemistry. Watson and Crick had then hardly heard of Chargaff; Crick, at least, knew nothing of his ratios. About the time Watson came to the Cavendish, the final statement of the chemistry of the linkages between nucleotides was being written in a laboratory nearby; this was published early in 1952 as the tenth in a series of papers by Alexander Todd, professor of organic chemistry at Cambridge, and various colleagues. Todd settled how the backbone of DNA hooks up: third carbon in the sugar ring linked to the phosphate and that in turn linked to the fifth carbon of the next sugar. This known, it was conceivable that DNA could be approached as Pauling had approached the alpha helix, by ignoring the identities of the side groups—the bases, in this case—and thinking about the main chain. Move up, give a little twist, move up again, with another little twist—a translation accompanied by a rotation, Pauling had explained to the world, and Crick saw that, self-evidently, with DNA, too, the result would be a helix of some sort. What sort?

Just this path had been taken several years earlier by Sven Furberg, a young Norwegian crystallographer studying under Bernal in London. Furberg, reasoning with marked brilliance and luck from data that were meagre but included his own X-ray studies, got right the three-dimensional configuration of the individual nucleotide: where Astbury had said that the sugar lay parallel to the base, Furberg's standard configuration set the sugar and the base at right angles. "Furberg's nucleotide—correcting Astbury's error—was absolutely essential to us," Crick told me. Furberg went on to draw a couple of models of DNA, one of which was a single chain in helical form with the bases sticking out flat and parallel to each other and with a rise of 3.4 angstroms from one to the next. Plausible physically, this helix had too little in it: it failed to account for the density of DNA. Furberg stopped sketching models and published his results in the summer of 1949, in

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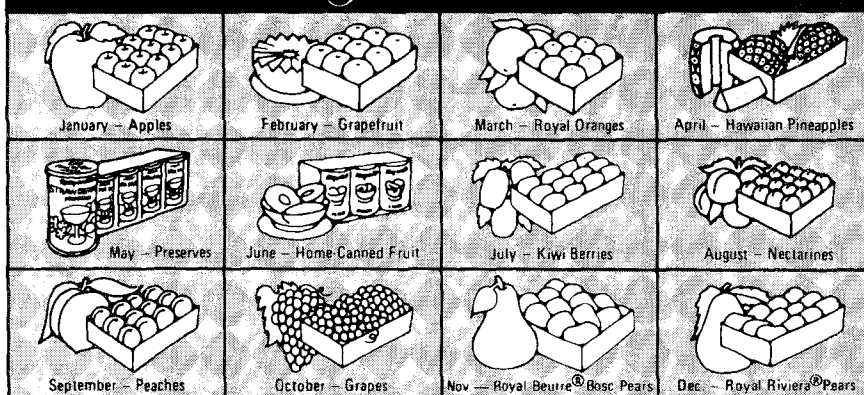
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his doctoral dissertation. Furberg's models were well known at King's College, London, but otherwise remained almost unnoticed until he put the chain into print, in a paper in 1952—in time for Watson and Crick to cite it in the notes to their announcement of the successful solution.

Considering DNA as a physical object, Watson and Crick could not abstract it altogether from the organism. They could never take it for granted that in the wet of the cell, that tiny watery bag of enzymes and energy, DNA in action was much like the stuff that had been extracted and weighed and put under the microscope and examined with ultraviolet and X-rayed. Was DNA fixed in form at all? Were the X-ray patterns an artifact of the preparation methods? How intimate was the role of protein? Exactly such worries had rationalized Wilkins' long hesitation between further X-ray-diffraction with fibres and more work with sperm heads. Considering DNA as a physical object, Watson and Crick had to wonder, above all else, how function followed form. Even Pauling's alpha helix had proved sterile and anticlimactic in this way; shortly before Watson left Copenhagen, he had talked to Delbrück, who had come over from Pasadena for a conference, but Delbrück, according to Watson, had turned away his excited questions with boredom, for "the alpha helix, even if correct, had not provided any biological insights." Watson has written, again and again, of the fear he and Crick felt that the structure of DNA might turn out "very dull," and suggest nothing about how the gene replicates or about how it controls the chemistry of the cell.

The first assault on the structure began, at least in talk, within days of Watson's arriving at the Cavendish and settling into the small bedroom that John Kendrew and his wife offered him in their house, a block away from the lab. The attempt went through its complete cycle—speculation and pre-occupation; a growing sense of competitive pressure; a sudden injection of new data from King's College, London; a frenzy of model-building; the conviction of success; an elated effort to persuade others of the model's beauty—in six manic weeks. The model collapsed in ruins before the end of November. The talk that started them off must have swarmed like a troop of inquisitive lemurs over every topic in the forest, but what the participants have remembered is the exhilaration, the intensity—not exactly what was said. A



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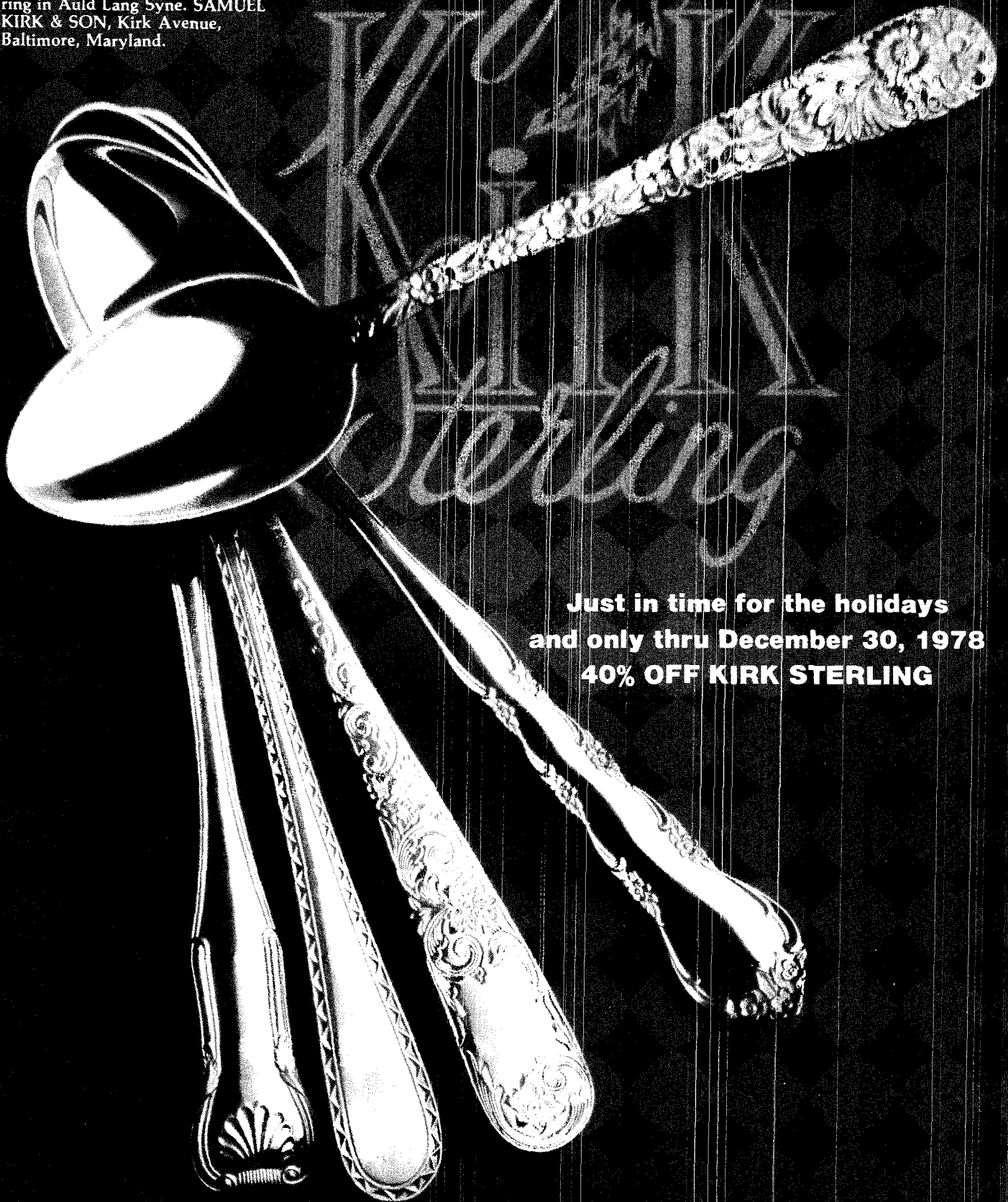
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couple of events turned the talk serious. Crick invited Wilkins to Cambridge for the weekend of November 9th. Watson met Wilkins for the second time. The three men talked about DNA and helices. Wilkins also spoke, doubtless at length, of the trouble he had begun to have with Rosalind Franklin. He had seen little of her that spring and summer. In July, they had both come to Cambridge for a meeting that Perutz had called to discuss protein structures. Wilkins had taken no new X-ray-diffraction pictures of DNA fibres since the year-old ones he showed in Naples in May, though he had got some patterns from thin sheets of DNA. These were not richly informative, but they showed, like the fibre pictures, a crossways configuration; following a conversation with Alexander Stokes, a theoretical physicist in his lab, Wilkins had pondered his way from the crossways pattern of the pictures back into the molecule, and thought it likely to be helical. He said so at Perutz's meeting. While in Naples, he had obtained samples of the sperm of squid, which occurs in bundles remarkable for the perfection of the parallel array of cells, and in Cambridge he had talked about X-ray studies of these that showed, he believed, that DNA in intact cells was helical, too. After the Cambridge meeting, as Wilkins recalls, Franklin had told him that she objected to his continuing to do X-ray work with DNA. Wilkins had spent the end of the summer in the United States. Erwin Chargaff had given him a fresh supply of DNA. Wilkins had come back to King's to find that Franklin refused his collaboration, resented his advice or comment, made discussion very awkward. A colloquium on DNA had been called for mid-November at King's College, London. Watson asked if he might go to it.

Ten days earlier, Max Perutz had got a letter from Vladimir Vand, a crystallographer at the University of Glasgow, who had worked out, he thought, the mathematics by which one could say exactly what X-ray-diffraction pattern will be produced by helical molecules of any given structure and dimensions. Vand had seen Perutz's note in *Nature* about searching out the 1.5-angstrom spot produced by the alpha helix, and now sent along a draft of a general approach. This was much needed. Very large molecules in long chains—polypeptides, polynucleotides, polysaccharides—though characteristic of life, are rare elsewhere in nature, and for such chains a helix is a natu-

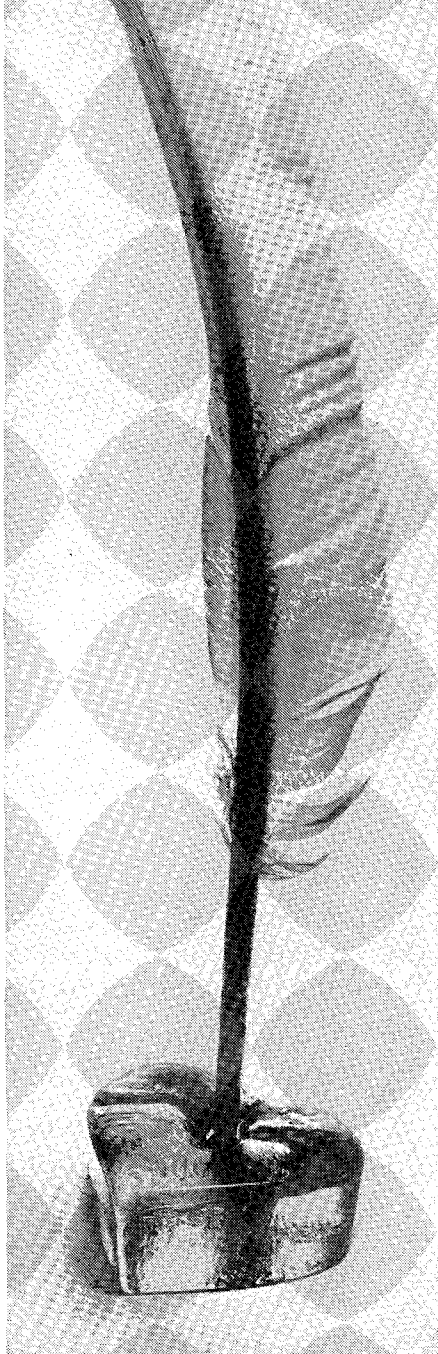
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rally stable conformation. But at the time Pauling announced the alpha helix there had existed no general way to predict how a helical molecule would betray its presence in an X-ray pattern. Bragg's curiosity had been piqued by this hole in his science, and he and Perutz had asked William Cochran, a young crystallographer at the Cavendish (though not in Perutz's group) to derive the necessary formulas. Cochran hadn't got around to it. Now, as Perutz read Vand's draft, the reasoning didn't seem right. He showed it to Bragg, and to Cochran and Crick. Cochran saw at once that Vand had found the first part of the answer but had then gone astray. Crick puzzled over the equations that morning. After lunch, he went home with a headache, there, in his idleness, took up the pencil again, and soon worked out the complete answer. The next morning, when Crick announced that he had got the solution, Cochran said that he had, too. They compared. Crick's technique had been clumsy, Cochran's neatly professional, but they agreed on the result.

Independently, several months earlier, Stokes, at King's College, with Wilkins' encouragement, had worked out the mathematics of helical diffraction but had solved no structure with it and had not thought it significant enough to write up and publish. They did try to point out to Franklin, Wilkins told me, that Stokes's results seemed to apply to her diffraction patterns of DNA, but she angrily refused to pay attention. Cochran and Crick put their formulation to work at once on the synthetic polypeptides from the Courtauld's laboratory, to demonstrate in more general form than Perutz had done that these fibres were composed of something very like the alpha helix. Their paper was sent off to *Nature* in mid-December—after a short delay for the rise and fall of a structure for DNA. The work was Crick's first solid success. Bragg was pleased. Crick said a while ago, "That was a relatively straightforward bit of crystallography—certainly by today's standards. But, of course, it did mean that I then had the expertise at my fingertips."

ON Wednesday, November 21, 1951, Watson took the train to London for the King's College colloquium. Wilkins had said he would be welcome. There are two very different accounts of that meeting. The first is Watson's in "The Double Helix"—brief, evasive, and devoted to his failure to take notes, his failure to understand what Franklin was talking about, his



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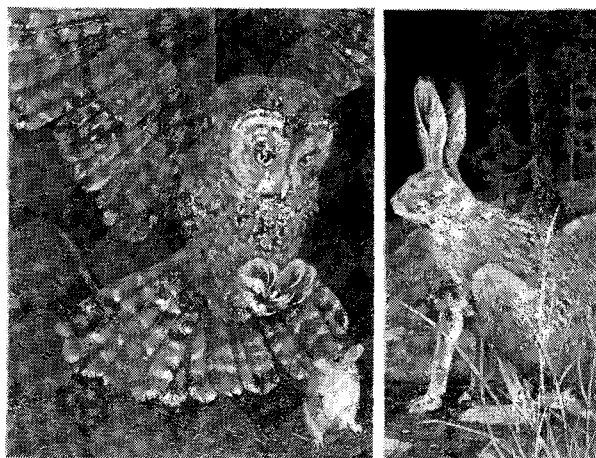
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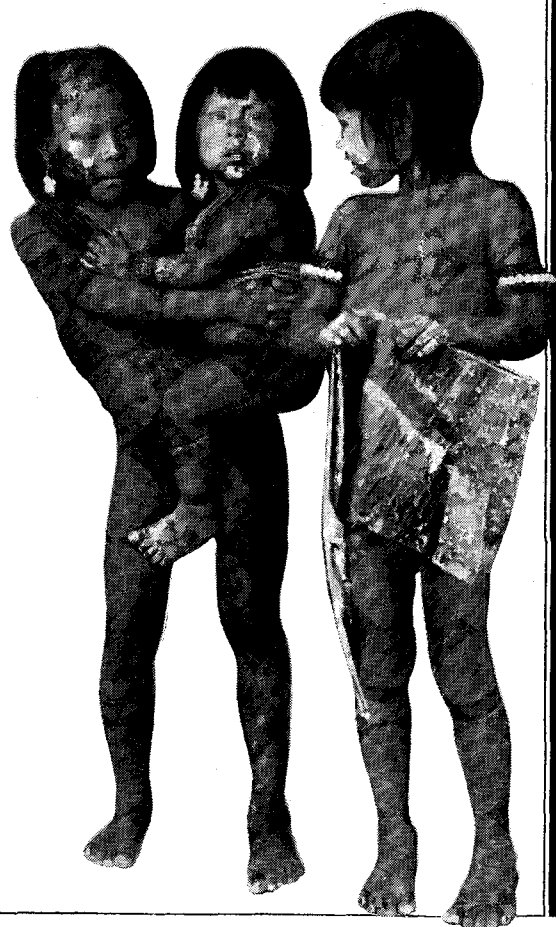
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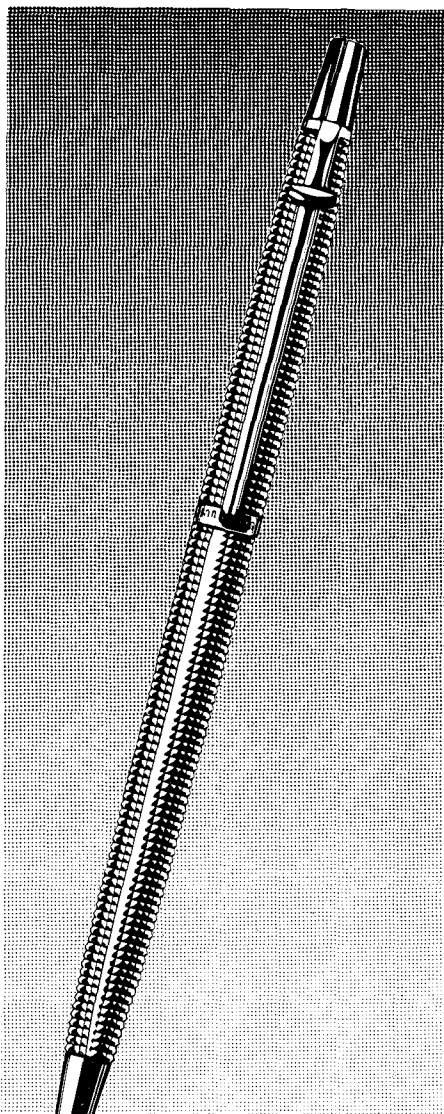
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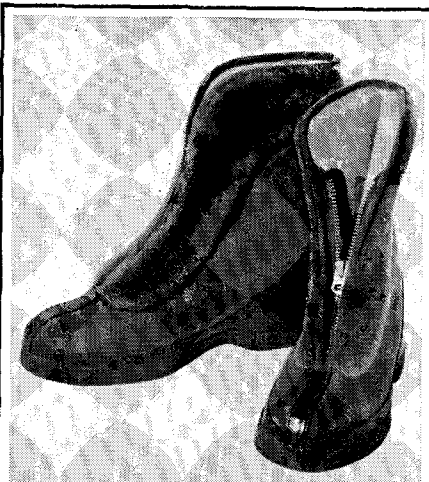
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failure to remember correctly the little he said he did grasp. Watson's failures were, for his story, all that he found interesting. However, Franklin's version also survives. After her death, her last colleague, Aaron Klug, discovered among her papers a double set of notes in blue ink in her hand: eight sheets headed "Colloquium Nov. 1951" and, with them, six more pages, much more fragmentary, which read like preliminary sketching. We cannot know how much of what is in the notes she covered at the meeting, though there is no good reason to doubt that she presented what she had planned. There were strangers present. Eleven weeks later, she submitted a short report on the first year of her fellowship at King's, and this includes much of the same material, often in the same language. Notes and report together establish what Franklin thought she knew reliably enough to say outside her lab at the end of 1951.

Franklin made one essential discovery about DNA: that its fibres give two distinct types of X-ray diagram. The colloquium took place eighteen months after Wilkins had first found, and stopped pursuing, the fact that good fibres of DNA which were kept wet yielded diffraction patterns suggesting a crystalline state. Franklin, by the time of the colloquium, had noticed that when she made fibres even wetter they stretched somewhat and yielded a "complete change in picture → much simpler." She was not satisfied with the quality of the pictures she was getting from either "Xtalline" or "wet" states, and her notes are full of caution about the need for better fibres and better camerawork. Watson heard correctly that she insisted her results were preliminary.

Her attention centered on the crystalline state; she didn't make much of the wet state except that it seemed to disrupt the crystalline three-dimensional order and, so far, gave only a few spots and "smears." However, she was going ahead on the hypothesis that the structure was helical in both states. She listed to herself, in her notes, the "evidence for spiral structure." First, a straight, untwisted chain would be unstable, unbalanced, "highly improbable." Second, the absence of spots or smears on the vertical—up and down from the bull's-eye of the X-ray pattern—suggested a spiral structure. This point was intuitively clear to good crystallographers; it was exactly what had first led Stokes and Wilkins to think that DNA was helical. Franklin did not know that Crick had just worked



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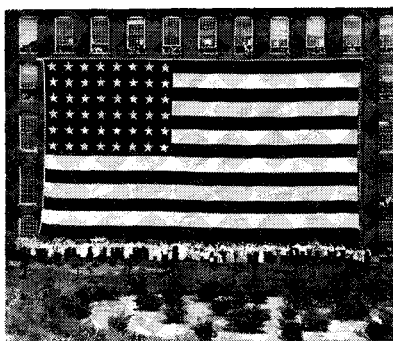
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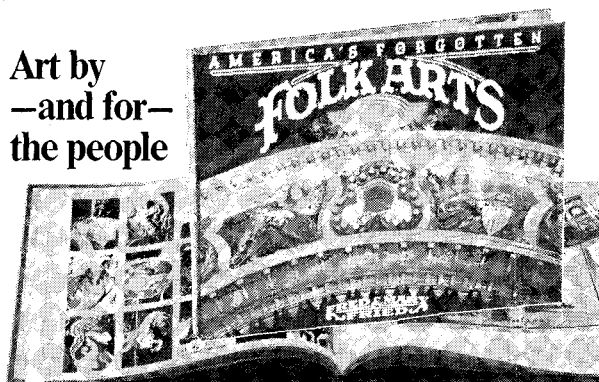
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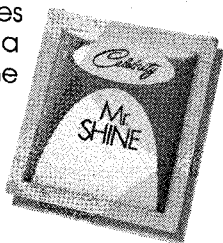
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out the mathematical explanation. Third, the spot that she, like Astbury, found at about 27 angstroms was "much too marked to result merely from diff. betw diff nucleotides, & must mean nucleotides in equivalent positions occur only at intervals of 27 A [angstroms]," she wrote. "Suggests 27 A is length of turn of spiral." She argued from density measurements—Astbury's and her own—that there were probably twenty-four nucleotides in the amount of DNA along that 27-angstrom turn, and this immediately suggested that more chains than one lay together in each unit of the structure. In the transition from crystalline to wet, the "large length change" meant, she thought, that here the "helix has not got same structure as in Xtal—Xtalline form involves some strain of helix," and she added, "cf. Pauling." But, despite the example of the alpha helix, she did not consider what bonds held the several chains in each helical unit together. She did ask how the units were bound to one another to form the over-all crystalline structure, and for that she thought that hydrogen bonds between the bases were "entirely ruled out." Instead, bonds between the charged, acidic phosphate groups were "highly probable." These would be disrupted by water, and so account in part for the loss of three-dimensional order in the wet state. The phosphates would therefore be on the outside of the helical units, the bases inside. She figured that the crystalline state contained about eight molecules of water per nucleotide. Watson heard this, too, but not correctly. He went away thinking she had said eight molecules of water in each structural unit of the crystal itself, which was far less.

Then, at the end of Franklin's notes for the colloquium, there is this:

Conclusion

Big helix or several chains, phosphates on outside, phosphate-phosphate inter-helical bonds, disrupted by water

Phosphate links available to proteins

With the last line, she got her head up for a moment from crystallography to biological function. The structure that Franklin had begun to imagine is evident, though it was not free of ambiguities. She described it coherently in her fellowship report the following February: the structure, she thought, was probably "built up of near-cylindrical units." She went on:

The results suggest a helical structure (which must be very closely packed) containing probably 2, 3 or 4 co-axial nucleic acid chains per helical unit, and having the phosphate groups near the

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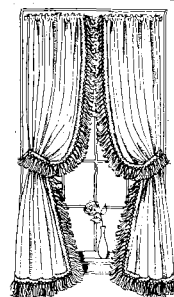
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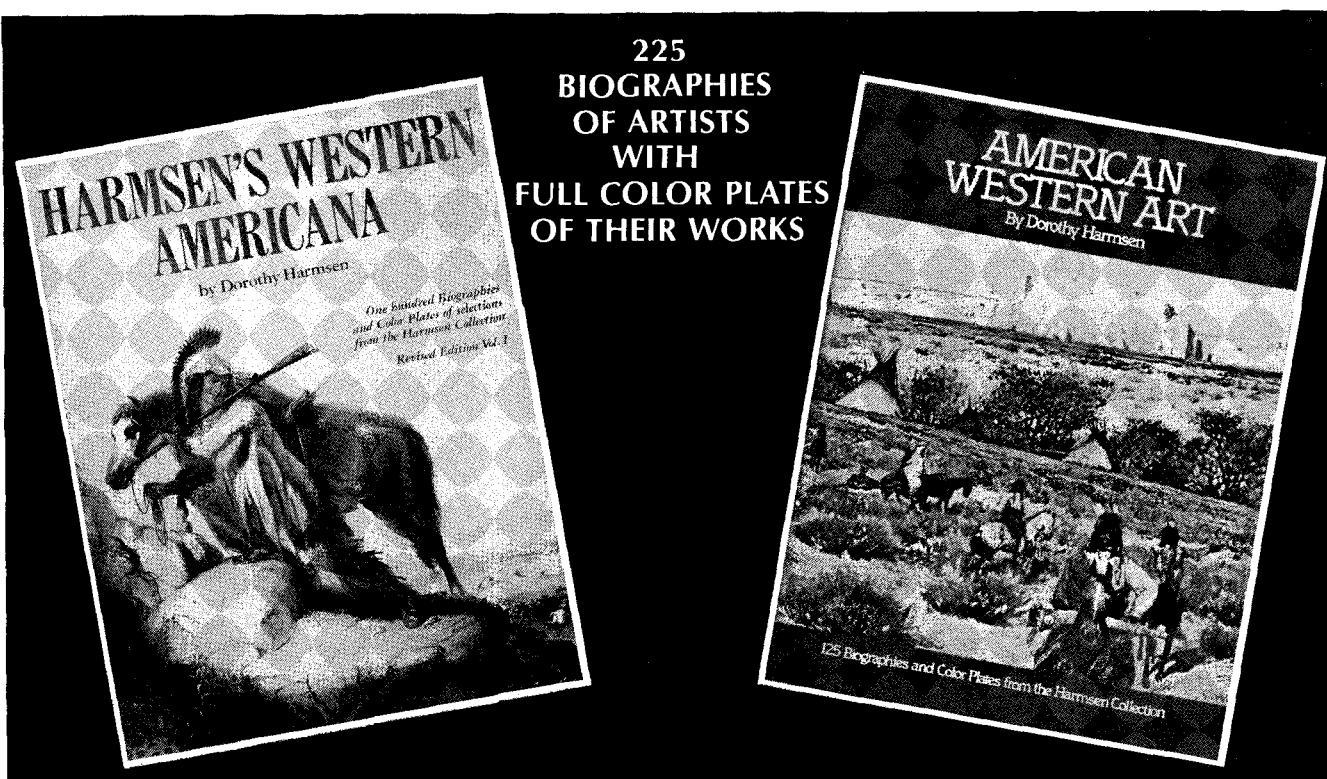
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outside. It is the phosphate groups which would be capable of absorbing water in large quantities and of forming strong inter-helical bonds [that is, between units, not within a unit] in the presence of considerable quantities of water, thus giving the substance a 3-dimensional crystalline structure. These bonds would be disrupted in the presence of excessive quantities of water (leading first to the "wet" structure of independent helices with parallel axes...).

She drew no diagram in the colloquium notes, but in the companion set of rougher sheets that Klug found with the notes is a quick sketch of two cylinders side by side with a column of dashes for bonds between them, which represents just such a structure.

That November, Franklin possessed one more piece of information, which was fully as important as the knowledge that DNA yields two different X-ray patterns. If she had understood what she knew, she would have had a crucial insight into the nature of DNA. In the language of her trade, she wrote in the colloquium notes that the unit cell of the crystalline state could be indexed as monoclinic and face-centered. She added measurements—three dimensions and an angle—to support the description. But the immediate and necessary consequence of that description was that the coaxial nucleic-acid chains she had discerned forming the helical structure could only be running in opposite directions. They had to be upside down to one another. And that meant, with what she knew of DNA's density, that there were almost certainly two, not three, just possibly four chains associated. Franklin told Aaron Klug years later that because she had never done X-ray-diffraction studies with single crystals or with biological substances she failed for nearly eighteen months to realize the consequence of what she had written down simply as a routine item of crystallographic description.

Would Crick have understood it? "Oh, yes. Unquestionably," Klug told me. "You're aware that it was Crick who saw the point, the moment he finally did learn of Rosalind's description, early in 1953."

WITH helical diffraction, unit cells, space groups, and the rest so important to the elucidation of the structure of DNA, I figured I had better learn more clearly why. Soon after reading Franklin's notes, I asked Perutz what these things mean. We were talking in his laboratory at Cambridge on a Saturday morning. He thought for a minute, and then took a blank sheet of paper. The problem was



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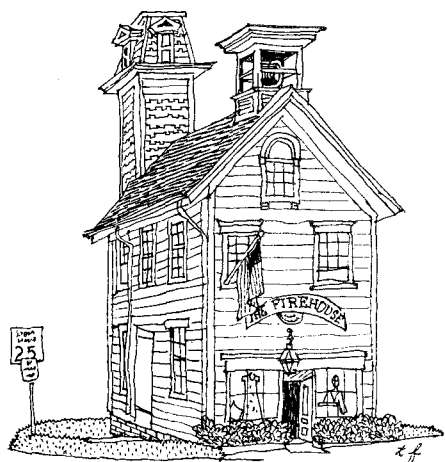
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to do what Bragg had first done—to visualize one's way back from the spots, along the paths of the rays, to the object causing the spots.

First, the spots. Diffraction patterns on X-ray film are usually disc-shaped over all—targets at a molecular shooting gallery. The center of the target is a blank bull's-eye left by a small lead shield that stops the direct, extremely narrow, brilliant X-ray beam. Only the reflections scattered from the beam are interesting. A good diffraction pattern from a protein crystal—Perutz had once shown me some patterns from hemoglobin—will be an array of several hundred small circular spots in many rows, filling the target from edge to edge. The spots range from very faint to very intense in a way that looks random but is not so at all. If it were, structures could not be analyzed.

Next, the object causing the spots. "A perfect crystal consists of a three-dimensional array of atoms or molecules arranged in repeating units of pattern," Perutz said. "In diffraction, you get strong intensities from where the atoms lie along repeated planes." These planes are very close together. Mutual interference between parallel crystal planes blocks off and suppresses the diffracted beams except at certain angles; but at these angles the reflections from the planes in that set reinforce one another and flash out as the crystal is turned. The X-ray camera photographs these beams, and its geometry is arranged so that each beam can be identified with the set of planes that must have caused it. Natural fibres, in which molecules are disordered compared with single crystals, produce smears rather than spots, and fewer of them.

Perutz drew a multiple-zigzag curve across the paper—a helix seen from the side. "Here you must imagine that the X rays are going through this helix perpendicular to the paper," he said,



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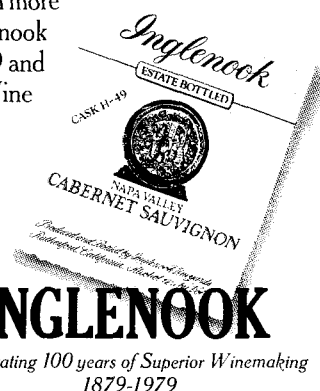
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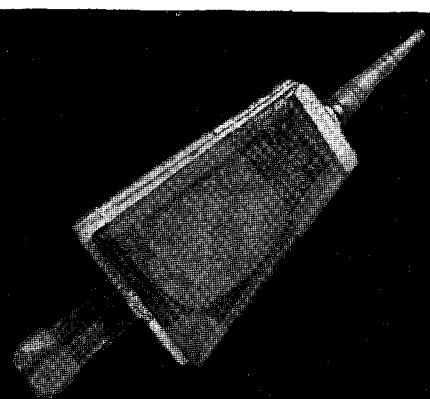


and balanced a pencil for an instant with its point on the zigzag. "The helices then look to the X rays as though the atoms were lying on these repeated planes, this way, that way"—the planes of the zigs and zags. The result, when the rays reach the film, is a striking arrangement of short horizontal smears that step out along the diagonals from the bull's-eye, in a characteristic X. The zigs cause one arm of the cross, the zags the other. The exact angle of the cross is caused by the angle of the zigs to the zags—that is, by the pitch of the helix.

Perutz went on, "Any crystallographer knew that much. What Cochran and Crick showed, which hadn't been realized, is that if you follow the layer lines out"—step by step along the arms of the cross—"at a certain distance the spots begin to march back together to cross again." The cross doubles at top and bottom of the target and becomes two diamonds. "If you have a setup with the resolving power to show it," Perutz added. "Now, you must also remember that there is a reciprocal relationship between the diffraction pattern and the real space back inside the molecule. Big spacings between the repeated planes produce spots close to the center of the target, but as you move out you are reading planes with finer and finer spacings." I took that reciprocal relation on faith for the moment. "Therefore, in DNA, the Astbury spot at 3.4 angstroms is at the outside edge. The 3.4-angstrom spot happens because the nucleotides—and, in particular, the heaviest thing in them, the phosphorus atoms—repeat along the helix at that interval. It's the same in principle as the 1.5-angstrom spot I found in the alpha helix, beyond where people had looked before. The fact that in DNA the bases are stacked in the helix parallel to each other at that 3.4-angstrom distance makes the spot more intense."

This was what Crick had discovered about helices by the time of the colloquium in 1951, I said, but Rosalind Franklin had not by then produced any X-ray pictures with striking crosses or diamonds. What did she mean by monoclinic, face-centered?

"Crystals can be symmetrical in several ways, or to several degrees," Perutz said. "Some are more symmetrical than others. The lowest degree of symmetry is the one we call triclinic, in which the three axes or planes of the crystal are all oblique to each other, none of the corners being right angles. The other extreme is orthorhombic, where all three planes



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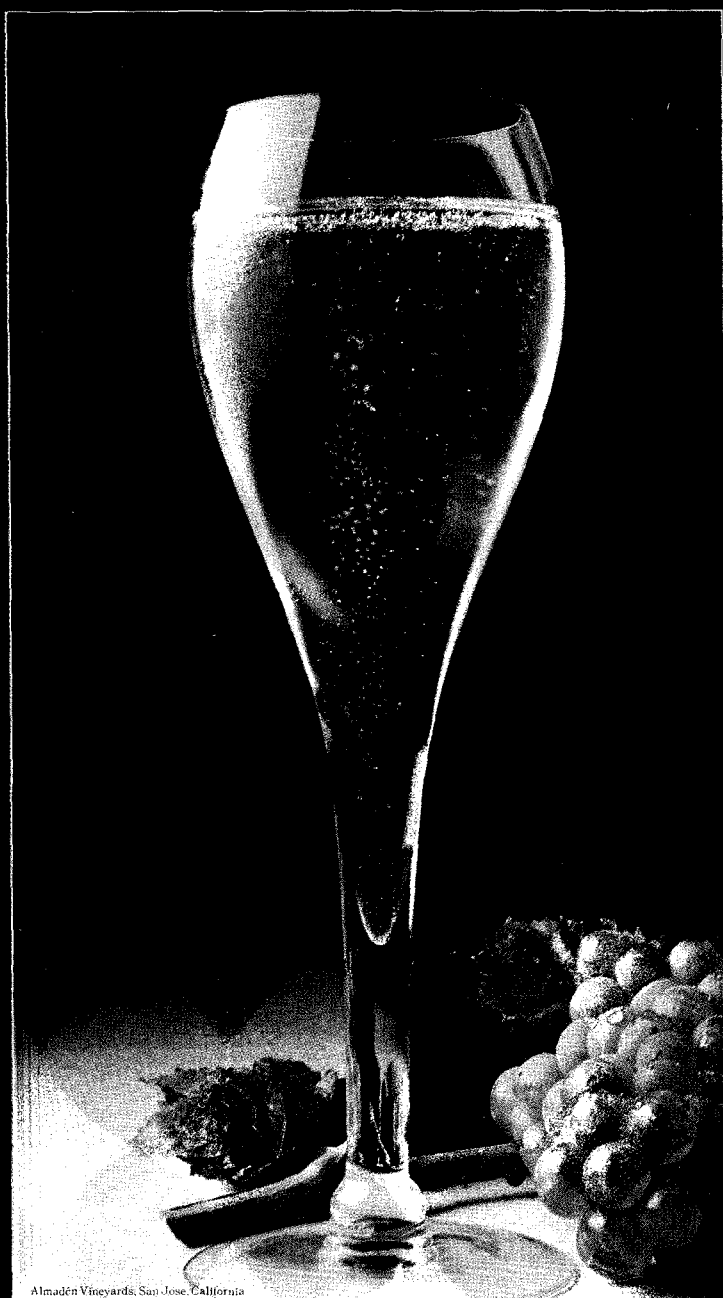
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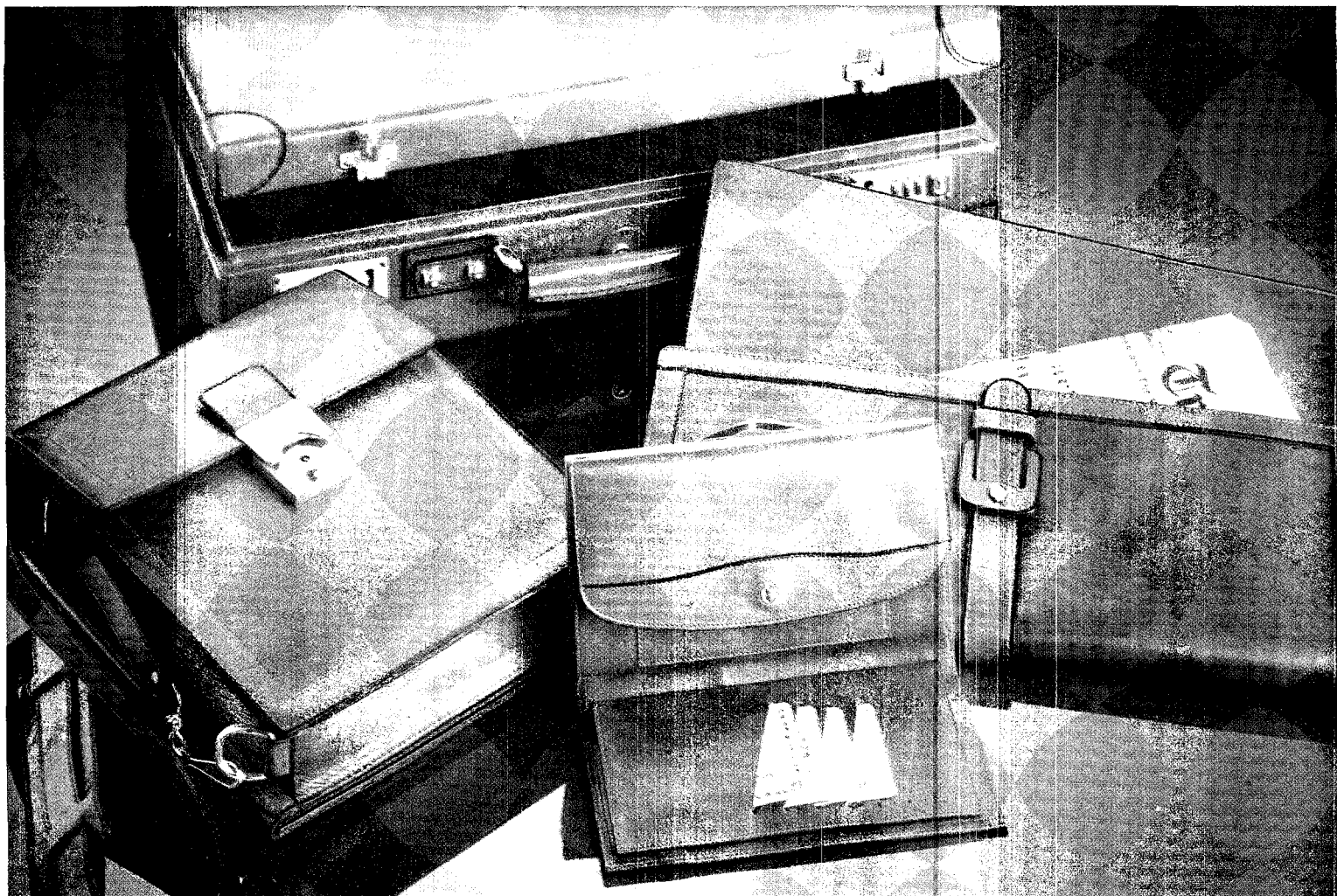
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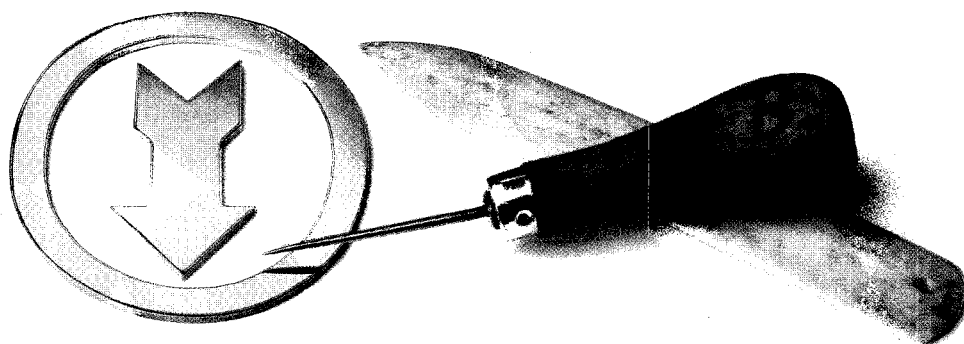




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intersect at right angles. And in between is monoclinic, where two of the three angles are right angles but the third can take any angle. Now, the minimum symmetry that a crystal of *this* sort—monoclinic—may have is twofold, so that if you rotate the crystals by half a revolution they come back into congruence. What Rosalind found was that the crystalline form of DNA did have monoclinic symmetry. Furthermore, she found that the axis of symmetry wasn't parallel to the fibres but perpendicular to them—to the chains. And that had a peculiar geometric consequence—the crucial consequence that she failed to recognize." Perutz now took two sharpened pencils and laid them on the table side by side, both points to the north. "If I rotate this pair together, in the plane of the table, they don't return to symmetry with their original position until they've gone around the full three hundred and sixty degrees." He turned the two—west, south, east, north. Then he switched one pencil so that the two pointed in opposite directions. "Lying head to tail, the two chains return to symmetry after a *half* rotation. You see. They exchange directions. If DNA was monoclinic and face-centered, it immediately followed that there must be one chain running up and the other down—that in physical fact there was a dyad, one chain upside down to the other."

But what about "face-centered" and "space groups"?

"That adds another order of complexity," Perutz said. "First, then, the unit cell. We've all often suggested that for this one should visualize a fancy wallpaper with a repeating pattern. Then the unit cell simply means a single repeat of the pattern. The unit cells are identical in size, shape, and contents. Except that in the crystal it's three-dimensional. Now, consider the very simplest box of atoms—one atom at each of the eight corners." With light, accurate pencil strokes, he drew a box in perspective, using dotted lines for the far sides and corners. He thickened the corners into balls. "Or it can be a molecule at each corner. Don't forget that the box repeats and repeats, like the wallpaper pattern, and forms a three-dimensional lattice of atoms or molecules. With only the corners occupied, the lattice is called *P*, for primitive, and if it has monoclinic—twofold—symmetry it's called a *P2* space group. But in some other substance you could have another atom or molecule at the center of a face of each box, as well." He drew a sec-

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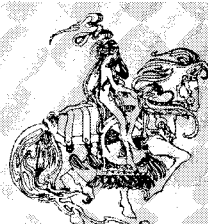
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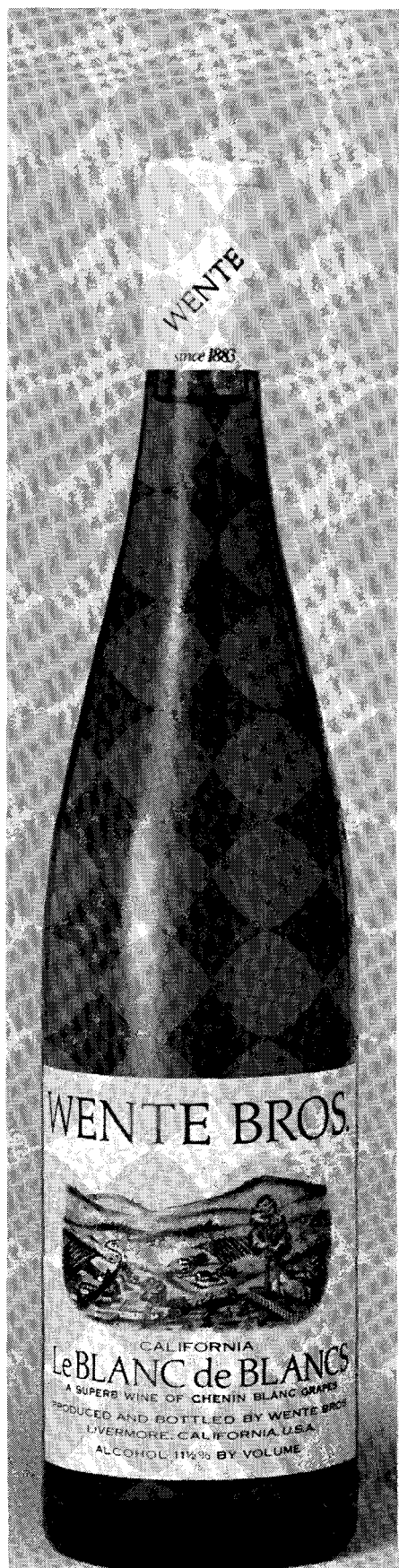
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ond box, just like the first, then added a ball in the middle of two opposite ends. "This face is called, by convention, the *C* face, and if this box also possesses twofold symmetry, then the space group is *C*2, or face-centered monoclinic. Each corner of the unit cell and each occupied face is also called a lattice point. But these terms are the abstractions of mathematicians, to analyze the orderly arrangement of the components of the crystal." He drew a box again, but without drawing sides or faces—just balls for atoms. "There are many other geometrical variations. There are two hundred and thirty different—that is to say, geometrically non-equivalent—space groups. They were all worked out in the nineteenth century, by classical crystallographers calculating all possible ways to arrange a lattice that will repeat in three dimensions—long before X-ray crystallography began. But it just happens that hemoglobin, in its oxygenated form, also belongs to the face-centered, monoclinic space group *C*2. So Crick knew immediately—we were all very clear about the significance of what Rosalind had found, when we learned it, early in 1953.

"Now, her next question had to be: How many nucleotide chains pass through the unit cell? This can be calculated from a very simple equation—one you could derive yourself with a little effort of visualization. But for this calculation she had to know the density, and, as the fibres were wet, the density was difficult to measure, and it was not clear how much water and how much salt they contained. On the evidence of the density, the choice was uncertain between two and three chains. But on symmetry grounds—and that is part of the conclusion she failed to reach—it seems unlikely that something with twofold symmetry will have an odd number of components per unit cell."

THE morning after the colloquium, Crick came up to London, and Watson met him at Paddington Station, where they took the train to Oxford to spend the weekend. On the train, Crick quizzed Watson about what he remembered of Franklin's talk. "Francis was visibly annoyed by my habit of always trusting to memory and never writing anything on paper," Watson wrote in "The Double Helix." He went on, "Particularly unfortunate was my failure to be able to report exactly the water content of the DNA samples upon which Rosy had done her measurements. The possibility existed that I



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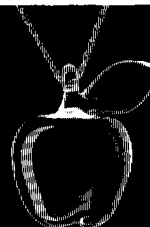
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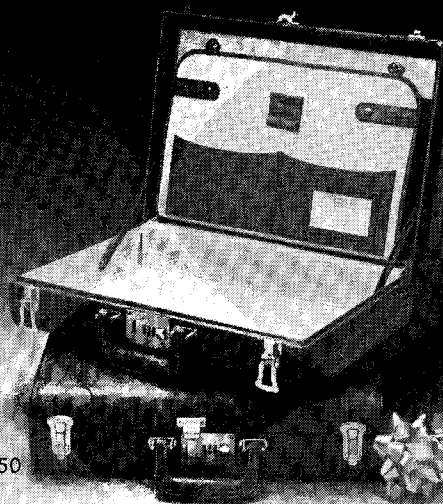
might be misleading Francis by an order-of-magnitude difference." In Watson's recollection, Crick became convinced before they reached Oxford that "only a small number of formal solutions were compatible both with the Cochran-Crick theory and with Rosy's experimental data. Quickly he began to draw more diagrams to show me how simple the problem was." Jottings and talk progressed over the next several days. By the time they had a model, a week later, they also had a memo—eight pages in Crick's handwriting.

Franklin's notes and Crick's memorandum make a rare, miniature case study. They were written within a few weeks of each other, and from the same data—some, to be sure, filtered through Watson. Both were worked up, thought out, yet still informal. Franklin prepared a firmly matter-of-fact report. Watson asserted in his memoir, seventeen years later, that she rejected model-building and helical structures as premature. Nonetheless, she unquestionably had the general features of a helical solution in mind—one that would have been more correct in several ways than this early attempt of Crick and Watson's. Crick's memo was no report, for he hardly had anything to report; he still refers to it as a plan of attack. It said, in part:

Stimulated by the results presented by the workers at King's College, London, at a colloquium given on 21st Nov. 1951, we have attempted to see if we can find any general principles on which the structure of D.N.A. might be based. We have tried, in this approach, to incorporate the *minimum* number of experimental facts, although certain results have suggested ideas to us. Among these we may include the probable helical nature of structure, the dimensions of the unit cell, the number of residues [nucleotides] per lattice point, and the water content. Having arrived at a tentative structure in this way, we have generalized what we regard as the important features, and now present these as postulates.

The contrast with Franklin's approach was diametric; the conclusions were inevitably similar in uncertainty and error.

The physical differences among the four kinds of bases were to be ignored, and this, following Pauling, would result in a helix. The helix would not, despite Pauling's example, be held together by hydrogen bonds. The bases were the only serious candidates to form hydrogen bonds. But, from what Watson and Crick found in the reference books, the arrangement of hydro-



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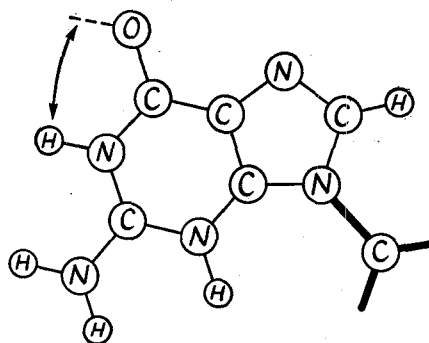

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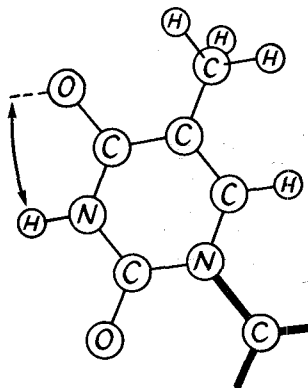
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gen atoms fringing the bases was in-
constant. Each base was said to occur
in either of two forms. Specifically, the
bases guanine and thymine were sup-
posed to take what are called the enol
and the keto configurations. These dif-
fered only by the place where a particu-
lar hydrogen atom hooked on in the
fringe. Thus, in the keto form the
movable hydrogen atom attached di-
rectly to a nitrogen atom in the princi-
pal ring of the base; in the enol form,
the hydrogen jumped over to an ad-
jacent but more protrusive location,
bonded to an oxygen atom that was in
its turn attached to the ring.



Guanine, in keto form



Thymine, in keto form

Such closely similar molecular alter-
natives are called tautomers—a piece
of international scientific small change
coined from the same Greek root as
“tautology.” Truly tautomeric forms
of a molecule interchange with each
other so readily that they exist side by
side in equilibrium in a sample of the
substance. The phenomenon was some-
times treated as though the molecule
were vibrating rapidly between the two
forms in a kind of resonance. Ordina-
ry techniques of chemical analysis
won't distinguish between one tauto-
meric form of a molecule and another.
Nonetheless, the diagrams of guanine
and thymine as printed in the early
nineteen-fifties usually showed them
in the enol forms. Crick could see no
way that such capricious configurations
could create stable hydrogen bonds.

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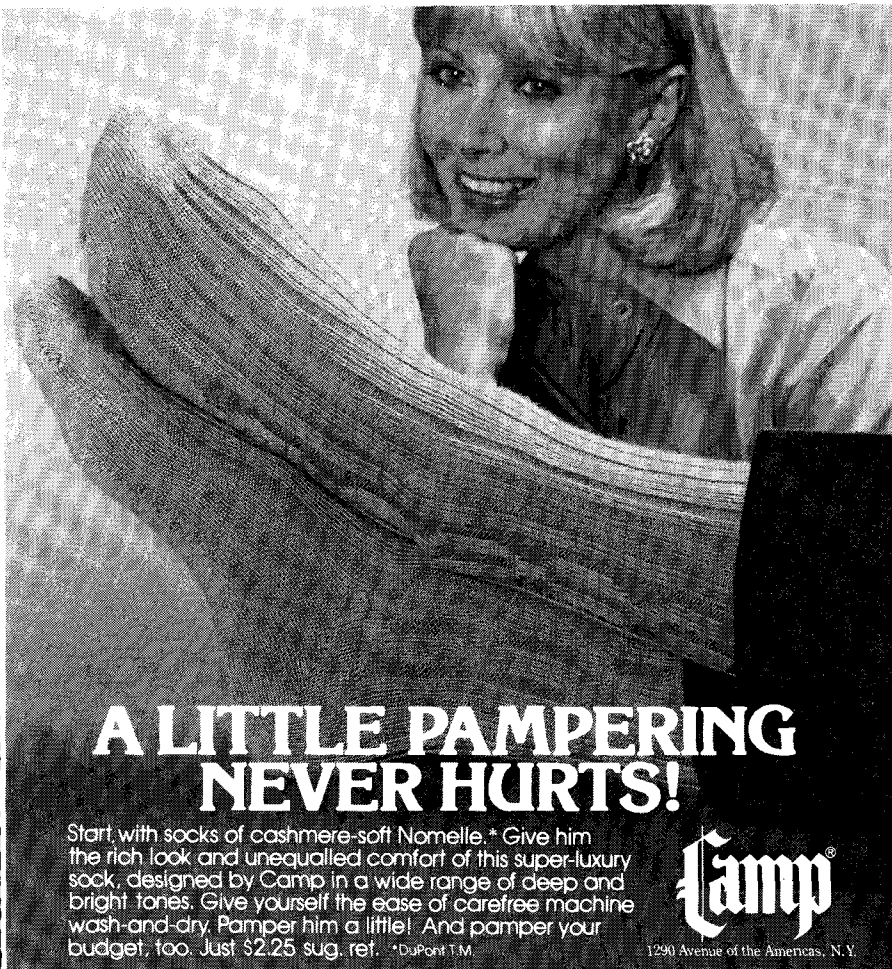
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Even if that objection were put aside, it remained true that the configurations of the bases made lumpy pieces in the model-builder's puzzle. Thus, the geometry of the tautomeric forms was the basis for Crick's prejudice against using hydrogen bonds to knit up the bases, and for Watson's against putting the sugar-phosphate backbones on the outside. These prejudices endured.

Looking for another way to bind the chains, Crick and Watson, like Franklin, came to the phosphate groups of the backbone. Unlike Franklin, they did not link them directly, $P-O \cdots O-P$. Instead, they saw that, with so very little water as Watson reported, other atoms present in solution would form electrostatic bridges between the charged phosphates. Crick's memorandum specified sodium ions to bridge the phosphate groups, since they were working with that salt of DNA; Watson remembered magnesium ions instead, but it's possible that he did not think of them until the next spring. They supposed—though with less conviction—that the backbones would be tied together in the center of the molecule, with the bases projecting outward all around. One tempting advantage of putting the bases on the outside was that the irregularities in their shapes need not be fitted into the regular crystalline structure. Another was that sequences of different bases would be simply, obviously available to interact with protein. "Starting from these postulates we can now attack the problem of possible structures systematically," Crick wrote.

Model-building began on Monday. Components had to be improvised out of bits left over from the lab's two-year-old protein chains. Atoms were the wrong sizes. There was no time to order new pieces made. Construction was awkward and hasty; pieces kept slipping out of place. Watson and Crick tried rough models with two intertwined chains but found that they fell short of the density estimates. The structures with three helices, though, Crick wrote, "are more interesting, as they give about 24 residues in 27 Å and have a hole in the middle which is about the right size to accommodate about 8 water molecules." Those numbers, of course, were Franklin's, indifferently remembered. The model took shape by Monday evening. They touched it up on Tuesday. Upon being reminded by Kendrew that they owed Wilkins the courtesy, Crick telephoned his friend and urged him to take the first train.

Wednesday morning, Wilkins, Franklin, Gosling, and another col-



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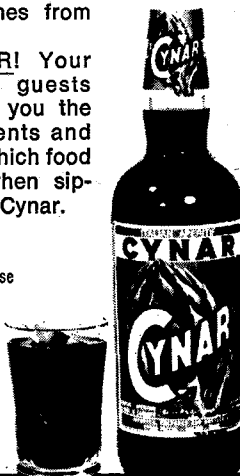
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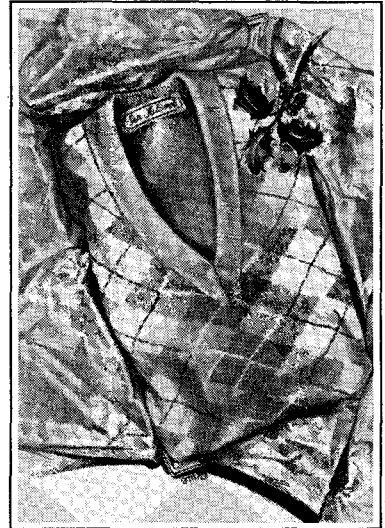


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league arrived. Crick preached the glory of helical-diffraction theory, which would allow them to predict from this model the X-ray pattern that such a molecule should produce, for ready verification with the King's College pictures. Wilkins told them that Stokes, at King's, had worked out the helical mathematics months earlier; in fact, a sentence acknowledging Stokes's independent discovery was added to a forthcoming theoretical paper by Cochran, Crick, and Vand. Franklin led the attack on the model itself. By Watson's account seventeen years later, she insisted that "there was not a shred of evidence that DNA was helical." The notes she had prepared a few days earlier and the fellowship report she submitted a few weeks later bracket this encounter, to give the true range of her opinion: yet at the time she was not firmly set against helices. What she might actually have said was that her best X-ray pictures of DNA so far—those of the crystalline form—failed to show the pattern characteristic of a helical structure. It was true also that while her pictures of the second, wet form presented helical features, these were not unequivocal; but she may never have gone into the details of the wet pattern. Anyway, the model had two crippling deficiencies. The backbones could not be inside. Finally, a glance told her and a word told them all that the model did not contain enough water—a flaw that Crick then had to recognize was due not just to Watson's lapse of memory but to his own lapse of basic chemistry, for those charged sodium or magnesium ions would strongly attract water. "Anybody who knew any chemistry would have known there was a lot of water, just from first principles!" Crick told me. When the water was put back in, many other models were compatible with the rest of the data. By Wednesday afternoon, less than a week after the King's College colloquium, Watson and Crick's first model for DNA had been flooded out.

From rout to triumph took fifteen months. The rout was moral as well as intellectual, and seemed all but absolute: while successful pirates are sometimes knighted, those who fail get hanged. Randall had a quiet word with Bragg. Bragg, iron showing beneath the tweed, let it be known that Watson and Crick were to leave DNA to the King's lab. Watson recorded that they did not protest. "An open outcry would reveal that our professor was completely in the dark about what the initials DNA stood for," he wrote in



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"The Double Helix," but conceded that "we were up the creek with models based on sugar-phosphate cores." The jigs to make the elemental pieces for models were turned over to Wilkins—who, despite Crick's urging and intense frustration, left them idle.

Crick went back to his dissertation. Restless as ever, he was soon wondering about inconsistencies between Pauling's alpha helix and the data. He worked it out that the notorious X-ray spot produced by natural alpha keratin at 5.1 angstroms, which had held Pauling back from publication for so long, could be explained by supposing that in that substance the alpha helix itself has a larger, slower twist superimposed on it, which he called "the coiled coil." Watson was supposed to be helping Kendrew grow crystals of protein, but his attempts had been desultory and unsuccessful. He now turned to making diffraction pictures of tobacco-mosaic virus. Watson, too, kept worrying away at Pauling's work and methods. Pauling was on lots of minds. Crick pursued the alpha helix with the work on helical diffraction and the coiled coil. Ruefully, Crick gave Watson for Christmas a copy of Pauling's "The Nature of the Chemical Bond." Surely the gift is the giveaway: for Crick, Pauling was the man to be learned from, the alpha helix the example to be studied. Franklin, too, though she chose crystallographic analysis rather than model-building, felt the force of Pauling's example and cited him in her notes. Only from Watson do we hear that the failed model of DNA was built in a race to anticipate Pauling. The first round had been lost not to Caltech but to King's, and, in particular, to Franklin.

WATSON remained in communication with the phage group—one of their chain of long-winded letter writers. Delbrück and others wrote with news of work and ideas. Delbrück fixed up a two-year fellowship from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis so that Watson could come to Caltech the next fall. That spring, Watson wrote that he would like more time in Cambridge, so Delbrück got Pauling to say that the facilities were better at the Cavendish at the moment, and got the first year of the new fellowship moved to England. That spring, Salvador Luria was to come to Oxford to give a paper at a meeting of the Society for General Microbiology on April 16th and 17th. But 1952 was the American Presidential election year terrorized by Joseph McCarthy, and

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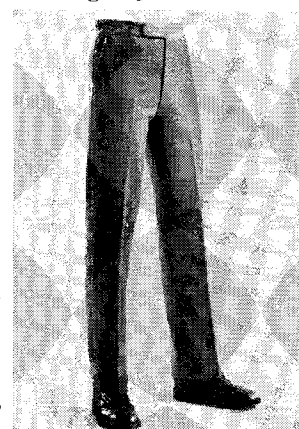


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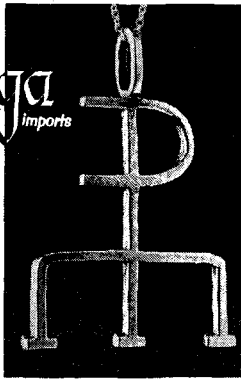
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Luria, a Northern Italian, was a naturalized American citizen who in his youth, he told me once, had "passed from a fairly orthodox upbringing to what was no doubt an equally orthodox Marxist philosophy and just little by little evolved in my twenties and early thirties to an existentialist viewpoint." He was refused a passport. Luria's paper for the meeting was the grand summation of the scheme of bacteriophage multiplication he had evolved over several years. In this, the phage protein had the genetic role within the infected bacterium, while the phage DNA was added only at the last step before the burst. The final baking of the protein doughnuts, he had been calling it around the lab—and metaphors can be mind traps. Watson went to Oxford to stand in for his absent mentor. He had just received a long letter from Alfred Hershey, an original member of the phage group, reporting the results of a series of experiments that he and a colleague, Martha Chase, were about to publish. The results were shaking the fundamental convictions of the phage group about DNA and were bringing Luria's scheme down in ruins. At Oxford in Luria's place, Watson got up to report Hershey's results, from the letter, and to dilate upon his own phage work a year earlier in Copenhagen.

Hershey has since urged the "essential simplicity" of what has come to be known as the Hershey-Chase, or Waring Blender, experiment. The need for it sprang directly from the discovery by Thomas Anderson and Roger Herriott that phage had elaborate structures—a proteinaceous head that seemed to encapsulate the phage DNA, and a slender protein tail with fine tail fibres that attached to bacterial prey. Looking back in 1966, in a volume of essays by which Delbrück's colleagues celebrated his sixtieth birthday, Anderson found matter for wry wonder in the phage group's long refusal to get the point. In his electron micrographs, he wrote, "One could see empty-headed phage ghosts on the bacterial surface. I remember in the summer of 1950 or 1951"—six or seven years after Oswald Avery's paper—"hanging over the slide projector table with Hershey... at the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, discussing the wildly comical possibility that only the viral DNA finds its way into the host cell, acting there like a transforming principle in altering the synthetic processes of the cell."

Hershey and Chase decided to see if they could strip off the empty phage

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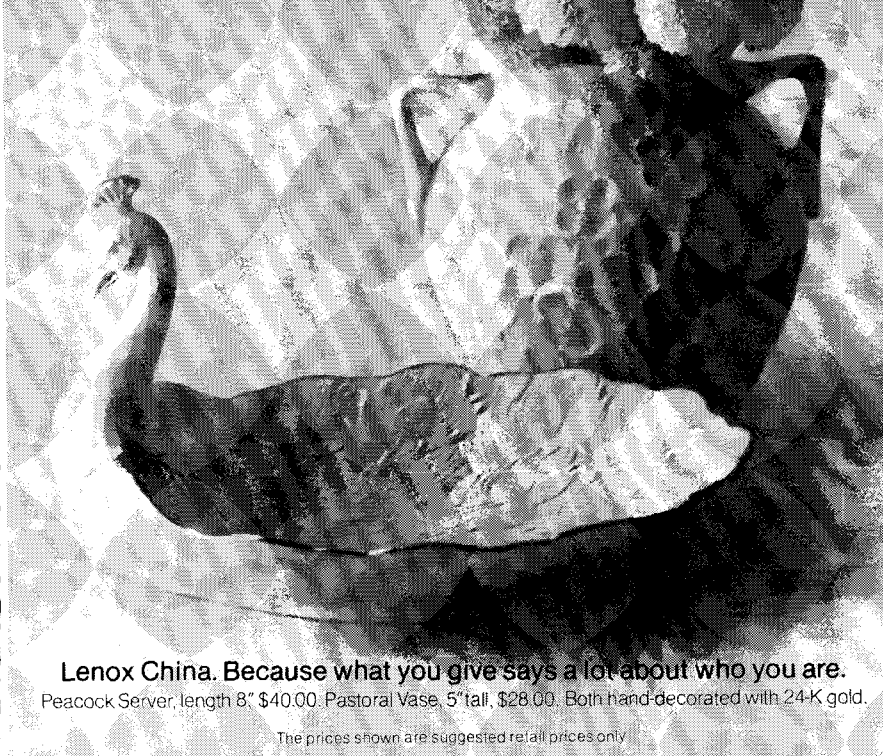
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ghosts from the bacteria and find out what they were and where their contents had gone. DNA contained no sulphur; the phage proteins contained no phosphorus. Accordingly, Hershey and Chase began by growing phage in a bacterial culture with a radioactive isotope as the only phosphorus in the soup, which was taken up in all the phosphate groups as the DNA of the phage progeny was assembled, and, in a parallel experiment, by growing phage whose coat protein was labelled with radioactive sulphur. They used the phage to infect fresh bacteria in broths that were not radioactive, and, a few minutes after infection, tried to separate the bacteria from the emptied phage coats. "We tried various grinding arrangements, with results that weren't very encouraging," Hershey wrote later. Then they made a technological breakthrough, in the best Delbrück fashion of homely improvisation: "When Margaret McDonald loaned us her blender the experiments promptly succeeded."

The blender experiment in its simplicity was buried under detail, other experiments, and redundant caution in their report. This paper is tedious and unnecessary labor to read, and the fame of the experiment rests on it only lightly, for Hershey spread the word by letter months before publication and has recalled the procedure succinctly since. "A chilled suspension of bacterial cells recently infected with phage T2 is spun for a few minutes in a Waring Blender and afterwards centrifuged briefly at a speed sufficient to throw the bacterial cells to the bottom of the tube," he wrote in 1966. The blender generated strong shearing forces in the liquid, and these attacked the fragile connection of viral tail to bacterial wall. After centrifuging, the radioactive labels showed that most of the sulphur-bearing protein remained in the clear liquid but the DNA went down with the bacteria—which could then be removed and resuspended in more broth to go on with the growth cycle and release new, active phage. The controls to exclude all protein from accompanying the DNA were nowhere as inventive or as stringent as Avery's had been. It's an accepted fact that the Waring Blender experiment was biochemically sloppy. But Hershey and Chase used a familiar, favorite organic system to produce a pleasingly symmetrical cleavage between the exclusion of phage protein from bacteria and the taking in of phage DNA. They addressed a large audience and a ready one, for where

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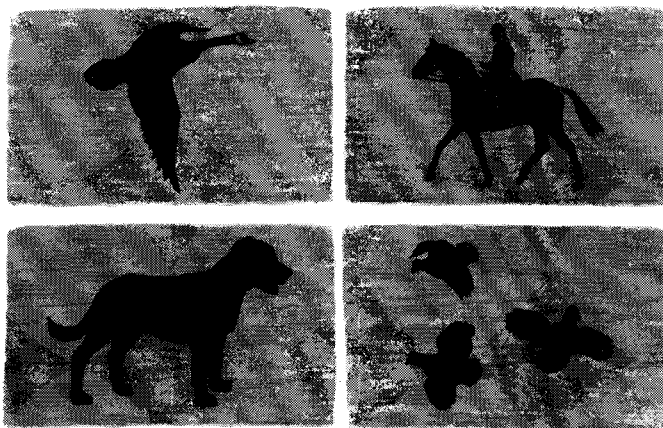


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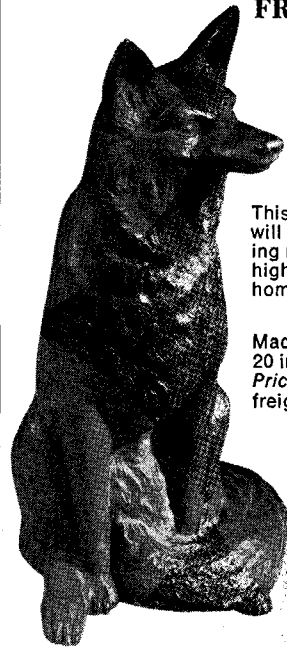
Avery's identification of the transforming principle had seemed an isolated, almost useless result, now the evidence was cumulative. The microbiologists at Oxford asked Watson some sensible, responsive questions. But he went away convinced that "almost no one in the audience of over four hundred microbiologists seemed interested"—except three other members of the phage group: André Lwoff, Gunther Stent, and Seymour Benzer, who had all come over from Lwoff's lab in Paris, and who understood "that from then on everyone was going to place more emphasis on DNA."

Soon thereafter, on May 1st, Watson went with Crick to London for a day-long meeting at the Royal Society on the structure of proteins. It had been called to discuss the alpha helix, and Pauling and Corey were advertised as participants. But the State Department struck again: this was the notorious occasion when Pauling at the last minute was refused a passport, on the suspicion—and despite his firm denials—that he was a Communist. In England, scientists were incredulous, and wrote letters to the *Times*. "What one remembers is the scandal of Pauling's not being there," Crick said. Watson's reaction, reported in "The Double Helix," was mixed: a careless contempt for American policy and southern-California Red-baiters, as well as, he suggested, a pleasure that Pauling would not get the chance to see any X-ray pictures at King's College, London.

Indeed, the giant had begun to stir. While Watson had no particular reason to know it at the time, Pauling had started thinking about DNA, at least as another large molecule to be determined. And, indeed, there was more to be seen at King's than Watson then had any idea of. If Pauling had visited King's, Wilkins and Franklin would have shown him their diffraction photographs of DNA, for, though Wilkins turned down a letter from Pauling requesting prints, the courtesies of a personal visit to one's laboratory are different and hard to evade. Corey did come to London for the meeting on May 1st. He did visit Franklin, and she did show him pictures—though we don't know which ones. But Corey did not have Pauling's mercurial intuition for structures.

Whether Pauling himself could have learned enough at King's to be the first to solve the structure of DNA is a question that must hang forever in the balance. The timing was crucial. Wilkins had the pictures of DNA that he

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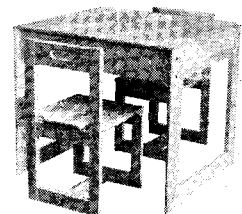
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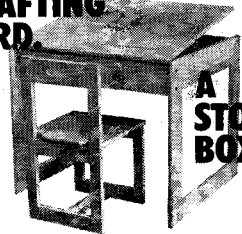
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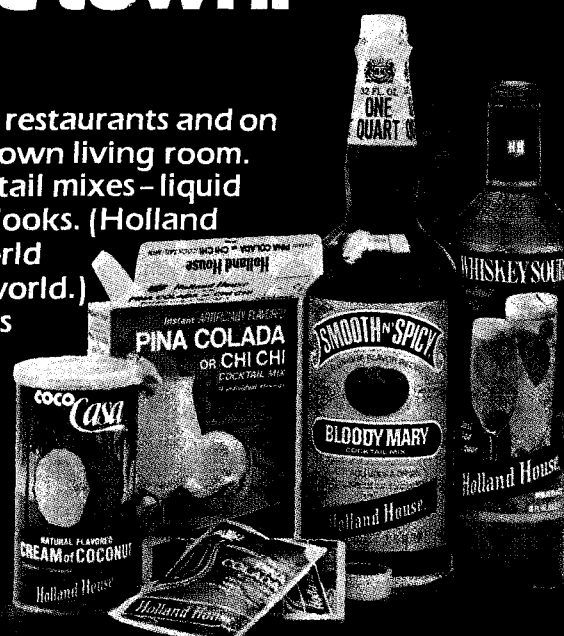
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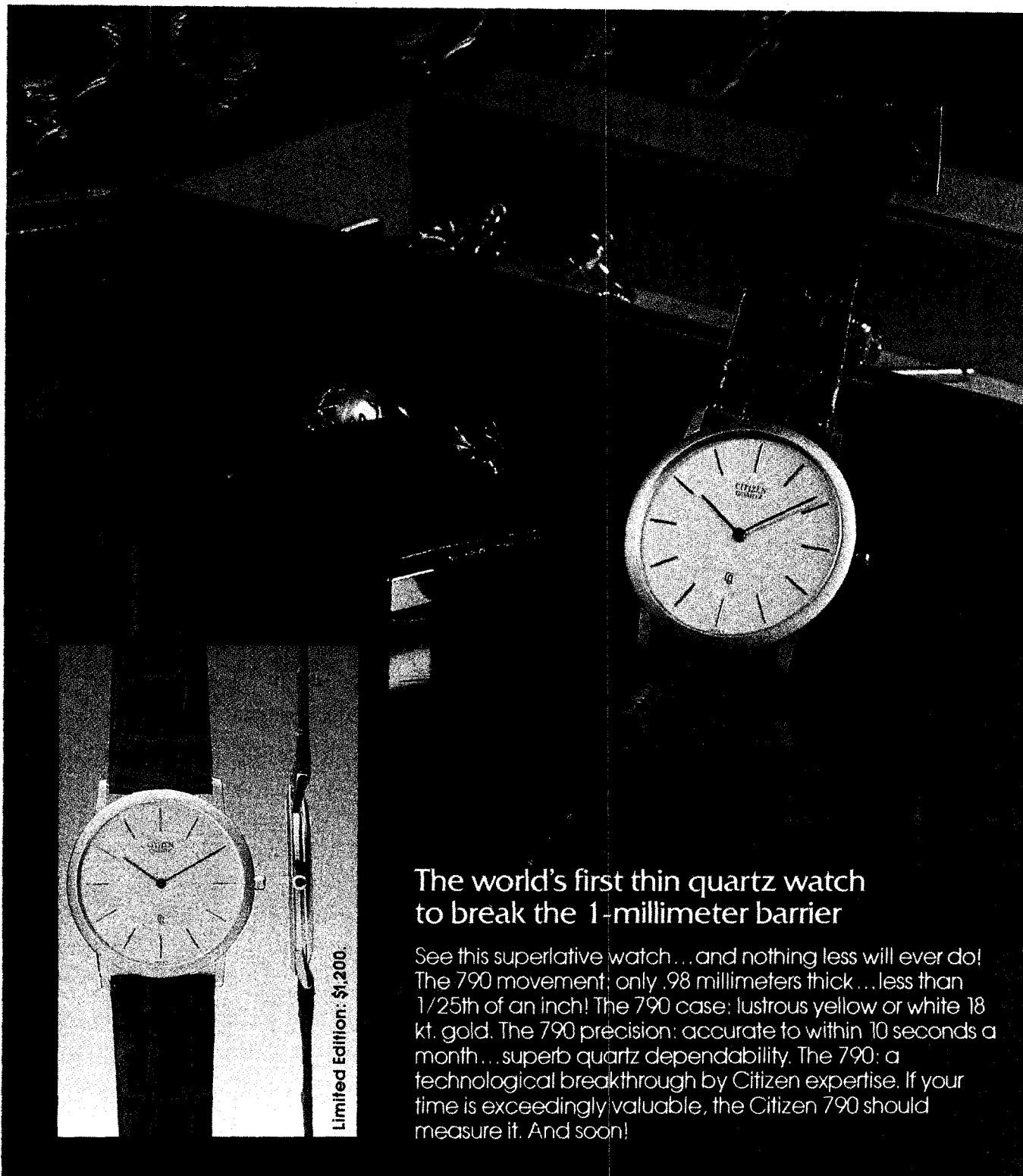
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had taken two years earlier, which first discovered the crystalline state—pictures Watson had seen and Pauling had not. Shut out by Franklin, Wilkins had set up his own X-ray equipment. To his dismay, he found that the samples of DNA brought back from Chargaff in New York could not be made to produce the crystalline pattern, and he had given Franklin the rest of the DNA from Signer in Switzerland, which worked. Wilkins' hopes retreated to his varied cellular specimens and his travels to obtain them; early in 1952, he wrote a long, excited letter to Crick about his program of research for the next months. He said, in part:

I have got *much* better X-ray pictures of the sperm squid which show very nicely a whole series of helical layer lines.... I have found several of your suggestions very valuable but am fairly convinced for many reasons that the phosphates must be on the outside. There is just one part of the picture that still puzzles me but if helices are right we must hit on the explanation soon. I am really getting down to the job myself but haven't done anything on models & chemistry as I think the picture holds a key not yet recognized which will then more or less directly give us the model. I now take my own X-ray pictures & have made new cameras (hence better sperm pictures). But I believe as you that the key to nucleoproteins lies in the crystalline picture.... Franklin barks often but doesn't succeed in biting me. Since I reorganized my time so that I can concentrate on the job, she no longer gets under my skin. I was in a bad way about it all when I last saw you.... I... look forward to discussing all our latest ideas & results with you again. Why don't you come & have lunch with me when you are next in town?... Did you hear I *have* got a Rio invitation? Isn't it grand! In some ways I feel I am a very lucky fellow. And there I hope to collect sperm bundles which contain separate chromosomes & do X-ray pictures of each of the 2 chromosomes in the cell spiralized and unspiralized etc.... I hope I don't go to the devil with all these trips but so far I think they are well worthwhile from the work standpoint.

Franklin had the pictures she had taken the previous fall, which first disclosed that DNA is different in the crystalline and the wet states. Wilkins knew of the distinction; Watson had had good opportunity to learn of it. It was unknown to Pauling. Later, Franklin began to call these the A and B forms of DNA, and that is how they are designated to this day. That winter and spring, she and Gosling stuck to the lab and took more pictures, some much richer, which they had not yet shown to anybody else. By May 1st, Franklin's diffraction patterns had not surrendered any more of the essential dimensions of the molecule, whether in

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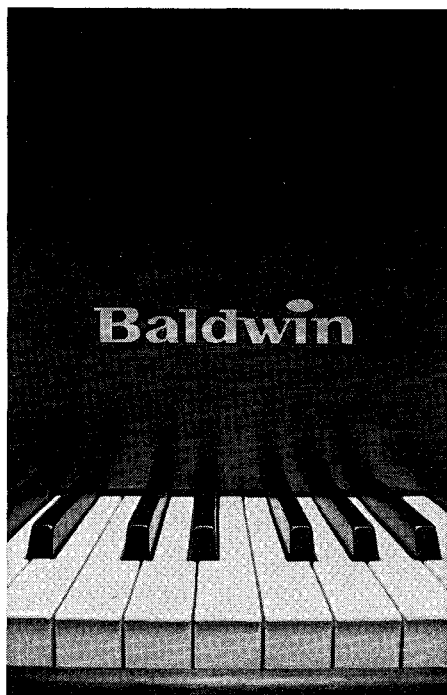


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the A or the B form, but they demonstrated that Astbury's pictures of DNA had mixed the two forms and so were as misleading, in their way, as Pauling had found the patterns of alpha keratin.

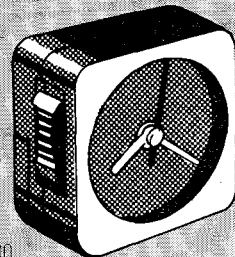
Franklin's new pictures of DNA, however, confronted her with a baffling conflict of evidence. To begin with, it had always been obvious to her that the change from crystalline to wet, or the other way, was a change not of a continuous sort—not a steady swelling of the individual molecule with the uptake of water, say, or some gradual loosening among the many molecules in the fibre—but, rather, a discrete transition, even an abrupt one, between two structural configurations of the molecule. She told Aaron Klug some years later that she had first been struck by the change in form when a fibre she was preparing suddenly stretched so much that it fell out of position for the X-ray beam. The transition from A to B was marked by an increase in the length of the fibres; they grew by fully twenty-five per cent. Early in February, in her annual report for her fellowship, she wrote, "The helix in the wet state is therefore presumably not identical with that of the crystalline state."

In the weeks after that report was written, Franklin's way of thinking about the structure of DNA evolved rapidly. The patterns of the A form were now so good that it appeared possible, given patient measurement and calculation, to work back to the A structure directly, with no need for guesswork or model-building, by the quantitative methods of classical crystallography—in particular, by the methods called Patterson synthesis, after still another member of the Bragg school, the Canadian crystallographer Arthur Lindo Patterson. Nobody had ever done a fibre structure this way. Only the unusual, crystalline order of the DNA fibres in the A form made the idea possible at all. The challenge could not help being attractive: a lot of work, a lot of puzzle, and great intellectual purity. Figuring a Patterson projection of the A structure took almost all Franklin's attention for the next year.

As she started, that spring, some features of the latest diffraction pictures gave her the idea that the A structure could not be a helix after all. Over the Easter weekend, she took a picture of a single fibre that yielded an unusual variant of the A form. "Double orientation," she wrote in her notebook. The spots were all in their right places, but their intensities were asymmetrical in

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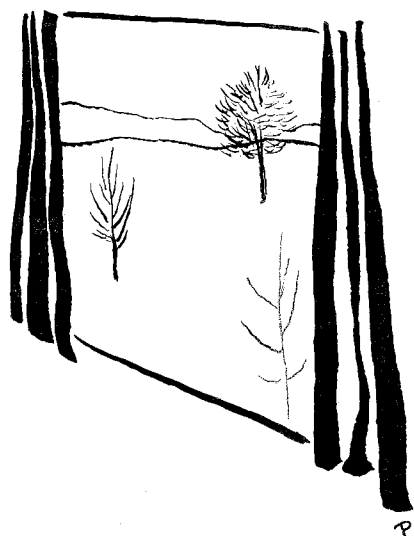
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a systematic way that meant that the scattering of X rays was dominated by one or a few large crystals within the fibre. Picture and fibre were unique, fortuitous—impossible to duplicate, in many attempts. Franklin came to set great store by this picture. It gave a partly independent verification of the initial analysis, called the indexing, of the spots which was the foundation of all ensuing calculations. The picture's asymmetry seemed stubbornly irreconcilable with a helical structure for the A form. In 1968, in an article in *Nature*, Klug tried in Franklin's defense to reconstruct her state of mind:

The patterns she was dealing with were fibres or rotation photographs in which the inherent three-dimensional data are to be had only in two-dimensional form, leading to certain possible ambiguities of indexing of the patterns.... It was quite natural in the context of the new observations to think that the A structure might not be helical at all and to explore structures that were not helical.

Franklin was in the audience at the discussion of proteins on May 1st at the Royal Society, although almost nobody remembers her presence. Wilkins was there, and, in Watson's recollection, said to him that Franklin was now insisting that "her data told her DNA was *not* a helix."

That same day, Franklin had the equipment running to take an X-ray picture of a fibre that had previously given her a good photograph of the B form. On the morning of May 2nd, a Friday, she developed the film. In the notebook she was using—a small red school-exercise book—she identified the picture as the forty-ninth in the series she had started the previous September, and observed, "V good 'wet' photo." She tried another fibre in a short exposure that afternoon. That evening, she set up the good fibre again



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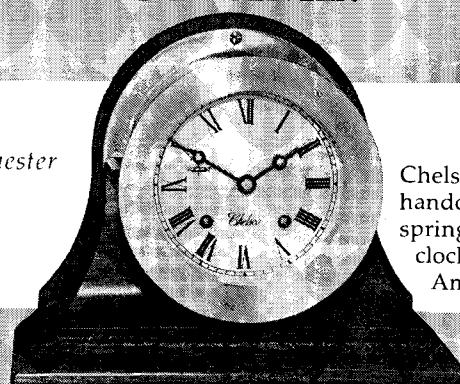
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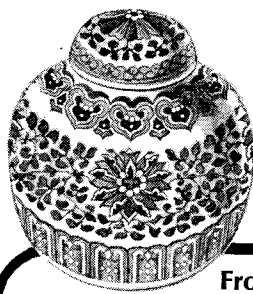
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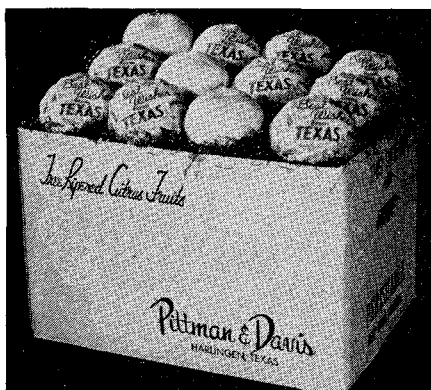
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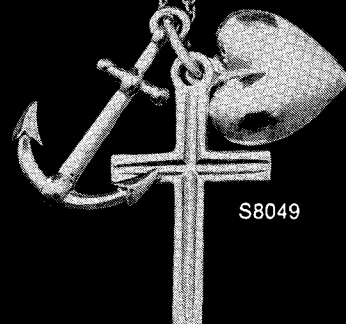
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with the film holder more accurately centered on the X-ray source. Over the months, she had evolved a careful procedure. To eliminate scattering of the X-ray beam by air, the apparatus was enclosed and a steady stream of hydrogen was blown through it—a method Randall had introduced into the lab two years before. (The experiment was not without hazard.) To maintain the fibres at a chosen wetness, she bubbled the hydrogen through water—actually, through a saturated solution of ammonium sulphate, a simple salt—so that the gas entered the camera at seventy-five-per-cent relative humidity. Other humidities, other salt solutions: exact control of the water content was one of the new techniques by which Franklin got better pictures. At half past six, she switched the equipment on. An hour later, she turned on the X-ray tube to start the exposure. At some time over the weekend, there was an interruption of thirty-two hours, but her notes don't say why. At five o'clock Tuesday afternoon, she ended the exposure. She gave the picture the number 51, and figured its total exposure at sixty-two hours.

Compared with all previous B patterns that Franklin had obtained, these two pictures were vivid—No. 51 especially so. The over-all pattern was a huge blurry diamond. The top and bottom points of the diamond were capped by heavily exposed dark arcs. From the bull's-eye, a striking arrangement of short, horizontal smears stepped out along the diagonals in the shape of an X. The pattern shouted helix. In a quieter voice, it said much more. On each arm, the first three smears out from the center were intensely marked, the one on the fourth layer was almost invisible, the fifth was clear again. The memory of Astbury's data, confirmed by a brief calculation from this new diffraction pattern, identified the heavy outer arc, top and bottom, as the 3.4-angstrom spacing between nucleotides. A ruler placed on the print showed Franklin at once—showed anyone who placed it there—that these heavy outside arcs fell on the tenth layer. In the reciprocal relation of real space to diffraction pattern, the innermost layer therefore represented 34 angstroms. That is a shade less than one hundred and thirty-four billionths of an inch. And so, inescapably, just this simply, the helix made one full turn in 34 angstroms, and each full turn contained exactly ten nucleotides if the helix were single, ten nucleotide pairs or triplets if there were two or three strands. In a whisper

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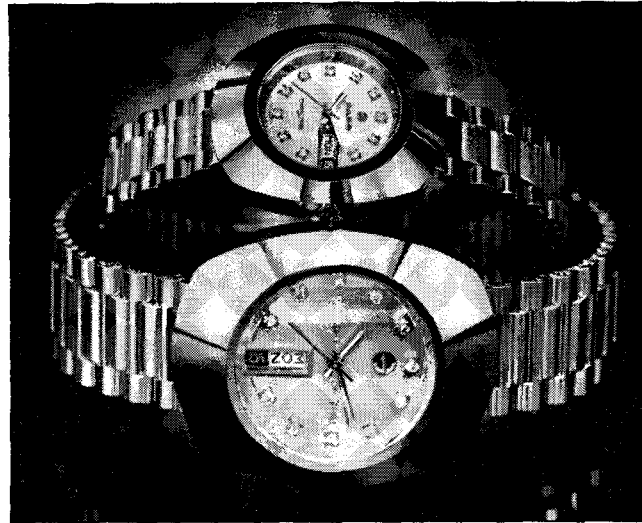


audible to a trained intelligence, the pattern said more yet. Because the spots making up the arms were so strong and clear, they had to be caused by the heaviest components of the structure—which in DNA were the phosphate groups—lying on the curve of the helix itself. The bases were accordingly turned inward. Careful determination of the angle between the arms of the cross and another calculation put the diameter of the helix at about 20 angstroms. How to perform that calculation had been demonstrated in *Nature* the previous February by Cochran and Crick in their paper on helical-diffraction theory.

Not until the middle of March, 1953—more than ten months after she took the picture—did Franklin reach all these conclusions about the B structure of DNA, in a thorough analysis of photograph No. 51. In the first week of May, 1952, she thought only briefly and tentatively about No. 49; at the end of a couple of pages of measurements, she saw that the pattern “suggests that there is an integral number (or simple fractional number) of residues per turn of helix (if there is a helix) even in the ‘wet’ state,” and noted that “in passing from ‘crystal-line’ to ‘wet’... the fibre-axis period is extended by about 25% (27 angstroms to 34 angstroms).” There she stopped, and put the pictures of the B form aside to get on with the solution of the A structure. She turned her back on her own discovery of the B structure of DNA and her own best evidence that that structure, at least, was helical. It was one of these two photographs, most likely No. 51, that Watson saw ten months later that gave him the flash of understanding that set him and Crick off on their second attempt to build a model. And so if Pauling had come to London for the Royal Society discussion on May 1st he would not have seen the most important picture of them all—unless he had stayed on for a long weekend in England before going around to visit King’s College.

WATSON, that spring, was also doing crystallography. His excursion into tobacco-mosaic virus began in the winter and stretched into the summer. That the virus causing the mosaic blight of tobacco could be precipitated as a crystal out of the juice of infected plants had been discovered by Wendell Stanley, at the Rockefeller Institute, in 1935. It was the most portentous and publicized biological discovery of the decade. The idea of a living, self-reproducing entity behaving

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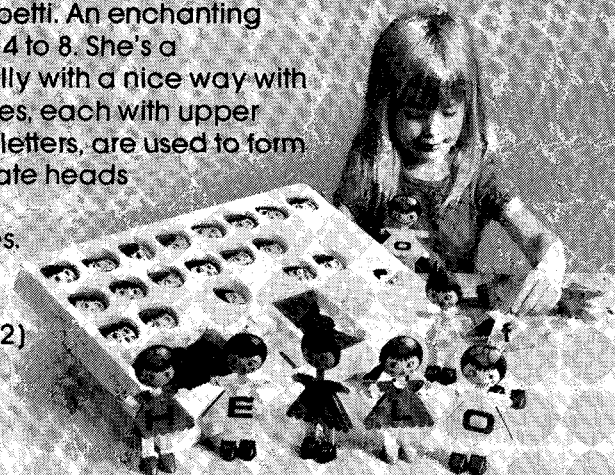
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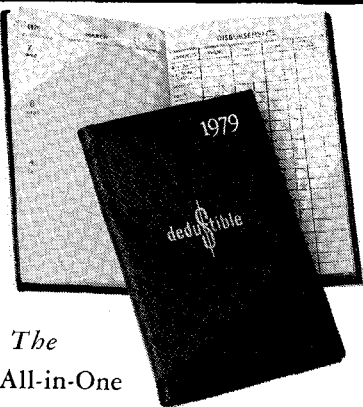
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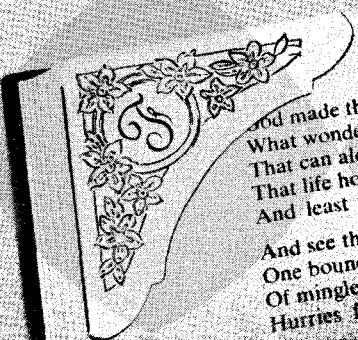
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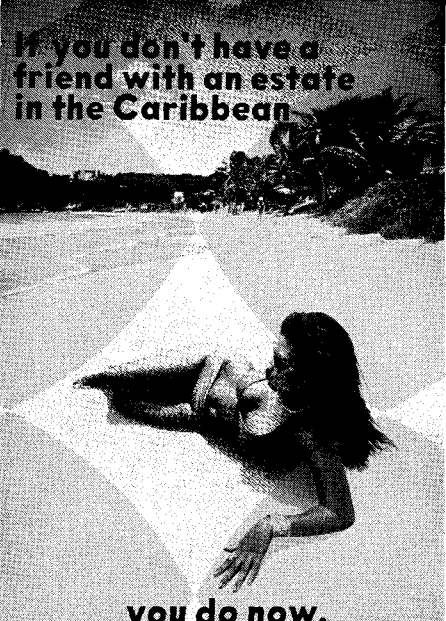
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as a simple chemical, for all the world like salt or sugar, caught the imagination of laymen and scientists alike: the implications about the secret of life were for those days wildly, provocatively reductionist. The electron microscope, when first turned on the virus a few years later, disclosed featureless rods nearly twenty times as long as thick, smaller and much less complex than many bacteriophages but very big compared to, say, protein molecules. As in other viruses that attack plant cells, the nucleic acid in tobacco-mosaic virus was not DNA but RNA; it amounted to six per cent of the particle, while the rest was protein. This was not quite the system of virus and host that Watson was used to, nor the nucleic acid he was interested in.

Although the virus particles were large for X-ray diffraction, Bernal and a colleague had tried some pictures just before the war. The result was one of the most striking pieces of X-ray research of its day: it showed that each separate tobacco-mosaic virus was itself made up of regularly repeating identical sub-units. Watson, looking at Bernal's diffraction pictures with Crick's talk ringing in his ears, thought they suggested something more: that the sub-units were put together helically. On the analogy with bacteriophage, the protein shell would be wrapped around a nucleic-acid core. To prove it, Watson had to get Crick to teach him the mathematics of helical configurations in X-ray diffraction, and to persuade others to show him how to grow and mount the crystals and use the X-ray equipment. His first patterns were poor. That spring, a new, fast, much stronger X-ray tube was set up at the Cavendish; with this and practice, Watson's pictures began to improve. Late one night in June, he came back to the lab to turn off the machine and develop a picture. "The moment I held the still wet negative against the light box, I knew we had it," he wrote. "The tell-tale helical markings were unmistakable." Crick confirmed the next morning that Watson had made a solid discovery. Further, Watson, like Crick, could now recognize instantly and interpret in detail the X-ray-diffraction patterns produced by helices.

Rosalind Franklin, at King's, was the only person in the world that spring who was working steadily at the problem of the structure of DNA. Watson and Crick, at Cambridge, fretted over it intermittently but were banned from active pursuit. Wilkins, at King's, understood the problem's interest but wasn't doing much. Pau-



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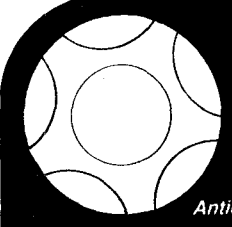
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ling, at Caltech, by his own accounts and in the recollections of people close to his work at the time, was still interested chiefly in proteins, particularly in proving that pleated sheet as well as the alpha helix could be found as a live structure.

The question that DNA presented to them all was extremely simple: How did the strands of the DNA molecule go together? But there are several ways of restating what that meant, so that each time the question was held up to the light its aspects swam into focus and out again. Seen as an unusual essay in pure crystallography, as Franklin wanted to solve it, the problem was static: Exactly where was each group of atoms and how was it aligned? Seen as model-building, by Watson or Pauling, the correct shapes of the parts and at least the broad limitations on the whole had to be sorted out from the work of biochemists and crystallographers, and then the puzzle was geometrical: How could the bits all be assembled without breaking any of the rules? Seen as functioning biology—and perhaps Crick understood it this way most clearly—the question became dynamic: How did the structure dictate the assembly of replicas of itself—on itself, from itself—so accurately that DNA could carry the hereditary message? These were all really versions of the same question. The answer to any would be the answer to all.

—HORACE FREELAND JUDSON

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

SOCIAL AND GASTRONOMICAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Santa Fe (N.M.)
New Mexican]

Colorfully garbed mariachis were playing as the guests arrived to enjoy drinks and finger foods while they relaxed after two active days. The upper sundeck at the second level was a popular gathering place to watch the sunset over the distant mountains. John Egan, manager of the ranch, assisted his mother as did the attractive young women in the family.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Taming the Movies

"MOVIE MOVIE" is a dum-dum title for a pair of skillful parodies that were written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller under the provisional title "Double Feature." The idea is to stir up our happy memories of early talkies—especially the Warners fight pictures and musicals, with their tenement-born heroes and heroines who conquered the big city. Movies of that period commonly ran about seventy minutes and were double-billed, but these two—"Dynamite Hands," in black and white, and "Baxter's Beauties of 1933," in color—run their full course in about fifty minutes each. The lines are stylized, cryptic: the dialogue of the thirties has been compacted into its essential clichés, which the characters innocently mismatch, so that the feelings they express go askew. And the way the characters say each other's names, as if to remind the person they're talking to of who he is, has a ritual quality—like the latest celebrity paying homage to Carson by answering his first question with "Actually, Johnny, you're the reason all this has happened to me." Stanley Donen, who directed, gives the material some of the magical Warners resilience: the characters define themselves instantly and completely—they're flash-

card characters—and they're played by performers who pop out at us, through sheer acting energy. The two "features," which give chances to a lot of new people, have some of the zest that the brash, intrepid performers fresh from the stage brought to early talkies. Harry Hamlin, the night-school-law-student-turned-boxer of "Dynamite Hands," and the Broadway dancer Ann Reinking, who plays Troubles Moran, the grinning blond gangster's moll who corrupts him, are both making their film débuts. Barry Bostwick, the Dick Powell-like singer-composer of "Baxter's Beauties of 1933," is relatively new to the screen, and this is the first film of Rebecca York, who plays the Ruby Keeler innocent who inspires him. What keeps a viewer happy throughout is the performing gang; even the old-timers seem to be on their toes, responding to the fresh talent.

The star of both features is George C. Scott. In the first, he's a white-haired old geezer—Gloves Malloy, a manager-trainer who devotes himself to young Joey (Hamlin). And in the second—a parody of backstage musicals, based principally on "42nd Street" (1933)—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario, like War-

ner Baxter in that film. The writers have tied the two features together by having them open at the same crossroads and by giving Scott parallel final scenes—both real rousers that he does full justice to—and also by giving him a helper (Red Buttons) who serves exactly the same function in both. So we get the feeling of the way the films of a particular studio used to resemble each other. And the crack young art director, Jack Fisk, tips us to the economies of thirties moviemaking by using the same huge, duplex Art Deco set for a gangster's lair in the first and a Broadway star's white, overscaled dressing room in the second. Perhaps the greatest compliment that can be paid to Stanley Donen's skill with the actors here is to point out that Red Buttons—Red Buttons!—never milks a line, and that Eli Wallach, who also appears in both, doesn't become obnoxious. Wallach usually has irrelevant energy pouring out of him, and doesn't do anything *plain* anymore—he's always busy being in character. Somehow, Donen has restored him to simplicity, and as Vince, the dead-faced, mean-eyed gangster, in the first, and Pop, the stage doorman, in the second, he's more likable than he has been in many years. There's also Art Carney as a doctor in both features; it's easy to forget him, because he's the kind of good actor who does things so instinctively that you don't see any actor's tension or control—he just plays his part, as if there were nothing to it.

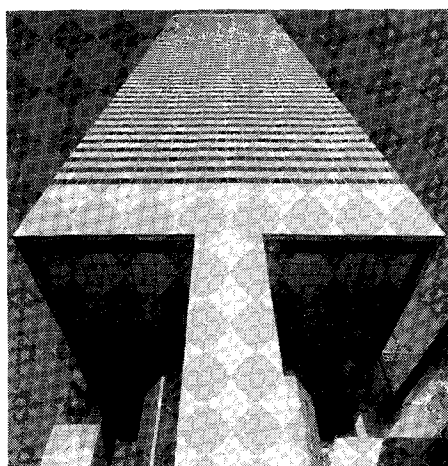
All the casting in "Dynamite Hands" is successful. As Joey, the law student with the knockout punch, Harry Hamlin has a dark, puffy-lipped handsomeness that he uses for a straightforward, open-faced effect. He can reject the suggestion that he turn prizefighter with the reproof "These hands are for reading books" and get his laugh without ever tipping you off that he knows a laugh is coming. He manages to make Joey totally earnest, and yet do it lightly, buoyantly. As Joey's corrupter—the night-club performer who wriggles and kicks while she sings—Ann Reinking out-Ann-Margrets Ann-Margret. Her number is a little too naked for thirties torchiness, which was slow and slinky; with her big, frizzy blond wig, she looks like a Berlin dandelion—more Paramount Continental than Warners Manhattan. But Reinking is exuberantly likable on her own; she has her angles and curves so completely in control that she carries the concept of sexpot to abstract heights. And she's stylized in her acting scenes, too: she's funny in a bemused, metallic way.



Donen has the performers playing not in thirties style but, rather, in a seventies style that includes just a shade of comment on the thirties, and Kathleen Beller, as Joey's sister Angie, who needs an operation to keep from going blind (that's what sends Joey into the prize ring), and Michael Kidd and Jocelyn Brando, as Joey's and Angie's parents, have also mastered it. It's just a slight distension of innocence—the shallowness is built into it, so that the characters' emotions don't last beyond the scenes in which they're aroused. As the ingénue—Joey's faithful librarian girlfriend—Trish Van Devere is a little mature and mock-ingenuous, but she shows some of the tickling charm that she had in her first picture, "Where's Poppa?" When she's feeding her pigeons and speaking in her cultivated voice, she has comic style; she can discuss those pigeons ("Socrates is dead; Plato's very lonely") with a mournful precision that is all her own.

But she can't play the boozing old vamp of "Baxter's Beauties of 1933." In a raven wig and a red satiny negligee, she's a self-conscious lunk, like Julia Child dressed up as a Polynesian hooker, and she's a dead weight right at the center of the story. When you watch someone playing a drunken Broadway star, you expect to see what made that person a star; with Trish Van Devere, you know that it's only casting—Miss Van Devere is also Mrs. Scott. And the Scotts overdo things when they play together: they were too arch with each other on the stage in "Sly Fox" (written by Gelbart), and they have detracted from each other's performances in several movies and in their TV "Beauty and the Beast." Their scenes here turn into limp farce. In the days of touring companies, husband-and-wife teams could be forgiven a lot, but viewers of a movie like this one may feel that there's an impropriety—and an injustice to all concerned—in the star's wife's being cast in a role for which she's clearly unsuitable. And because spoofing thirties musicals has become a light industry, this casting failure takes a larger toll than it might in more original material. Trish Van Devere's role has a lineage: Bebe Daniels played it in "42nd Street," which was loosely based on the 1929 Technicolor musical "On with the Show," in which Betty Compson played it; Gladys George did a variation as the besotted, self-pitying star in "The Hard Way" (1943), and more recently Glenda Jackson did a wry takeoff in "The Boy Friend." It's a part that demands hardness—pungency—and Van Devere, with her

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pure, schoolmistressy diction, is amateurishly soft.

Scott himself isn't at his ease in this backstage story; he doesn't look right in Spats Baxter's dapper toupee—you're uncomfortably aware of his bulk, and he seems to be acting down. It's a ponderous performance. One of the sources of the public's joy in thirties movies was that everybody was always in a hurry, and Scott lacks that manic urgency. This whole second feature lacks it, except when Barry Bostwick is on the screen. He has that wonderful Dick Powell candied-yam cheerfulness, and there's six feet four of him falling all over himself. He's called Dick, and his true-blue, unruffled Ruby Keeler is Kitty. (Were Gelbart and Keller doing a little homage to the progenitive "On with the Show," in which Sally O'Neil, who played the part, was called Kitty? Or is it just an accident, or perhaps an unconscious homage—a little kick-back of memory?) Rebecca York's Kitty is played with a charming, youthful straightness. York isn't nearly as clunkish as Ruby Keeler; she's a trifle more toothy and saucer-eyed, but, if anything, she's less dopey. And as her aging-cutie roommate, Trixie the trouser, Barbara Harris, with beestung lips and a curly reddish-blond wig, looks more like a wacked-out barmaid than ever. She has such knowing eyes and such a perfect sad pout it's a pity she doesn't have more lines; she's the petite essence of all the hard-luck girls who pined for men who never gave them a tumble.

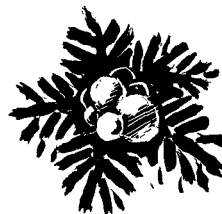
"Movie Movie" is almost terrific, but it's also a little flat. Some of the timing is off, and the second feature sags, but the problem goes deeper than these lapses. Watching the two linked features, we know that all our guesses about what's coming are going to be right—the authors aren't going to take the potentialities in the archetypal stories and throw a curve with them. They're going to stick to little jokes—and do exactly the same thing in both features. And Donen hasn't given this rather limited approach much visual help. Early Warners talkies were shot in a fairly basic style, but the camera in both these films jumps all over the place, and the indifferent lighting doesn't suggest the thirties, either. The humor is almost all verbal, and though the fouled-up clichés are entertaining, you begin to wish that there had been a few additional gag writers brought in, to break the pattern of facetiousness and

jump off from it. "Movie Movie" doesn't have the Dadaist mania that sometimes exploded in the movie satires Carol Burnett did on her show: when she was playing the Bette Davis twins in "A Swiped Life" and turned herself into a foghorn, or when she played Scarlett O'Hara and came on in her finery to greet Rhett Butler with the drapery rod across her shoulders. And "Movie Movie" could use some of that golden hysteria of taking the situations in old movies to a logical extreme, as Charles Ludlam does with the Ridicu-

lous Theatrical Company, putting viewers' secret wild fantasies about the stars and the plot situations right into the story. Clearly, the moviemakers wanted to avoid sophistication, satire, and camp, and one can appreciate why. Their simple com-

edy-parody approach holds us for the length of "Dynamite Hands." But "Baxter's Beauties of 1933" is so cautious that we don't feel the thirties excitement of shrill voices backstage telling the dancers to get out there faster, faster, and we don't have the elation of the final "hit," when the lovable unknowns stop the show. Having decided to be comedic but to avoid camp, the moviemakers and Michael Kidd, the choreographer, don't know what to do about Baxter's show, which turns out to be a few fragments of watered-down Busby Berkeley, and not nearly as surreal as what is being parodied.

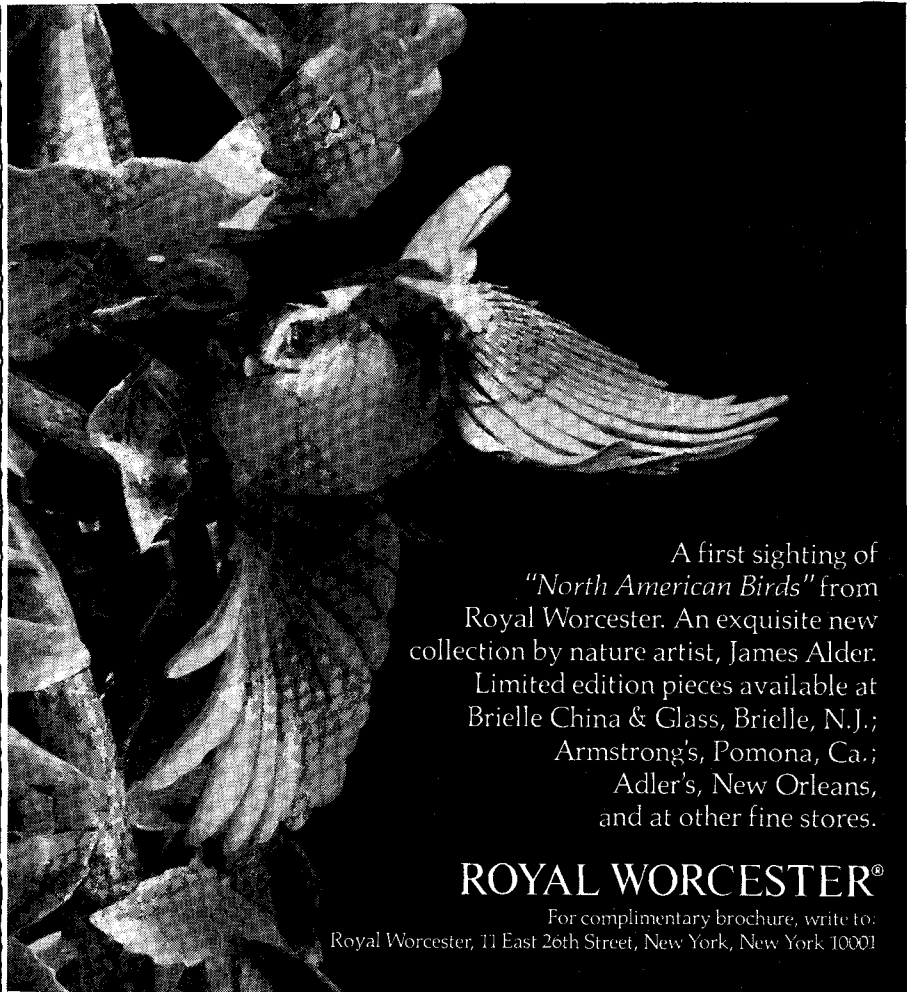
The film opens with a pathetic prologue in which George Burns, still wearing the nimbus of "Oh, God!" (from a Gelbart screenplay), explains what we are about to see, as if double features belonged to the prehistory of man. He tells us that thirty, forty years ago "everything was black and white, except when they sang sometimes it came out in color"—which makes no sense, because that doesn't happen here and it belonged to the pre-thirties anyway. Why is it assumed by the very people who love movies that movie history is so trivial that it doesn't matter what they give God to say? And then there's the rollicky music (it recalls the score for Mel Brooks' "Silent Movie") to assure us that the picture is going to be harmless. "Movie Movie" is friendly and funny and enjoyable, but it also gives you a sense of the timidity of moviemaking now, and of how talented people who have been working in television, such as Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, internalize the censorial pressures and restrictions. When they



get a chance to work in movies, their own conventionality runs very deep. "Movie Movie" takes fewer chances than Gelbart's "M*A*S*H" series has taken. Movies were never really this tame: Burnett and Ludlam get closer to the true happy dirty madness.

BERNARD SLADE's two-character, one-set play, "Same Time, Next Year," is about an accountant, George (Alan Alda), and a housewife, Doris (Ellen Burstyn)—both in their twenties and both more or less contentedly married—who meet by chance in an inn on the northern-California coast, have a one-night stand, and resolve to meet the following year. They meet for twenty-six years in all, and the play (or film—it makes no difference) invites us in to share their anniversaries every five years. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. The gimmick is the way that social changes and fashions in dress and ideas are reflected in these two, and the single joke is that adultery can be regulated and celebrated, just like marriage. Of course it can be, if you remove every ounce of passion and sexual tension from it, which is what Slade and the director, Robert Mulligan, do. This is cozy adultery, between two ciphers who are devoted to each other. I've sensed more physical attraction between two neighbors gossiping across the back fence than there is between George and Doris. And the neighborly gossip had lustier language than there is in Slade's blanched-out dialogue; he's a TV writer (the creator of "The Flying Nun"), and you hear it in every line, except that without a laugh track these sitcom lines sound slow and reverential. Mulligan's contribution seems to be to make the film soggy in every detail, and he has the best-qualified helpers. Marvin Hamlisch's chord progressions are like flowered wallpaper, and the cinematographer, Robert Surtees, lights the movie for an effect of monochromatic gentility that makes his gentility in "The Turning Point" seem savage. If someone you make the mistake of caring about insists on your going to this movie, take a small flashlight and a book.

How are the performances? Well, on the stage a time span of twenty-six years can give veteran actors a chance to show off their skills, including mimicking youth. But the camera ruthlessly exposes this kind of mimicry, and the exposure is almost all we can think about. The actors begin to seem older than they are. For Doris at twenty-four, Ellen Burstyn lightens her voice



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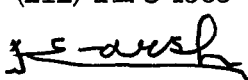
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to a sprightly little-girlishness, and she glows for all she's worth—she achieves a state of radiant waxiness. She doesn't let up on that glow until the end, when she's playing a faded fifty in foggy focus (and acting more like seventy). She plays nicey-nice, and you've never seen so much wise womanly understanding. She doesn't really act in this movie—she apes movie emotions. Alda's performance isn't willfully self-contained and off-putting, like Burstyn's. It's more tragic. Alda, whose understanding of TV is probably as acute as Cary Grant's understanding of movies, has been able to sustain his easygoing appeal in every light-comedy TV appearance. He knows just how to pace himself and project on TV, but he must long for the opportunities that only movie stardom can provide. He's an actor of extraordinary resources: late last year, in a television show called "Kill Me If You Can," he played Caryl Chessman, and, in the totally unsentimental two-hour performance, which was more abrasive, riskier than what any star except De Niro has attempted in movies of recent years, there wasn't a gesture or an intonation that was familiar from the Hawkeye character on "M*A*S*H" which he has played weekly from the start of the series. (It's now in its sixth season.) He may be our only great actor who has, up to now, proved himself only on television. Others (such as Jonathan Winters and Carol Burnett) have proved their greatness as comedians, but no one else I know of has demonstrated the full acting range that Alda has. Yet he hasn't found the director and the role that would enable him to show what he can do on the big screen. (Olivier had to wait for William Wyler to teach him how to adapt his stage technique; perhaps a comparable movie director could sense what Alda's problem is, and free him so that he could fill the screen.) His performance here is underscaled, and he makes the kind of mistake that an actor with too much integrity is likely to make: George is hung-up and fatuous—he's a schmuck—and Alda stays in character. He never releases his full charm or personality, in the way that a movie star needs to (especially in a two-actor movie), and neither does he have the nervous comic inflections of a specialist in schmucks, like Charles Grodin (who first played the role on Broadway, opposite Burstyn). Alda just seems uncomfortable and emasculated, and in the scenes of farcical panic, when the innkeeper knocks on the door, or when

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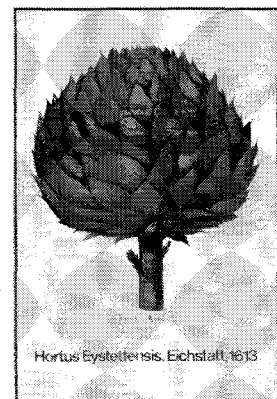
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Doris suddenly goes into labor, he is stupefyingly bad.

He might at least have saved face if he had just stayed on the surface and used some tricks, but he's trying to give a searching performance, and the material is actually much worse than "The Flying Nun"—it's totally neutralized. This is the sort of movie in which, when Doris's marriage is falling apart, George patches it up by talking to her husband, on the pretense that he's a priest—the sort of bland, sickly-sweet movie in which, as soon as George tells Doris that he hasn't been able to cry for his son who was killed in Vietnam, you know he's going to break down in the next instant and start sobbing in her arms. It's not surprising that writers should tell lies for profit; what's surprising is that they can make a profit out of the same old lies. "Same Time, Next Year" features the teasing concept of adultery while preserving total asexual respectability; that's what kept it going on Broadway for three and a half years—it shows that people can lead double banal lives. At the end, George and Doris are both soft and beige; they could be posing for a beige valentine. Didn't Alda recognize that this material is like kapok? It's like wadding for your mind—and Alda is trying to find some truth in it. —PAULINE KAEHL

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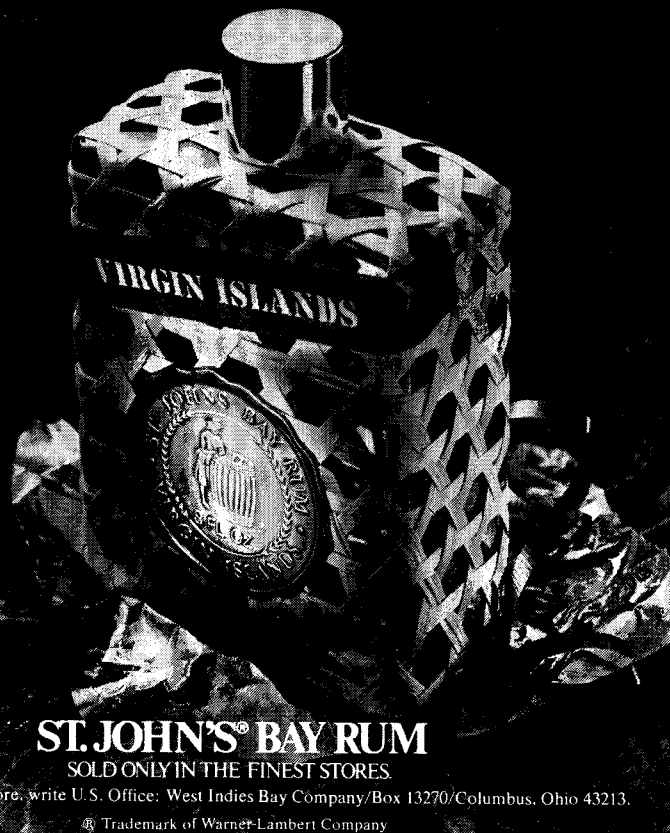
In a corner of a parlor car
window a thin crescent is
the moon. Below,
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is oily bilge.
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the ugly houses;
the parlor car
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—JAMES SCHUYLER

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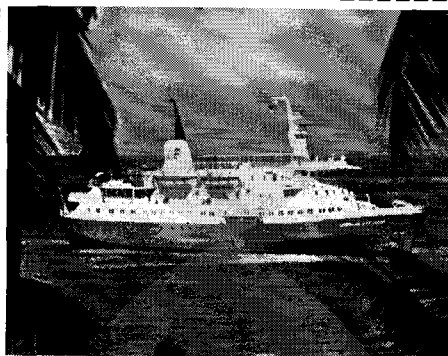
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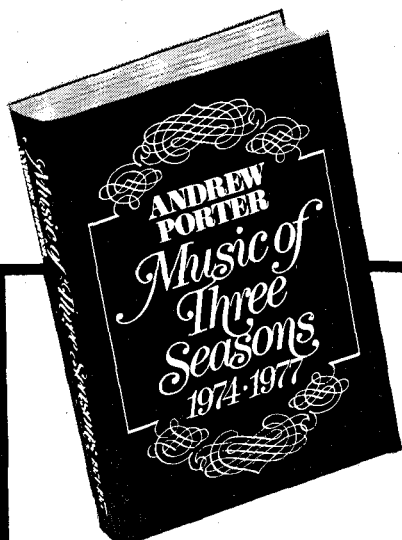
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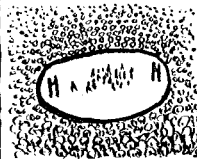
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For the Record



FOOTBALL is in the early years of its second century, yet no season of this perennial pastime can have approached its end—the climactic duel between Army and Navy this coming weekend—with a springier step. Even such foregone conclusions as Dartmouth over Princeton and Brown over Columbia, on the final day of the Ivy League curriculum, were arrived at briskly indeed. Princeton twice took the lead, and twice Teevens, as adroit a quarter as Dartmouth ever fielded, had to take it upon himself to run the ball in for the tying touchdown. Not until this young man, on his last day in office, had turned the ball over to his favorite sophomore fledglings, Dufresne and Shula, for a touchdown apiece, was Princeton subdued, at 28-21. It was a match that gave great credit to both participants. Columbia stood off Brown the length of the first half before giving way, at 24-12, to a team led by Whipple, at quarter on his last day, who threw the ball for two hundred and forty-seven yards, and his favorite sophomore, Villella, who ran it for a hundred and six. And Pennsylvania was ahead of Cornell, at 17-7, at the end of the first half; then, as Holland, on his last day in office, ran in his second, third, and fourth touchdowns of the afternoon, Pennsylvania fell far enough astern to lose out at 35-17. It was the finish of a sixteen-touchdown fall for Holland, during which he pranced a total of just under fourteen hundred yards. This narrator had glimpses of Teevens' scamperings and Shula's dying-fall midair catches on film, and witnessed the entire picnic staged in Boston—Yale 35, Harvard 28—from the top of the stadium there. Thus, he could study both the Dartmouth and the Yale versions of the flea-flicker, that wondrous beanbag maneuver, without ever leaving his seat. For Dartmouth, the flicker went cross-lots from Teevens to Henry to Brewster to Teevens and then downfield to Shula; that set up Dartmouth's final touchdown. For Yale, in a fix in the last moments of its contest, the ball went from O'Brien, at quarter, to Sullivan, at tailback, and back to O'Brien, and got Yale out of the fix—permanently, it turned out. So at sundown it was Dartmouth at the top of the League,

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Yale and Brown a step behind, in second place.

It is unlikely that anything more delirious will ever occur on any playing field than the series of maneuvers—a mere thirteen in all—that enabled Yale and Harvard, in the second quarter, to pick up two touchdowns apiece in a matter of approximately five minutes. Harvard got its pair in just four downs, on straight-as-an-arrow throws by Brown. For Yale, Hill, a monumental performer that day, ran the ensuing kickoff twenty-three yards out from his goal; then O'Brien pitched back to Spagnola, that monumental end, who lofted the ball to the Harvard thirty-four, where Krystyniak, that other monumental Yale end, gathered it in and went for a touchdown. Next, on fourth down, Harvard kicked to Nondorf, on the Yale forty-one, who ran to the Harvard eighteen, and O'Brien pitched out on an option to Hill for another touchdown. Brown, throwing three hundred and one yards for Harvard, was never intercepted; O'Brien was caught out only twice, by the minute Harvard cornerback Cordova, and on the second of these interceptions the towering Spagnola lifted the ball out of Cordova's hands and took off for the winning touchdown. To fend off Yale's deftest and daffiest schemes, Harvard went at last into a formation in which Brown was in effect the entire backfield; all else were linemen or flankers. Hail to the panoply of Ivy League football such as this!

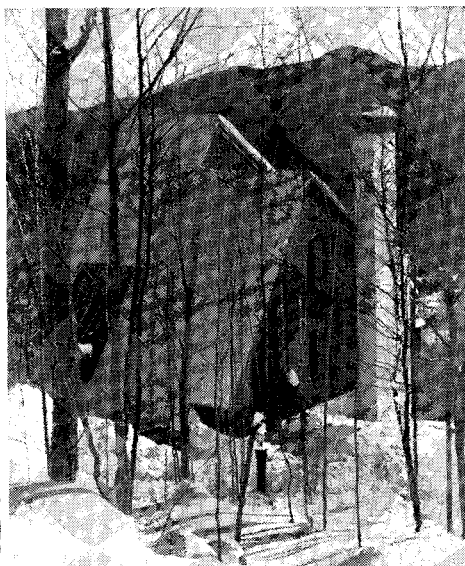
A study of the extremely lively freshman matches this commentator has observed this fall suggests that Dartmouth and Yale and Brown should be as closely bunched at the top next season as they were this year, and that Diana (not the Olympic huntress but Rich Diana, a Yale running back) will be a sophomore the equal in stockiness and speed and thrust of anyone else the Ivy League can possibly field next September.

CODICIL: Weekend before last, Colgate lost once again, this time to Delaware, at 38-29, though not before Marzo, entrusted by Colgate for the first time with the post of quarter for the whole afternoon, had thrown the ball for a quartet of touchdowns and four hundred and eighty-two yards. That was the spark that set Colgate afire. Last Saturday, with Mancini occasionally spelling Marzo, Colgate finished its season by picking off its most formidable opposition—blustery, Big Time Rutgers—at 14-9. Little David, take a bow.

—J. W. L.



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THIS is the time of year when all trainers' geese look like swans. The fact is that there does seem to be a first-class collection of colts who will become three-year-olds on New Year's Day, and this promises lively competition for the 1979 Triple Crown. The group includes Bert Firestone's General Assembly, Hawksworth Farm's Spectacular Bid, Calumet's Tim the Tiger—the list is a good one. Another name was added to it at Aqueduct last Saturday when Pen-Y-Bryn Farm's Instrument Landing, the winner of the recent Nashua, took the lead early in the \$80,625, nine-furlong Remsen Stakes and won by three-quarters of a length from Lucy's Axe. Picturesque was third, another three and a quarter lengths behind. Running over a muddy track, Instrument Landing withstood a strong challenge from Lucy's Axe, who came in fourth in the Nashua, and is another colt to watch next year.

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INDIVIDUALITY IN MEN'S FOOTWEAR

DESPITE the weather, which was nothing to cheer about, racing on Thanksgiving Day began earlier than usual—at eleven o'clock—so that horseplayers could be home in time for dinner. More than sixteen thousand of them came out to Aqueduct for the holiday card, and they were rewarded with a thriller. Lou Rondinello's Cum Laude Laurie came from last in the field of eight and swung wide into the stretch to win the Queens County Handicap, beating Wise Philip, the favorite, by a neck and paying her backers a ten-dollar mutuel. Do Tell George was third. The time for the mile and three-sixteenths was 1:55½. Cum Laude Laurie's last start was the Ladies Handicap at Aqueduct, in which she finished third to Ida Delia and Water Malone.

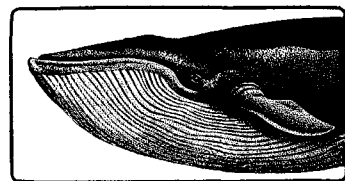
CHICAGO has one less race track. Fire destroyed the grandstand, the jockeys' room, the paddock, and the racing secretary's office, and badly damaged the clubhouse and the administrative offices, at Hawthorne Race Course a couple of Sundays ago. The loss is estimated at ten million dollars, but, happily, no injuries were reported and the blaze was kept away from the stables; they were full of horses run-

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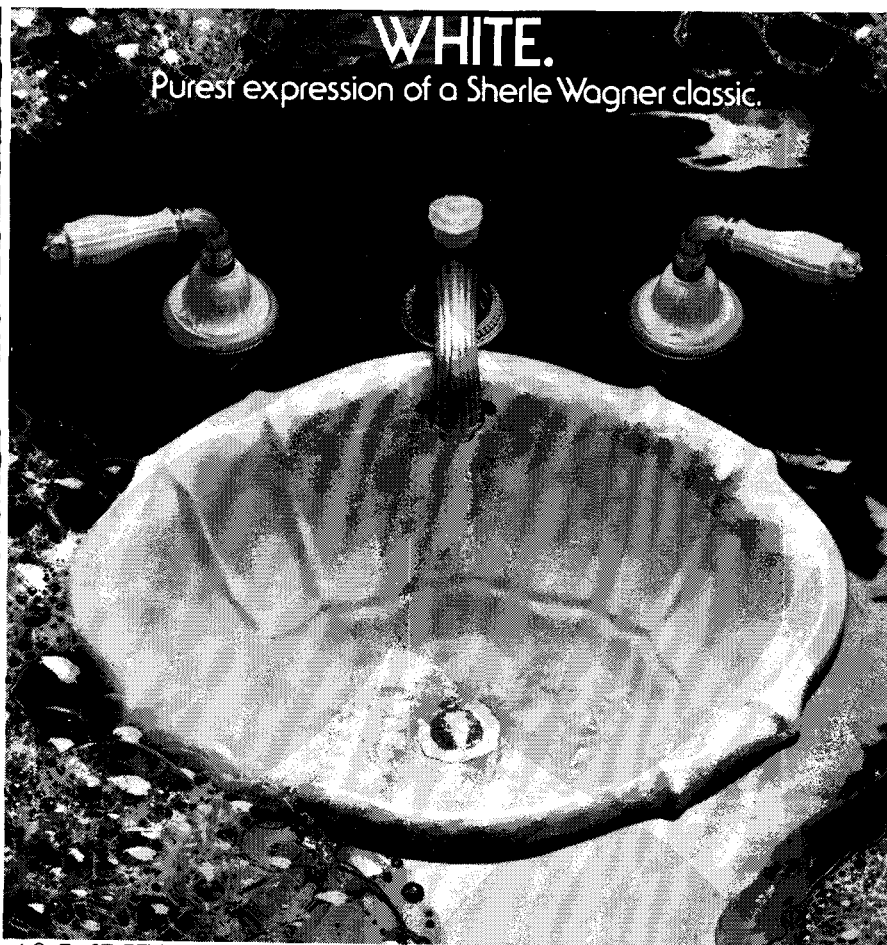
ning at the meeting, which was scheduled to close on December 21st. One of the older tracks in the country, Hawthorne was opened on May 20, 1891, and it still had its original wooden stands, which must have gone up like a match. The \$100,000-added Hawthorne Gold Cup, at ten furlongs, was scheduled to be run this past weekend. Robert F. Carey, the managing director of Hawthorne, has announced that the facility will be rebuilt—at a cost of from fifteen to twenty million—and that Hawthorne's 1979 meeting should begin on schedule in September.

JUMPING like a kangaroo and ridden by an Irishman—Ron Barry—Grand Canyon, an eight-year-old New Zealand-bred gelding who had raced in England, led the nine other starters over the seventeen fences of the two-and-three-fourths-mile Springdale Course for the \$100,000 Colonial Cup, the richest jumping race in this country, at Mrs. Marion du Pont Scott's steeplechase party at Camden, South Carolina, a couple of Saturdays ago, incidentally cutting two seconds off his own course record of 5:12 $\frac{3}{4}$, set in 1976. Two lengths behind him came Mrs. Miles Valentine's Deux Coup, taking the place by a head from Cafe Prince, the nine-to-five favorite, who was trying for his third victory in the race. Leaping Frog was fourth, seventeen lengths behind Cafe Prince. Derek Kent, who trains Grand Canyon, said he may ship his charge back to England and point him for the Grand National.

WHILE Grand Canyon was performing at Camden, a crowd of 22,051 turned out at Aqueduct for the running of the \$80,775 Demoiselle Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, at nine furlongs. Mrs. Roger Laurin's Plankton beat Herbert Allen's Distinct Honor by a neck, with Belladora third. The race was a lively one, involving a thrilling duel at the start between Golferette and the heavily favored Angel Island. It was Plankton's first stakes victory, and she earned \$48,465.

TOMMY TROTTER, who resigned the other day as racing secretary for the New York Racing Association, is going back to the job he had in 1960 and again in 1975 at Arlington Park. Joseph F. Joyce, Jr., Arlington's president, announced the appointment on Thanksgiving Day. Trotter will be there for three seasons.

—AUDAX MINOR



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

WE'LL begin where life on earth began:

IN THE WATER

THE Rand McNally Map Store, 10 East 53rd Street, has a map of the world that charts the floor of the oceans. It shows the mountain ranges, higher than those on land, that lie hidden beneath the waters covering the greater part of the planet. Observing the curving underwater mass between America and Africa, for instance, one can see how those two continents once nestled together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. The waters are colored sea-green and turquoise, while the land is a study in tan and gold. Apart from its scientific interest, the map is a handsome thing. Forty-one inches by twenty-seven, and \$10. The same underwater mountains spring into view on an illuminated globe that has periwinkle seas, and continents that are politically divided into brilliant reds, purples, and greens. It stands on a substantial Plexiglas base and costs \$65. An "Atlas of the Oceans" published by Rand McNally has information about their history, fishing, bird life, and pollution, as well as maps; \$29.95. On different themes, and as stocking-stuffers, the store has a luminous cardboard dial for identifying the contents of the night sky (\$2.95); a set of six reproductions of maps from the age of exploration (\$5.95); and a set of five plastic shirt-pocket-size cards jammed with hints on surviving in the wilderness (\$2.50).

Anyone escaping south to coral reefs

might appreciate a new mask and snorkel. The Farallon Prismatic mask affords exceptionally clear front and peripheral vision and is comfortably light in weight. The moldable-mouth-piece snorkel by the same firm permits wearers to breathe easily for long periods without getting jaw-ache. The mask and the tube are \$32 and \$9.50, respectively, at Atlantis Divers World, at both 500 and 1410 Avenue of the Americas (13th and 57th). Here, too, is absolutely everything a scuba diver could want or need, from divers' magazines to custom-made wet-suits. A Chronosport underwater watch, completely sealed and pressurized, lets divers know exactly how long they've been down; \$165. Ikelite transparent housings seal ordinary cameras for underwater use (prices begin at around \$40, for a case for the humble Instamatic), while the Nikonos is a dandy little camera designed especially for watery shooting (\$380). The establishment can also introduce novices to scuba diving by way of a course conducted in the pool of the Henry Hudson Health Club, at 353 West 57th Street. The course leads to the certificate that divers must have before they take to the real deep. There is a choice of twice-weekly sessions for four weeks or longer sessions on six successive Saturdays; \$100.

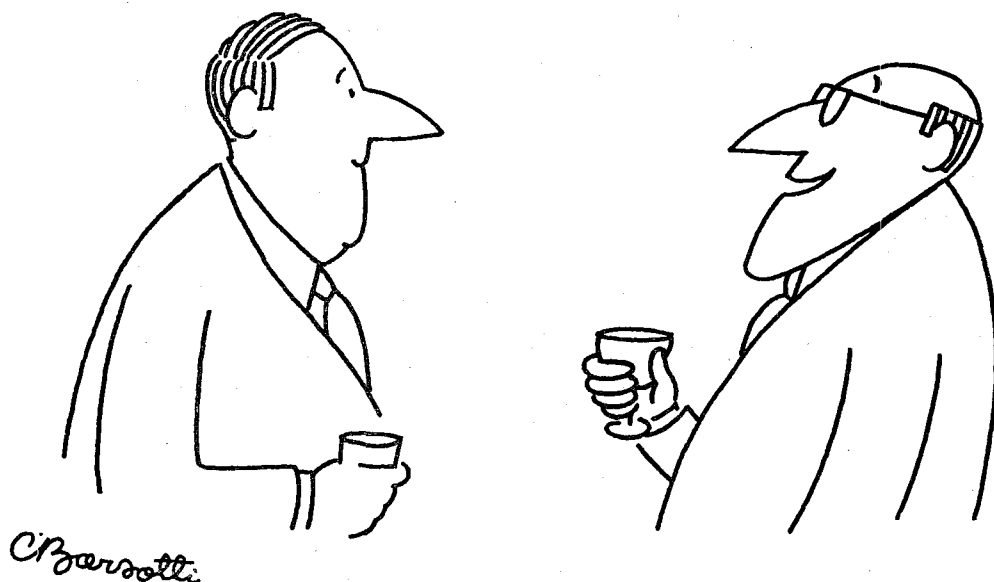
We are thus plunged into the realm of what has become a specialized term of the travel industry—"adventure." Men of daredevil spirit, whether in practice or in armchair theory, might enjoy a subscription to *Adventure*

Travel, a magazine with breathtaking color photographs, and articles covering such subjects as ballooning, exploring wrecks and reefs, skydiving, trekking in Patagonia, touring the African bush, and dropping in by helicopter to ski in chest-deep powder on the peaks of the Tetons. A year's subscription (six issues) costs \$7.50, from American Adventurers Association, Suite 301, 444 N.E. Ravenna Boulevard, Seattle, Washington 98115. A membership in this association (twenty dollars the first year, thirty thereafter) brings—in addition to the magazine—a monthly newsletter and an annual paperback guide giving precise details about how to get to adventures at the right season, and how to survive them.

SURFACE SPORTS

THERE are certainly men of all ages who would be content to potter about on the surface of the water in their own Sunfish. The uncomplicated controls of this responsive little fibreglass sailboat make it a fine choice for beginners, but a man who has long since mastered it may still pop it on top of his car and take off for an afternoon's fun. It is nearly fourteen feet long and weighs a hundred and twenty-nine pounds, without its seventy-five square feet of sail. The Sunfish is made by AMF Alcort; here in Manhattan, it may be bought at Hilco Products, 101 Park Avenue (40th), for \$735. If a man needs custom-made insignia to fly from the rigging of his yacht, the AAA American Flag Decorating Company, 12 West 37th Street, can provide it. Ready-made yacht insignia here include United States flags in nylon, with sewn stripes and embroidered stars. These are from \$8.30 to \$62.50, depending on size.

Increasing numbers of sailors refuse to stop racing and tacking in the breeze just because winter has set in. The iceboat equivalent of the Sunfish is the Lockley Skimmer 45. The craft—a low-slung tubular-steel frame on three runners—weighs only fifty-five pounds, sans forty-five square feet of sail, and is thus even more portable than its fair-weather aquatic cousin. Given the right conditions, crash-helmeted sailors on frozen ponds or lakes may whiz along at fifty knots or more. The Skimmer is available from its manufacturer, Lockley-Newport Boats, 310 Grove Street, New Castle, Pennsylvania 16103. It costs \$425; delivery takes about ten days and costs about \$12.



"I'm an economist, ha-ha-ha-ha."

It will probably be the man who already has his own swimming pool and tennis court who yearns for his very own ice-skating rink. (We don't mean the sort created by throwing a couple of pails of water in the sand-box, either.) The ingredients for creating a twenty-by-fifty-foot private rink—vinyl liner, refrigeration unit, brine, and so on—can be had for less than \$10,000. The cost of grading and otherwise preparing the site will be different in every case, of course, so we will say no more, other than to direct you to Devoe Sports Systems, 800 Eastern Avenue, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072.

A new shop called Insport, 805 Madison Avenue (67th), has clothes and equipment for tennis, running, soccer, skiing (both cross-country and downhill), roller skating, squash, paddle tennis, and racquet ball. Elegant and practical ski suits here bear the name of the German manufacturer Bogner. A model called Hermes, which has a zipper to hold top and bottom together at the waist, comes in black or olive two-way-stretch nylon lined with polyester; \$340. In the Apollo model, blue, green, and white stripes contrast with a black body and go streaking down the outside of arms and legs; \$350. And Insport has a fairly light-hearted-looking pair of roller skates for indoor rinks or roller-disco. They have toe brakes, and track-shoe uppers in blue-and-yellow nylon; \$75.

Soccer Sport Supply Company, 1745 First Avenue (90th), makes no claim to glamour in its décor but has several warehouse floors of togs and equipment for soccer, rugby, and cricket, and justly claims to sell them at good prices. The second floor is given over to nothing but soccer jerseys—in a choice of twenty-nine color combinations, eight styles, and several fabrics. A long-sleeved cotton jersey in, say, blue and white stripes is \$8.95. Cotton soccer shorts, in a choice of twelve colors, are \$4.25. Cleated-sole leather soccer shoes by Doss range in price from \$17.95 to \$31.95, depending on quality and on the team position of the wearer. Cricket bats are \$24.95 and up; batsmen's leg pads are \$18; cream cotton cricket trousers are \$21.95; and matching shirts are \$19.95.

Feron's, 55 East 44th Street, has the latest aluminum tennis racquet by Wilson. Its oversized head affords non-traditionalist players a larger surface than usual with which to smash the ball; \$75, with a \$12 charge for stringing. The oval head of the standard-size Edge racquet, by Head, has found devotees in the year of its exist-



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ence even among formerly traditionalist players; \$60, plus \$14 for nylon stringing. Paddle-tennis shoes, with white nylon uppers and gum-rubber soles designed to grip the court, are \$35; pure-white cotton tennis shorts are \$17; and white cotton tennis shirts are from \$15 to \$19.

Any serious fisherman would be pleased to receive a boxed and holiday-wrapped gift certificate from Orvis, 10 River Road, Manchester, Vermont 05254. (The telephone number for credit-card orders is 802 362-1300.) A certificate for a three-day course next summer at the Orvis fly-fishing school costs \$225. This sum covers accommodations, meals, instruction, lectures, the use of Orvis tackle, and a three-day Vermont license to fish the Battenkill River. The wide range of Orvis's famous fishing rods includes many made of strong, flexible, lightweight graphite fibre. The eight-foot-three-inch All Rounder graphite rod weighs a mere two and a half ounces and takes seven-weight line. A set complete with rod (cork reel seat), reel, and line is \$265; the rod alone is \$178. For fishermen of a less progressive turn of mind, there are Orvis's aristocratic-looking bamboo rods. A complete set, based on an eight-foot rod that takes eight-weight line, is \$367. An elegant fishing vest, made of either tan or green water-repellent cotton-and-Dacron, has nineteen compartments for filing flies and tackle, including two capacious waist-high pockets that are waterproofed for deep wading; \$46.50. And a pair of lightweight Orvis Deluxe waders with woven-core felt soles costs \$95.

GARDEN

THERE can be no denying that we live in the age of the mail-order catalogue. Wayside Gardens, Hodges, South Carolina 29695, publishes one of the most beautiful of all. (The nursery will accept credit-card orders for Christmas presents if they are made before December 16th; the number is 803 374-3387.) Wayside's current catalogue proffers, among other things, a redwood cold frame called Vent O'Matic, which makes the raising of seedlings a more nearly foolproof business. When the inside temperature reaches seventy-two degrees, the slightly domed acrylic lid automatically lifts, to provide ventilation, and then closes again when the temperature falls to sixty-eight. Plain, the cold frame costs \$49.50; with a heating cable, it is \$56.45. Shipping charges amount to ten per cent of the cost.

When we opened a package of bulbs

for our city window box recently, we were amused to find a leaflet exhorting us, in the strongest possible terms, to struggle on no longer with our old garden tiller but to invest without delay in the Troy-Bilt tiller. This is manufactured by the Garden Way Manufacturing Company, 102nd Street and Ninth Avenue, Troy, New York 12180. (For information, or to place an order, the telephone number is 800 833-6990.) The Troy-Bilt tiller's claims to fame are that the tines are in the rear instead of the front and that the wheels are power-driven. This means that the operator doesn't need to be Superman or a bronco-buster but can guide it from the side and avoid trampling over the earth he has just turned. The Troy-Bilt will also chop old crops, green manure, and other organic matter into the soil as it tills. Prices for the five models, some with electric starters, range from \$559.30 to \$762.45—at least on orders placed before the end of December, after which prices increase. Like the Troy-Bilt, the Garden Way cart gets along in the world by ecstatic advertising literature. Its makers, Garden Way Research, a sibling at Charlotte, Vermont 05445 (telephone: 802 425-2137), liberally disseminate letters from satisfied users, who sound like revivalist witnesses. For all this, the cart is sensible enough—a capacious, square-bodied affair that has a pair of very large, semi-pneumatic wheels and is capable of transporting far bigger loads than regular carts and wheelbarrows, and far less precariously. A kit for the smallest cart (two and a half bushels) is \$46.50 without its plywood side walls (you cut your own after a visit to the lumberyard), and \$61.50 with them. A kit for the largest Garden Way model, which carries thirteen bushels—perhaps ten times what a wheelbarrow can—costs \$106.50 without and \$129.50 with side walls.

White Flower Farm, Litchfield, Connecticut 06759, will dispatch a variety of living and non-living gifts to gardeners. (If adverse weather or shortage of time prevents shipping before Christmas, the nursery will send notice that a gift is on its way.) A tool for weeding and scuffling earth from a standing position is called a Swoe and is made by Wilkinson Sword; \$23 when shipped to the Eastern states. A large, potted amaryllis bulb is \$12.50, and nine gloxinia bulbs are \$16.50.

The shop of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx, New York 10458 (telephone: 220-8705), has its own catalogue, filled with more or less horticultural books, calendars, stationery,

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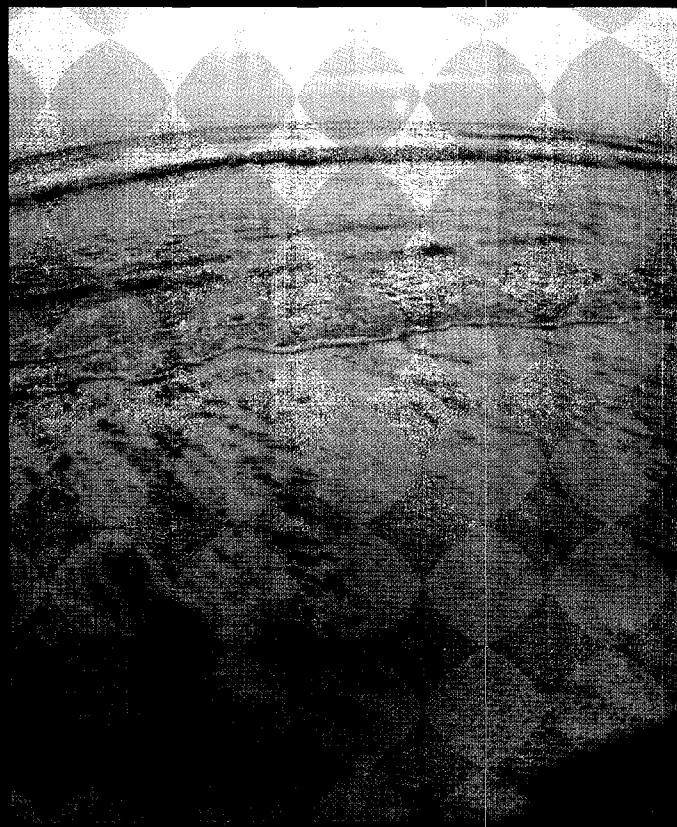
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and gadgets. A two-tiered aluminum stand, something over four feet high, is for rooting cuttings and growing the likes of orchids and African violets indoors under fluorescent lights; \$130. A pair of Wilkinson pruning shears is \$23.95, and a Bausch & Lomb folding magnifying glass with two lenses, for scrutinizing leaves or insects, is \$7.95.

Any garden in need of a pair of recumbent stone lions to flank the drive, a shell-shaped lead birdbath, or a Pan or a classic nude to peek out of the boscage around the swimming pool may be furnished from Florentine Craftsmen, 654 First Avenue (37th). Shoppers may consult a catalogue from a distance or wander in person through echoing chambers filled with urns, pedestals, and pineapple finials; whippets, deer, and dolphins frozen in eternal motion; and twice-life-size goddesses fixing stony stares as they point an undraped arm in some implausible direction. Garden or conservatory faucet handles of oxidized bronze are cast in shapes that include owls, fish, and winging birds; \$22.50. Classical benches are \$125 in cast stone, \$675 in hand-carved Italian limestone. A dolphin-and-shell lead wall fountain about a foot and a half high is \$190. Bronze sundial faces with roman numerals and philosophical mottoes about the passage of time may be mounted on a wall or a pedestal, and range in price from \$50 on up. Urban Archeology, Ltd., 137 Spring Street, between Wooster and Greene, can also provide pieces of masonry and sculpture suitable for outdoor decoration. The store is filled with the owner's collection of ornaments salvaged from buildings in and around New York. Terracotta or cast-iron capitals are from \$175 to \$350. There are stone animals and mythological figures, wrought-iron grillwork and balcony railings, stained-glass windows, and old-fashioned street lamps.

For use on a terrace or a patio or in an informal indoor room, Jensen-Lewis, 156 Seventh Avenue (19th), has directors' chairs in brightly colored canvas. The classic model has a turned-wood frame in a choice of natural, black, white, or walnut finish, and comes in a choice of sixteen shades; \$40, with an extra charge of \$4 for printing the recipient's name on the back. Also suitable for outdoor use (if you keep it from getting wet) is Jensen-Lewis's relaxing and well-designed Nii folding armchair, from Japan. Sitters recline as thoroughly in an armchair version as in a rocker version, and both have tubular chrome frames, armrests of blond-finish Indo-

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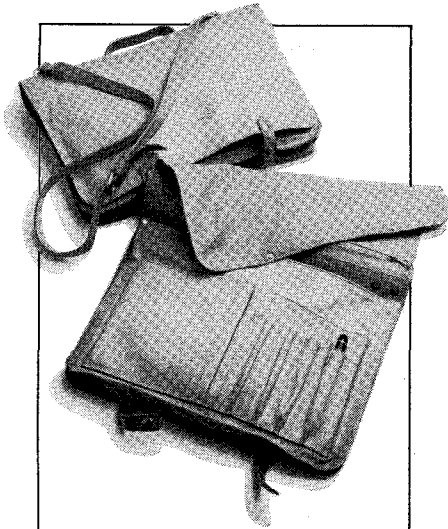


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nesian wood, and canvas bodies in a choice of bone, rust, black, blue, sand, or brown. The chair is \$75, the rocker \$80; an ottoman, to pair with either, is \$30. A canvas duffelbag here comes in a choice of colors, with contrasting webbing trim, handles, and a shoulder strap. One version, thirty inches long, has a zippered side pocket for a tennis racket; \$19.95.

GENTLEMANLY ATTIRE

WHEN a tradition is declared a fashion, it takes on new life, willy-nilly. The "discovery" by fashionable young men of the conservative styles that their fathers' generation once took for granted has, on the whole, had happy results. Softly colored tweeds, artistically printed necktie silks, shirt cottons with an impressive "hand," impeccable tailoring—all these have been around forever, and they have always been socially the thing. But young men entering the business world—like so many long-legged ex-chrysalids, leaving behind the discarded shells of their bluejeans—approach traditional styles with real enthusiasm, because they find them beautiful. And tradition bends to meet them, shunning stuffiness by way of tireless experiments with color, texture, and cut.

It should not be deduced from this that Paul Stuart, Madison Avenue at 45th Street, is prepared, even while catering to the young executive, to sacrifice decorum to style. The store's very present concern with decorum is evinced by the stand it takes on necktie widths—three and a half inches for ordinary wear, with the ultra-fashionable narrow knit ties reserved for only a few discreet weekend or informal occasions. Among neckties of the correct width are English madder silks, in Paisley and foulard patterns, vegetable-dyed to deep, stained-glass-window colors, for \$29.50, and ties of Irish poplin (in fact, a blend of silk and wool with a twill texture) in assorted regimental stripes, for \$16.50. Silk bow ties in one-and-a-half-inch batwing shapes or in two- or two-and-a-half-inch butterflies and thistles are in polka dots, foulards, or stripes; \$8.50. A spun-wool square-ended knit tie, two and a half inches wide, comes in a large choice of colors that testify to the refined color sense of the Italian manufacturer; \$12.50. The store describes this tie as "the classic Eastern school tie." This urge to dress men as though their backgrounds were the Ivy League brand of *comme il faut* is also demonstrated by Paul Stuart's Old School Shirt. The group of very handsome shirts covered by this title turns

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out, in some roundabout way, to be just about as close as Paul Stuart comes to accepting the vicissitudes of out-and-out fashion. The shirts are straight, even fullish of body, and they have short collars—some of them spread, some rounded (to be worn with or without a pin), and some button-down. They are all in the finest sort of pure cotton, and are great favorites with younger men; from \$21.50 to \$39.50. At the store's main shirt counter are shirts with the modified-taper silhouette that, after its period in the limelight of fashion, is now marginally more conservative than fuller styles. An end-on-end stripe in the softest of pale pinks is \$30; a very fine twill in solid gray, tan, blue, or buttermilk is \$39.50. The store has an array of beautiful handkerchiefs in colored cottons—muted rusts, caramels, blues, dusty pinks, and smoky grays—for \$6.50 apiece. Absolutely plain white Irish-linen handkerchiefs are \$3, and white Swiss-cotton handkerchiefs with edges hand-rolled in Portugal are \$4.

The new Burberry store, 9 East 57th Street, is very decorous indeed. The setting is clublike, with moose heads, hunting prints, and leather chesterfield sofas. Cashmere mufflers in various tartans are \$50; V-necked cashmere cardigans are \$147.50; cashmere sports jackets in brown-and-tan or black-and-white houndstooth are \$500. The classic Burberry raincoat, with a zip-out wool lining of Clan Burberry's very own plaid, is \$225.

While staying broadly within traditional guidelines, Bobby Dazzler, 1450 Second Avenue (76th), freely permits itself to tilt toward style, catering to the sort of customer who wears a sports jacket very, very casually, with collar up, hand in pocket, and a muffler around the neck. Twill pants and corduroy pants are, respectively, \$70 and from \$40 to \$70. The French firm of Cacharel has its own way of interpreting shirts of Viyella (\$60) and V-necked wool sweaters in tweedy textures (\$60). A German designer, Hugo Boss, interprets the idea of a classic tweed sports jacket in beige, camel, gray, or rust; around \$190.

Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue (65th), has some antique vests for men who occasionally feel like flouting contemporary sartorial decorum and having themselves some fun. The vests were once worn by dandified types in Queen Victoria's reign and are made of black faille, velvet, or satin. They are shawl-collared and amusingly buttoned, and they have lightly padded chests. ("Johnnies" of the Prince of Wales's day were not averse to cheat-



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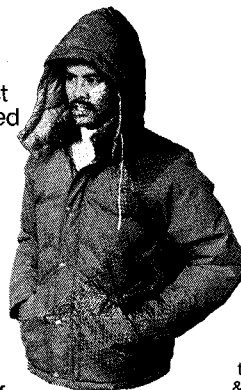
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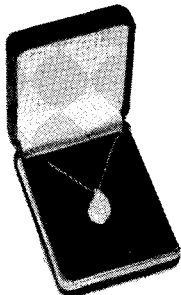
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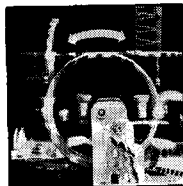
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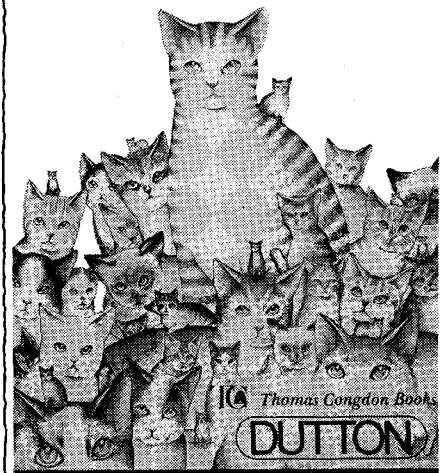
ing to make themselves look manlier.) A black faille vest with narrow stripes of burgundy, gray, and white is \$25; a black velvet number with bands of gray velvet and tartan ribbon inserts is \$50.

Barney's, Seventh Avenue and 17th Street, has a new counter given over to the very luxurious leather accessories of the Italian firm of Trussardi. A choice of glove styles in supple, often hand-stitched leather includes gloves of peccary skin in gingery tan or deep stone, with a removable cashmere lining (\$95); kidskin driving gloves, likewise with a removable lining (\$75); and camel-colored deerskin gloves with a lining of gray-and-camel rabbit fur (\$90). A hand-stitched, oval-bottomed key case is \$20; a tobacco pouch is \$37.50; and a vinyl-covered, kidskin-lined agenda, with a ring binder and a year's supply of undated paper (who uses every page of an agenda, after all?), is \$77.50. Barney's main floor is usually able to come up with unusual sweaters, many of them from Europe. The British firm of Kilgour, French & Stanbury is responsible for an elegant alternative to the rugby shirt: a long-sleeved polo-shirt sweater in fine merino-wool knit, with solid-color collar, tab, cuffs, and waistband, and with three-quarter-inch horizontal stripes in the body. Colors are a choice of hunter green with camel, burgundy with camel, pale blue-gray with camel, or charcoal with vicuña; \$45. The Italian knitwear firm of Cerutti 1881 has produced a cardigan of jacket-weight wool rib that differs, to great effect, from the conventional, Professor Higgins V-necked and twin-pocketed style. The neckline is a crew shape, and there is a single breast pocket as well as two pockets at the hem. In a choice of navy, blue-gray, or vicuña; \$145. Other Cerutti 1881 designs include crew-necked sweaters in muted, unobtrusive plaids with whispery bouclé textures; \$115. A hand-knitted cable-stitch vest designed by Andrew Keith has braided-leather buttons and comes in a color that matches Irish stone walls, minutely flecked with red and green for a specifically Donegal effect; \$65. Shoppers interested in fashion, beautiful color, and varied textures might profitably inspect the Giorgio Armani counter. This Italian designer's ideas are constantly and tastefully evolving, leaving the rest of men's fashion to follow, if it can. His knitted-silk square-ended neckties are an unabashedly skinny inch and a half in width, and luscious in their color schemes; \$17.50. Only slightly wider four-in-hands in striped and solid

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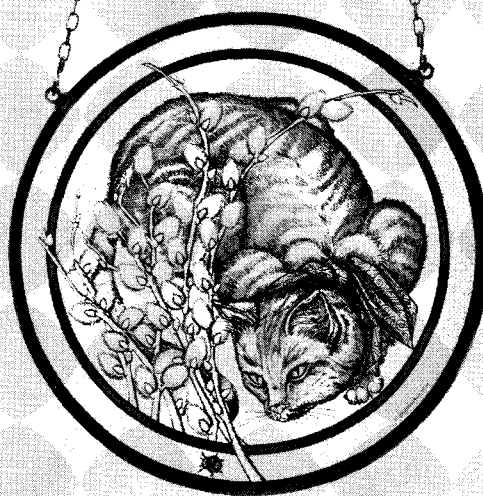
cashmeres (\$27.50) go perfectly with the unusual fabrics and colors of Armani shirts. In the shirt-shape stakes, Armani is quietly moving full circle; he has been doing ample bodies for some time, but is now narrowing the waist again, even as he broadens the shoulder line. Up on the third floor are Alexander Julian's beautiful and fashionable sports jackets, and the sweaters he designs for Pringle. Among these is a lovat-colored Shetland (\$50) with a neckline somewhere between a turtle and a cowl, and with a silhouette accurately described by the store as "neither super-tight nor super-baggy." In men's fashion these days, moderation is all.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

A YEAR'S subscription to the magazine *Country Journal* costs \$12 and brings twelve issues devoted to such rustic subjects as cidermaking, woodchopping, country fairs, and small-town auctioneers. The address is Box 1225, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301. Its advertisements also serve to remind readers of the boom in heating with wood. An even more thorough guide to the very complicated field of wood stoves—they vary greatly in performance, and in style from Belle Époque French through Shaker to Swedish space-age—is the "Woodstove Directory." This substantial and informative tome costs \$2, from P.O. Box 4474, 106 Market Street, Manchester, New Hampshire 03108. We happen to know from other sources that the Defiant cast-iron parlor stove is handsome, in a Federal sort of way, and that you can open its doors and toast your toes just as you can with a traditional Franklin. Unlike a Franklin, though, it will keep a fire overnight and make very efficient use of generated heat; \$545. Application to the makers—Vermont Castings, Prince Street, Randolph, Vermont 05060—will bring further information in an attractive and friendly-sounding brochure. The firm will also take orders and give information over the telephone: 802 728-9561 (or 3355).

Here in town, William H. Jackson, 3 East 47th Street, has a wide variety of fireplace equipment. Sets of English nineteenth-century tools—tongs, shovel, and poker—are of polished steel with variously shaped knobs and finials; from \$95 on up. Jackson also stocks the humble but invaluable canvas-sling log carrier. In heavy natural canvas with canvas handles, it is \$10.50; in a lighter red canvas with wooden handles, it is \$9.25. The Bailey/Huebner shop at Henri Ben-

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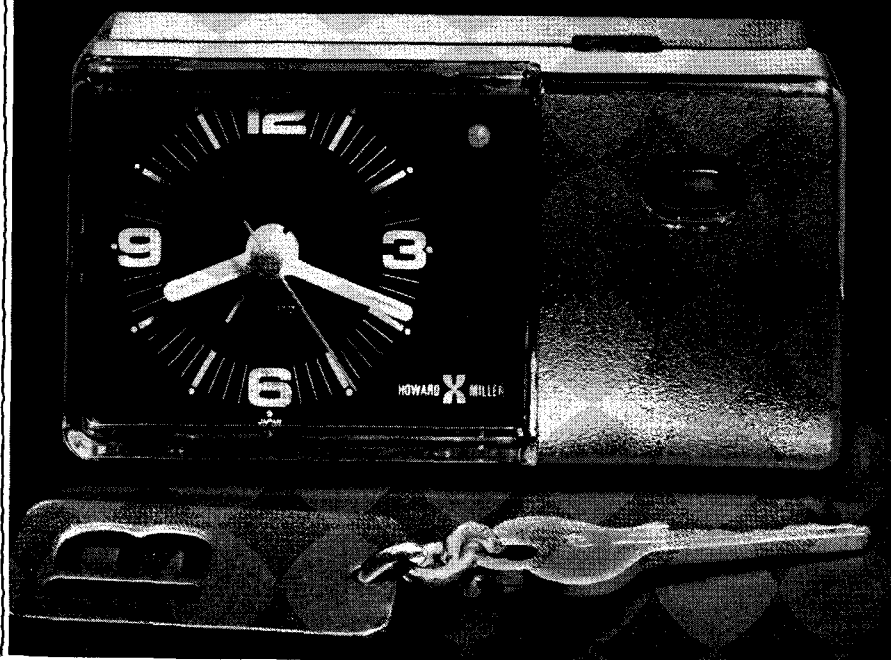
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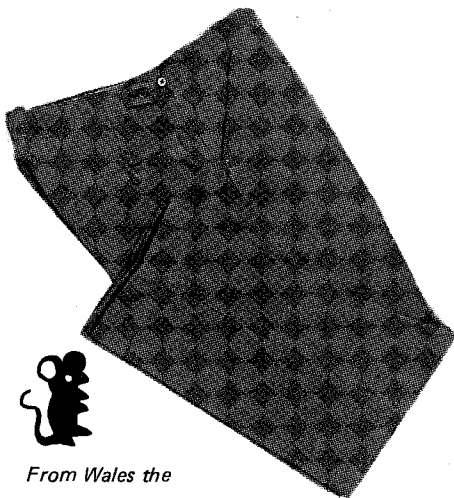
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del has the Texas Fireplace. This is a firebox-style grate of black steel, seventeen inches wide by thirteen deep, and it insures that logs stacked in it will throw heat into the room instead of up the flue. Physicists have tested it, and it works; \$35.

No mention of the country life and the great outdoors is complete without L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine 04033. The firm's catalogue has everything from a pair of red suspenders that are favored by hunters, guides, and trappers (\$7) to a scarlet union suit (\$20.50), a pair of Maine snowshoes (\$58), and a maul for splitting logs (\$17.25). Here are shirts, sweaters, pants, jackets, and footgear to carry men (and women) through a rugged winter. Bean's very practical woodsman's sawbuck has three X's of timber to support a log for sawing at a comfortable height from the ground; \$30. Credit-card orders may be telephoned in; the number is 207 865-3111.

Another useful source of gifts for people who are handy around the house and yard is the catalogue of the Brookstone Company, 127 Vose Farm Road, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458. (A twenty-four-hour-a-day telephone service for credit-card holders may be reached at 603 924-9511.) This establishment specializes in good-looking and often unusual hardware, tools, and gadgets for every kind of handyman and hobbyist. An elegant little pocket-knife with a handle of Brazilian rosewood is \$11.95; Brookstone's "nicest hammer ever made" is \$12.95, and its matching hatchet is \$15.95; a twenty-two-inch Japanese handsaw, looking more like a sushi-maker's implement than a cabinetmaker's, is \$9.95; and a meter to determine the exact light and moisture around plants is \$17.95.

Anyone interested in setting someone up with a hive and a swarm of bees next spring might get in touch with Dadant & Sons, Hornell, New York 14843, or the Walter T. Kelley Company, Clarkson, Kentucky 42726.

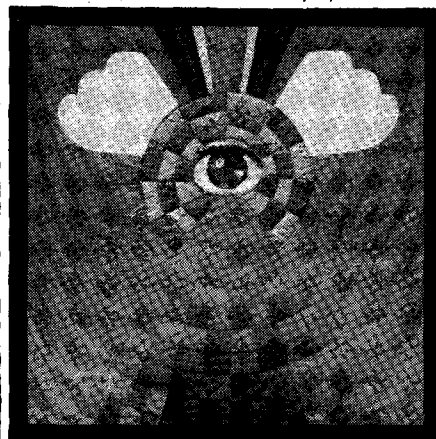
THE URBAN LIFE: A MISCELLANY

THE Metropolitan Opera Shop has its own catalogue and its own gift suggestions for opera buffs. Shoppers may stop by Lincoln Center in person, of course, or write to The Met by Mail, 1865 Broadway, New York City 10023. (The telephone number is 800 223-6670 for those who call from out of town and 582-6713 for people close at hand.) Opera glasses range in price from the 8x20 Leitz Trinovid, for \$367.50, to the more modest 6x15 Binolux, for \$65. Here,

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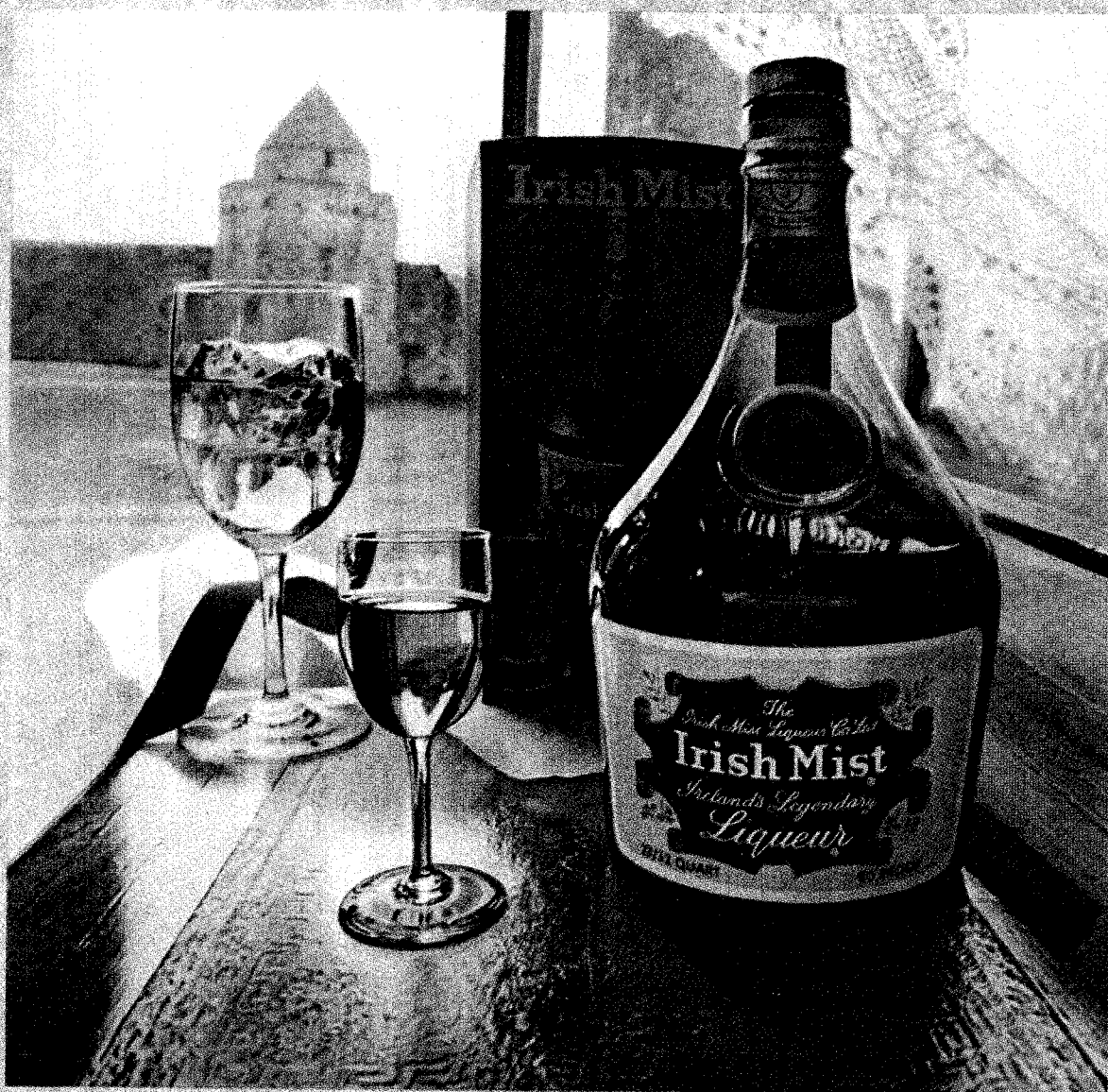
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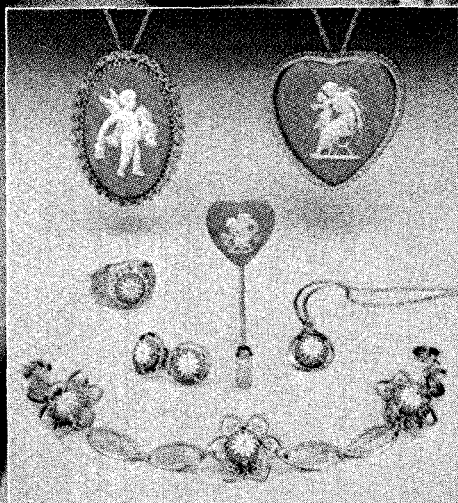
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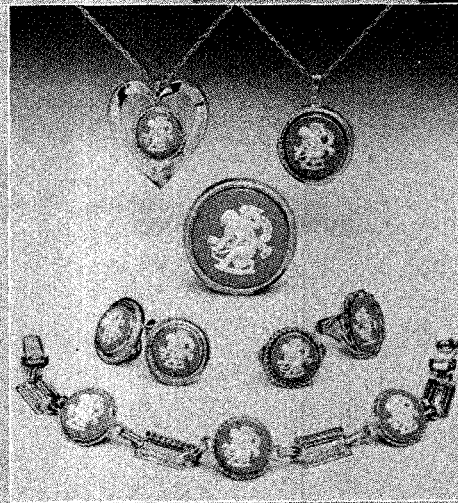
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too, are scores (between \$8 and \$40, mostly at the lower price) and librettos (\$2) for operas in the current Met season. Recordings of some of the opera house's greatest stars are \$7 apiece, and a year's subscription to *Opera News*, together with membership in the Metropolitan Opera Guild, costs \$25.

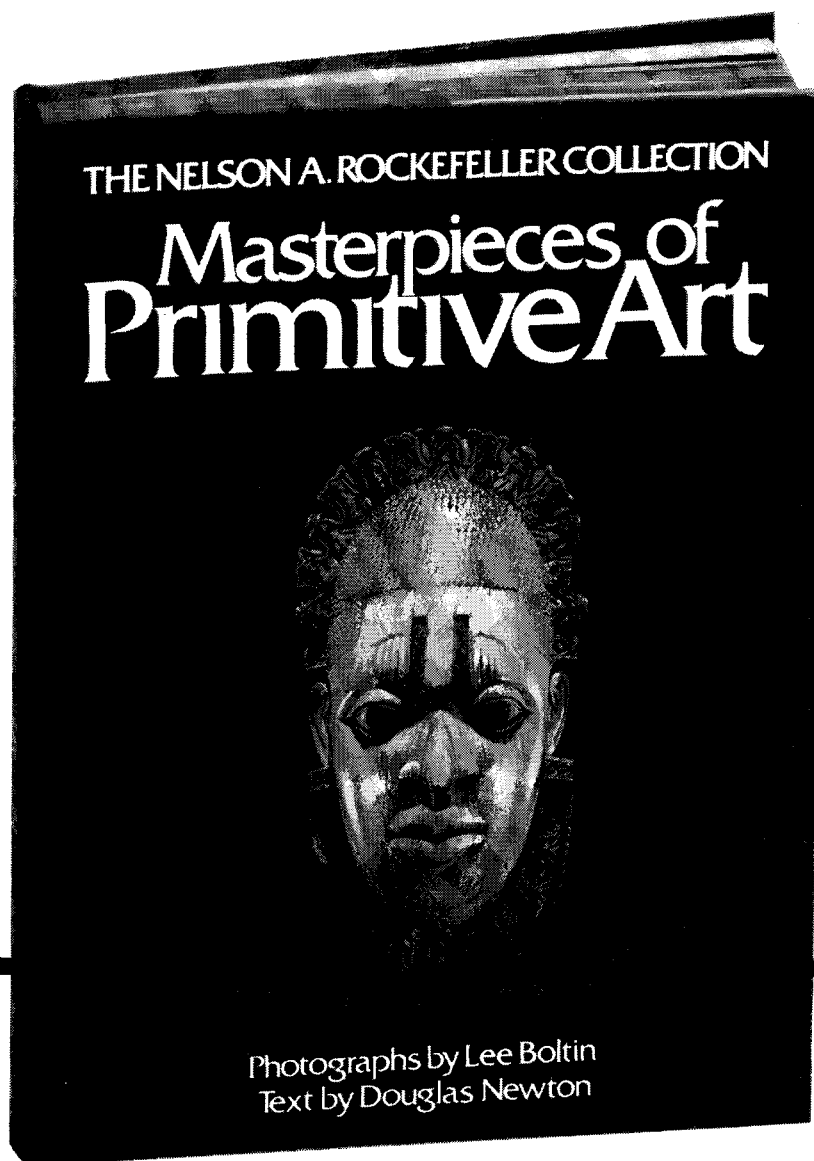
Sherry-Lehmann, 679 Madison Avenue (61st), can recommend for Christmas giving a bottle of Fonseca's port of 1963 vintage, for \$22.50; in Bordeaux wines, either a bottle of Château Gloria '74, for \$5.99, or a magnum of Château Fonreud '71, for \$12.95; and, for dedicated oenophiles, a bottle of La Tâche, Domaine de la Romanée-Conti '72, for \$50.

S. Wyler, 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), counts among its stock of antique English silver a number of gracious drinking accessories. Sheffield-plate wine coasters from the Regency period, many with gadroon borders and swirl fluting, are from \$300 to \$375 a pair. Sheffield-plate wine coolers from the reign of George III are \$750 to \$900 for single examples, \$1500 to \$1800 for pairs. Rare Charles II silver tankards are between \$12,000 and \$15,000. Elongated oblong scoops of Georgian silver, originally meant for marrow spoons, are now put to another use by the mixers of Martinis; between \$200 and \$300 apiece.

The Museum of Modern Art Gift Shop has a battery-operated quartz travel alarm clock, made in Germany by the firm of Krups. The trim, square case of black plastic stands only two and a half inches high; the black dial, with luminous white hands and markings, has the authority of a tachometer from an Alfa Romeo's dashboard; \$55. The shop also stocks a sleek, eight-inch-long letter opener of satin-finished stainless steel. It is designed by Enzo Mari and is ever so slightly helicoidal in shape; \$7.50.

Krups also brings its designing flair to bear on an electric drip coffee-maker/thermos, which would look at ease in an office as well as at home. The water-boiling half of the gadget is of streamlined black plastic; the thermos carafe, for finished coffee, is gleamingly chrome-plated. The machine is at Hammacher Schlemmer, Bloomingdale's, Macy's, and Altman's; around \$65.

Sam Flax, 551 Madison Avenue (55th), has a well-chosen array of small, tailored-looking clocks, both alarm and otherwise. A particularly neat style has a face a little larger than that of a wristwatch, and a cylindrical



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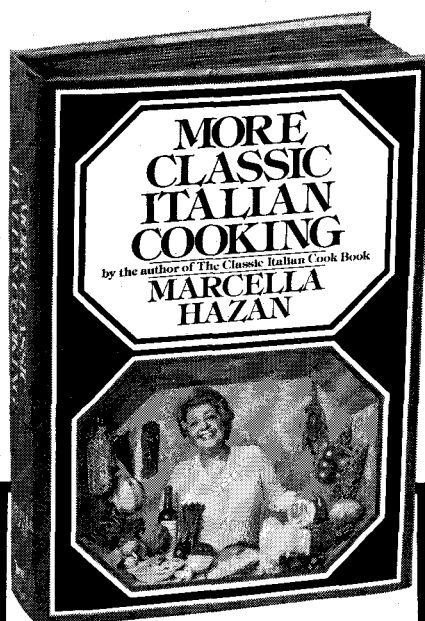
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body that slices away at an angle to rest on a table or on a pile of papers. In gold-metal finish with windup power it is \$30; in black, brass, or chrome, and battery-operated, it is \$55. This store can also suggest a glove-leather portfolio, in brown or black, with ten acetate leaves, for artists and advertising men. It measures eleven by fourteen inches, and costs \$150. Among a distinguished assortment of writing implements are fountain pens, ballpoints, and retractable pencils, all with natural rosewood handles (\$20 each for the ballpoint and pencil; \$55 for the gold-pointed fountain pen). There is also a choice of a fountain pen or a felt pen in mottled red, brown, or blue China lacquer, with gold nibs and cap bands (\$55 for the fountain pen, \$40 for the felt). Felt-tipped markers encased in ribbed eighteen-carat gold are \$50.

More fountain pens—all of them dating from between 1880 and the nineteen-fifties—may be inspected at Sarsaparilla, 1179 Second Avenue (63rd). Each has a fourteen-carat-gold point and is guaranteed to be in working order. A black Bakelite Parker from the nineteen-thirties has a broad band of gold around the cap, and costs \$95; nineteen-fifties plastic Esterbrooks have narrow multicolored vertical stripes, and are from \$45 to \$50.

Sermoneta, 740 Madison Avenue (64th), can come up with sensible, attractive straw wastebaskets in shades of natural and cocoa. They are woven by the Tucano Indians of Colombia in geometric patterns; \$10, \$20, or \$30, depending on size.

Dworkin & Daughter, 1214 Lexington Avenue (82nd), has a lot of small antiques that would be suitable for men. A good collection of old leatherbound books includes sets of works by Molière and Dante (\$75 and \$35, respectively). A small turn-of-the-century book of game birds, with colored illustrations, is \$15. A small Victorian inkwell of repoussé silver is \$125, and marble bookends from the same period, shaped like books, are \$85 the pair. Nineteenth-century gold cufflinks are \$22 to \$55; old brass blazer buttons are \$6 each; a pint flask with a pattern of silver leaves over glass is \$125; an old set of pipe-smoker's silver tools is \$55; and folding boxwood rulers with brass fittings are \$12 to \$15.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art's engagement calendar for 1979 is illustrated by works of Far Eastern art. On the cover, which is a closeup of an embroidered silk robe from the Ch'ing dynasty, a lively-looking dragon rages in tones of black, gold, and red; \$3.95.



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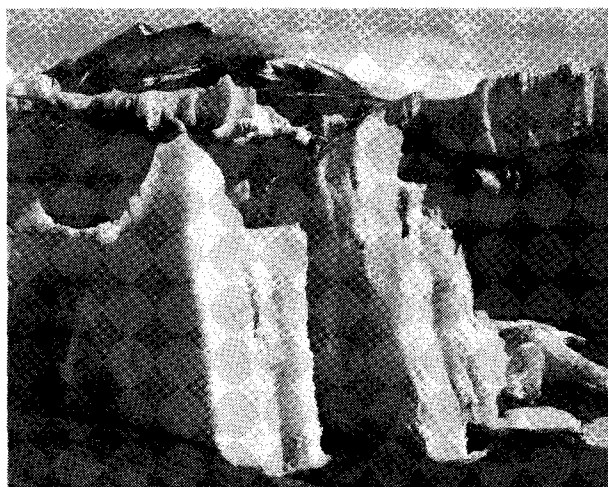
AT THE COPLEY PLAZA BOSTON

Men so disorganized that they lose track not only of engagements but of an engagement book as well might be aided by a three-by-six-foot calendar sheet to hang on the wall. This gives a whole year's dates in bold lines of numerals and leaves space for scribbling in; \$3.95, from Brentano's, Conran's, and Sam Flax.

At 794 Lexington Avenue (62nd) is the distinctively tiled, unmistakably nineteen-twenties-artistic façade of E. Weyhe. This is a congenial art-book store and gallery run by successive generations of the Weyhe family. At street level, shelves and precarious-looking piles of every kind of art book, old or new, can furnish something for an art lover whether his tastes are currently fashionable or not. Among the new books in stock are "Images from the Floating World," a superbly illustrated study of the Japanese print, for \$60, and a number of very beautiful studies of antique Oriental rugs which range in price from \$7.95 to \$100. Upstairs, in the Weyhe Gallery, there is rich browsing matter for those who are looking for prints. Pages of Daumier lithographs from *Charivari* are between \$10 and \$35; pages from the "Nuremberg Chronicle," printed in 1493 in movable type and illustrated with woodblock images of kings, saints, and medieval ramparts, are from \$35 to \$125; eighteenth-century pages from Diderot's *Encyclopédie*, with its meticulous engravings of tools, techniques, crafts, and agriculture, are \$15 apiece. Rockwell Kent's dark and muscular style is seen in some original drawings for "Moby Dick," at \$650 to \$1,500, and John Gould's nineteenth-century color lithographs of seabirds are \$100 each.

Shoppers in search of a gift for someone who really likes to read could not do better than visit the comfortable new bookstore called Books & Co., 939 Madison Avenue (74th). There are art books aplenty here, and such specialized oddities as "Byrne's Standard Book of Pool and Billiards" (\$14.95). But the strength of the place is in its enthusiastic emphasis on literature—poetry and fiction that is often neglected elsewhere, especially in the booming supermarket-style bookstores. We make no recommendations in this field. The choice must be as personal as the donor's taste and the recipient's, and expressive of the feeling between the two parties. Such imponderables, after all, are what Christmas gifts ought to be about. None of the suggestions in the list above are intended as substitutes for affection and thought.

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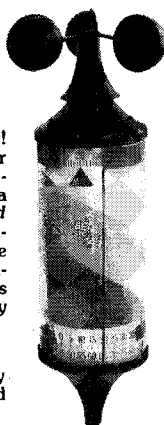
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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR



(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The River World, and Other Explorations, by Berton Roueché (*Harper & Row*, \$8.95). The river world is observed from the decks of three towboats on the Missouri and the Mississippi. The "other explorations" are of a scattering of small towns and hamlets—from King Island, in the Bering Sea, to Sag Harbor, on Long Island. Many of the reports here gathered are in large part told in the words of the people Mr. Roueché encountered on his travels, and at times their voices seem to speak from an America that is often thought to have vanished but clearly has not. His investigations of apples, bananas, and garlic are also included.

The Life of the Mind, by Hannah Arendt (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, two volumes, boxed, \$25; single volumes, \$12.50).

The first two volumes—"Thinking" and "Willing"—of a projected three-volume work by the late philosopher. Taken together, they constitute a Profile—however incomplete—of her own distinguished mind. "Thinking" first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

On Balance, by Peter Kane Dufault (*Sagarein*, \$4.95).

A caged lion, a parade of ants, a pickerel at the end of a fisherman's line, and the god Pan himself are among the creatures that stir the poet's imagination and catch the attention of his muse. There are forty-one brief lyrics in this paperback volume.

Alice, Let's Eat, by Calvin Trillin (*Random House*, \$7.95).

A report on various pilgrimages (in the company of Mrs. T.) to restaurants and outdoor feasts around the country; the reporter's appetite, which is as discriminating as it is outsize, remained unappeased, though it came close to being undone by the superior fried chicken and barbecue of Kansas City—his birthplace, as it happens.

The Stories of John Cheever (*Knopf*, \$15).

Sixty-one of them, assembled from his previous collections and once again (and at last) in print. All but a few were first published in *The New Yorker*.

The Snow Leopard, by Peter Matthiessen (*Viking*, \$12.95).

In September, 1973, Mr. Matthiessen joined an expedition to the Himalayas in order to explore the region (and perhaps catch a glimpse of the rare snow leopard). The inevitable enforced solitude he found there led him into considerable inner exploration as well. The book is a record of firsthand impressions of this perilous, austere range and of the animals at home there, of Sherpa guides, and of Buddhist monks in and out of their monasteries. It is also a record of a contemplative writer slowly coming to terms with himself.

Splendid Lives, by Penelope Gilliatt (*Coward, McCann & Geoghegan*, \$7.95).

A nonagenarian English bishop who carries a young American woman over a muddy patch near his stables; a displaced London accountant pressed into service as a tutor to a little boy on a Caribbean island; and a noble family's retainer who is disconcerted because he has been asked to polish boots as

well as wind clocks—these are among the lives under inspection in this collection of nine short stories.

Let's Boogie!, by James Stevenson (*Dodd, Mead*, \$8.95).

A selection from among the cartoons that Mr. Stevenson has drawn for this magazine over the past twenty years or so, in which, as time goes by, he can be seen netting every passing nuance and pinkening every fad-dish inanity.

Weathering, by Alastair Reid (*Dutton*, \$7.95).

Poems written over the past twenty-five years and selected by the author from his three previous anthologies, along with a number that have never been collected before. "The main point in publishing them is to set the poems free, like grown children," says Mr. Reid in a brief introduction. For the reader, the main point is to have them all at hand. The final section of the book is given over to translations of the poetry of José Emilio Pacheco, Pablo Neruda, and Jorge Luis Borges.

Summer Places, by Brendan Gill and Dudley Witney (*Methuen*, \$29.95).

An album of photographs by Mr. Witney—of mansions and cottages and resorts, formal and informal, all over America and Canada—with descriptive text by Mr. Gill. The latter's long introductory essay is part history, part reminiscence, and part apostrophe to the season itself.

Insincerely Yours, by Dana Fradon (*Scribners*, \$7.95).

A collection of cartoons—satiric and frivolous, political and social—that have appeared in this magazine over the past seventeen years.

The Finishing Touch, by Bruce Bliven, Jr. (*Dodd, Mead*, \$8.95).

Five reports, each of them an inquiry into the making of a perfectionist—a matter of talent and tireless, unsparing insistence on quality. In his article on Cyril Harris, professor of architecture and engineering, who had to tear Avery Fisher Hall apart to fix its acoustics, Mr. Bliven has written a step-by-step suspense story that ends triumphantly on opening night. Photographs.

Short Stories: Five Decades, by Irwin Shaw (*Delacorte*, \$14.95).

From his previous collections Mr. Shaw has picked sixty-three stories, written over the past forty years. About half of them originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

Beyond Boom and Crash, by Robert L. Heilbroner (*Norton*, \$6.95).

A bedside diagnosis of capitalism's current state of health. After so many intermittent crises and recoveries, the system is in somewhat precarious shape, but Dr. Heilbroner's prognosis, while hardly cheering, suggests that the terminal throes are still a good way off.

Hamburger Madness, by Jack Ziegler (*Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$7.95).

Hamburger madness is just one of many aberrations on view in this album of car-

toons about the way we live now. Mr. Ziegler's characters, more often than not, are able to maintain their composure amid the empty catch phrases, the secondhand struck attitudes derived from movies and television, and the other detritus of the nineteen-seventies.

Wildness Is All Around Us: Notes of an Urban Naturalist, by Eugene Kinkead (*Dutton*, \$9.95).

Our urban naturalist continues his explorations. Under scrutiny here are a Steller's eider off Scituate, Massachusetts, and wild flowers and pre-glacial boulders in Central Park. The last half of the book is a report on the house sparrow—an unendangered species if ever there was one.

Georgia: From Rabun Gap to Tybee Light, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Cherokee*, \$5.95).

A portrait that is a mosaic of facts, anecdotes, and indigenous conversations—past and present, political and secular—of our largest state east of the Mississippi, known as the Mother of President.

The Late Hour, by Mark Strand (*Atheneum*, \$6.95).

The hitherto bleak landscape of the poet's mind is now relieved by flashes and streaks of brightness. There are twenty-five poems in this volume, of which eleven were first published in *The New Yorker*.

A Prison and a Prisoner, by Susan Sheehan (*Houghton Mifflin*, \$10.95).

The prison is Green Haven, in Beekman, New York, and the prisoner is "George Malinow"—alumnus of Wallkill, Sing Sing, Clinton, and Attica; self-described professional criminal; and currently an inmate of yet another prison. Mrs. Sheehan's detailed record of Malinow's life and mind and circumstances, based on many long interviews with him over a long period of time, reflects his own point of view every step of the way and becomes, by extension, a report on crime and punishment here and now—and perhaps beyond that.

The Left-Handed Woman, by Peter Handke (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux*, \$7.95).

The heroine of Mr. Handke's novel is a woman who suddenly, and without explanation, asks her husband to leave; the story is concerned with her consequent malaise and her eventual recovery from the devastating effects of loneliness and the warnings of everyone within earshot. Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim.

Look Who's Talking!, by Emily Hahn (*Crowell*, \$8.95).

Who's talking are chimpanzees and gorillas and dogs, for example, and birds as well. This book is a record of Miss Hahn's investigations of the ways in which animals are now making themselves understood in bodily movements and pantomime, or in sounds, or even in sign language. One sentiment that many of them have demonstrably been able to communicate is friendship for Miss Hahn.

Music of Three Seasons: 1974-1977, by Andrew Porter (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux*, \$20).

A collection of reports and essays on musical events here and as far out of town as

Minneapolis, Siena, and Brooklyn, and on composers and scores and performers, by our peripatetic critic.

The Last Cowboy, by Jane Kramer (*Harper & Row*, \$8.95).

A study in illusion and reality. The leading figure of Miss Kramer's Profile "Cowboy" (mistitled between hard covers) is the pseudonymous Henry Blanton, of the Texas Panhandle. Bewildered and betrayed by his own chivalric code of behavior, which he has derived from legends of the Old West, he is out of step with these impersonal times of absentee landlords, big feedlots, and big business.

The New India, by Ved Mehta (*Viking*, \$10; *Penguin*, \$2.95).

"There is a sense of looming calamity here, a sense of danger" is the opening sentence of Mr. Mehta's report on the kangaroo government of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi (with a little help from her son Sanjay) and its totalitarian manifestations. The book begins in June, 1975, with her conviction for corrupt election practices, and ends with her defeat by the voters of India in March, 1977.

Selected Stories, by V. S. Pritchett (*Random House*, \$10).

The selection is the author's, and he made it from among the works that have appeared in his previous collections. All told, there are fourteen stories.

Hello, Darkness, by L. E. Sissman (*Atlantic-Little, Brown*, \$9.95).

The "darkness" is death, and the gallant title is in itself a glimpse of courage. Gathered here are all the published poems of the late Mr. Sissman, whose spirit was as remarkable as his talent.

Computer Capers, by Thomas Whiteside (*Crowell*, \$7.95).

A handbook of electronic rascality. Mr. Whiteside, starting with a reference to "Dead Souls," presents in reports and anecdotes (and in precise detail) true tales of the swindles of latter-day Tchitchikovs, each of them a record of a victory of the human, if criminal, mind over some of the most sophisticated machines ever invented. The stakes run into the millions: the malefactors are rarely caught, and even more rarely convicted. Capers indeed!

Stop Trying to Cheer Me Up!, by Frank Modell (*Dodd, Mead*, \$8.95).

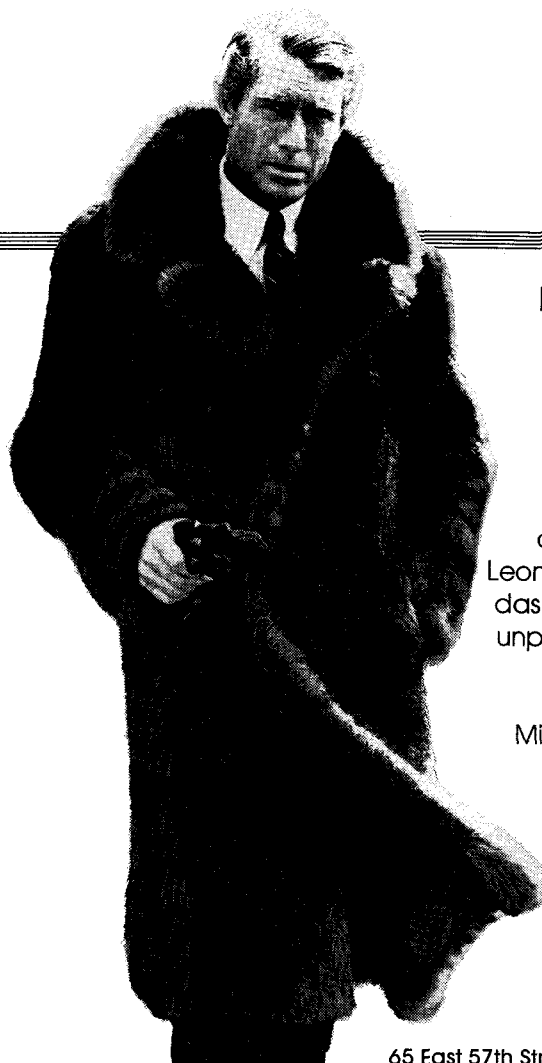
An album of Mr. Modell's men and women, most of them displaying a commendable grouching in situations too often ignored or dismissed.

Innocent Eréndira, by Gabriel García Márquez (*Harper & Row*, \$8.95).

Twelve short stories, including the long "The Sea of Lost Time," that capture the fantastic, surrealist vision of this Colombian writer. Translated from the Spanish by Gregory Rabassa.

Experiencing Science, by Jeremy Bernstein (*Basic Books*, \$11.95).

Reports on the lives and the work of some of the most important scientific minds of our time, including, on the one hand, Dr. Lewis Thomas, biologist, who is president and chief executive officer of the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York, and, on the other hand, Trofim Denisovich Lysenko, charlatan and pernicious nut, who destroyed the study of modern genetics in the Soviet Union. The longest and most detailed article in the book is a Profile of Isidor Isaac Rabi, whose accomplishments at Columbia and in and out of government reflect his vigorous, optimistic nature.



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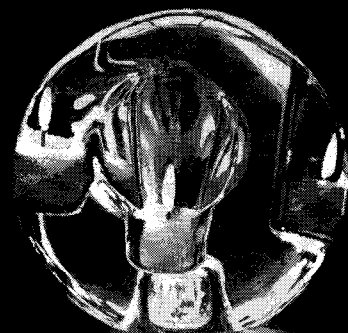
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DANCING

Fashions at the Ballet

AT benefits and matinées, audiences tend to be indiscriminate and unfocussed; sometimes they're uncomfortable, sometimes they only act that way. The matinée audience is a peaceful one once it gets settled, but that always takes a while. Handbags must be dug through, compartments unzipped and then zipped up again, candy bars unwrapped, watches wound and set. The matinée audience used to wear large hats, which it gladly removed on request. Now it wears bangle bracelets. If you ask it to stop jangling, it doesn't know what you mean. This audience loves everything it sees. The benefit audience does not even love itself. It is touchy and sleepy; at peak moments in a performance it will begin perusing its program in a belated attempt to discover why it came. Small children used to appear only at matinées. Now they are turning up at benefits, too—the price of a ticket apparently being less than that of a babysitter. Small children love ballet, and they are not a nuisance except when they ask a lot of questions out loud. The questions are usually perceptive; it's the answers they get that can kill a performance for you.

Opening night at the New York City Ballet was a gala benefit. The ballet was "Jewels," and it was the occasion of Mikhail Baryshnikov's début with the company in New York, dancing Edward Villella's part in "Rubies." He next appeared in "Coppélia," another benefit. In neither case did the audience do what forecasts had said it would do—go crazy for Baryshnikov and ignore everything else. Both performances got a warm, appreciative response; the applause was in just proportion to the provocation. Baryshnikov both times won an ovation, but so did Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins in "Diamonds," and so did Patricia McBride and Shaun O'Brien in "Coppélia." The reactions tallied with the reactions to the same ballets performed with the same casts last summer before non-benefit audiences in Saratoga. Baryshnikov fever is not a media hype: the N.Y.C.B. season is a sellout because of him. Is it he who inspires this new dignity and

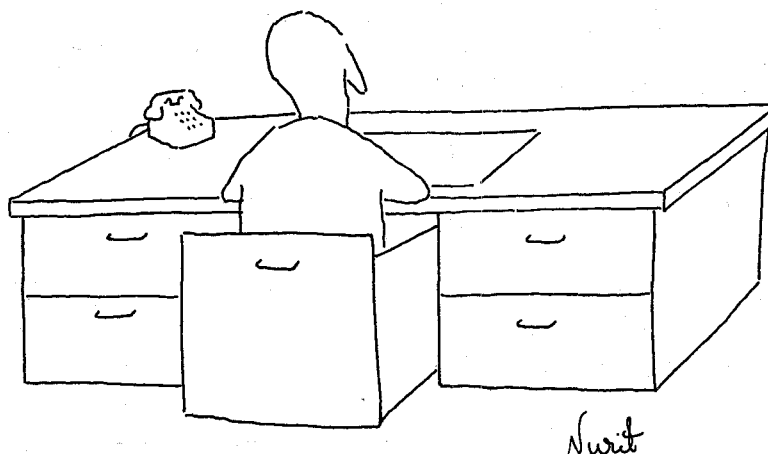
attentiveness in benefit audiences or is it just the shock we all feel at seeing him in the midst of Balanchine's company? The opening took place in a celebrative atmosphere. Between "Rubies" and "Diamonds," wine and canapés were served on all levels of the house, and the audience went around saying, "I think the audience is behaving very well tonight, don't you?"

Baryshnikov dances "Rubies" with a feral intensity; he's not as cockily urbane as Villella, and he's less a competitor for McBride than an accomplice, who mirrors her every mood, and sometimes wittily travesties her movement. The accents in the "tango" are sharper than they have been in some time. Baryshnikov has, by muscular nature, the measure of "Villella" attack—the short jabs, the feints, the sudden gear-shifting spurts. But his timing is becoming more assertively his own. Some of the choreography is changed in minor ways; it has not been embellished as the two solos in "Coppélia" have been. Here Baryshnikov dances more in his customary style, and he adds his customary steps. There aren't enough additions to the first solo; it begins excitingly but then reverts to the version done by Peter Martins and Helgi Tomasson, which isn't spectacular enough for them, either. The second solo, though, is a beautiful waltz variation that Balanchine once choreographed for André Eglevsky. It opens with the high suspended cabrioles that Eglevsky was famous for and ends in a spiralling burst of air turns and pirouettes—all doubles. Baryshnikov somehow found room for his double assemblé turning in both directions and ending in low arabesque; he converted the final pirouette into multiple spins in attitude and the final air turn into

an amazing pop-up split jeté. As at American Ballet Theatre, he made a delightful Frantz. But roles that confine him to his specialties are not what he came to N.Y.C.B. to do. And "Coppélia," even in this superior version, is not an N.Y.C.B. specialty. Baryshnikov might easily have overwhelmed its first act; the years at Ballet Theatre pumping up insolid material would have taught him how. Instead, he appeared, performed succinctly, and withdrew. And the audience did not riot.

Baryshnikov has become the No. 1 glamour boy of the arts, and he does seem to be attracting to the State Theatre the glittering crowd that normally goes to the Met to see the foreign companies or Ballet Theatre, with its foreign stars. The New York City Ballet has never courted fashion, though it has courted popularity—a very different thing. "Jewels" is a consciously designed popular hit—an introduction to Balanchine and a showcase for his stars. It is also gaudy, with a brutally opulent décor, by Peter Harvey, and Karinska costumes that look expensive. Usually when the curtain goes up on "Emeralds," there's a gasp. On opening night, when the "in" crowd gasped, was it in horror? The costumes, designed in 1967 and slightly remodelled since then, have the look of the fifties about them: blocklike ankle-length tulle skirts, which make the girls look hippy; wired bras and headdresses. A wire lavallière hangs from the flies; the wings are covered with drapes that look dipped in cement. From their fringes cut-glass teardrops dangle, catching the light, which is green, of course, with violet undertones. (On a clear evening at the outdoor theatre in Saratoga, there's always a moment when the lighting in "Emeralds" exactly matches the sky.) The basic décor reappears in "Rubies" and "Diamonds" with appropriate color changes and variations in costuming.

The scheme is hardest on "Emeralds." In "Rubies," the dancers wear short red tunics; in "Diamonds," conventional white tutus. These aren't so bad, and anyway both ballets, which still have their original ballerinas, are so sturdily well performed that one can forget the way they look. Also, in the perspective of Balanchine's output over the years,



they're not as compellingly different in conception as "Emeralds" is. "Rubies" gives us the lighter-weight Stravinsky, in the tradition of "Jeu de Cartes" and "Danses Concertantes." "Diamonds," to my mind, was better done before as "Ballet Imperial" ("Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2"). As a Farrell show, it is still entrancing, but the ultimate great Farrell performance of the moment is more likely to occur in "Chaconne," which also provides a big role, with commensurate possibilities, for Martins. "Emeralds," however, is like nothing else in the repertory. It is all andante in effect, and stands virtually motionless in memory, shimmering through a veil of mist. Gentle Fauré wrote the two suites of incidental music from which the score is drawn. "Shylock" accompanied the adaptation by Edmond Haraucourt of "The Merchant of Venice," and "Pelléas and Mélisande" was written for a production of the Maeterlinck play. The music reflects the period of French infatuation with Wagnerian medievalism; it's "Tristan" transmuted into mellow romance. In the ballet, there is a little heraldic pageantry and a lot of courtly love. Two women—one regal, one virginal—dominate it. (Merrill Ashley and Karin von Aroldingen are miscast; they're not only in the wrong roles but in the wrong ballet.) Each has a solo, and the fantasy of the steps and gestures is peculiarly intimate: what a man imagines an elegant woman does when she's alone. The first, set to "La Fileuse" from "Pelléas," recalls the extravagant elation of a Petipa jewel fairy. The second, to the "Sicilienne," is more introverted, more girlishly whimsical. This, perhaps, is *Mélisande*. A "*Mélisande*" pas de deux, in which a knight tracks his lady as she walks a winding path on point, is echoed in the grave processions of the epilogue. Balanchine added this walking ending recently; the literal gravity of it makes the frothy stiff costumes all the more inappropriate.

"Emeralds"—all of "Jewels"—ought to be redecorated. A new chic audience, provided one really attaches itself, might stimulate more tasteful designing. The Karinska shop's costumes for recent productions, such as "Chaconne," "Vienna Waltzes," and "Kammermusik No. 2," are a lot better than they used to be. But does New York possess a chic audience? A couple of months ago, *W*, the biweekly digest of *Women's Wear Daily*, published its lists of "in's" and "out's" in various categories and included among the Dance People who were "in" Mikhail Ba-

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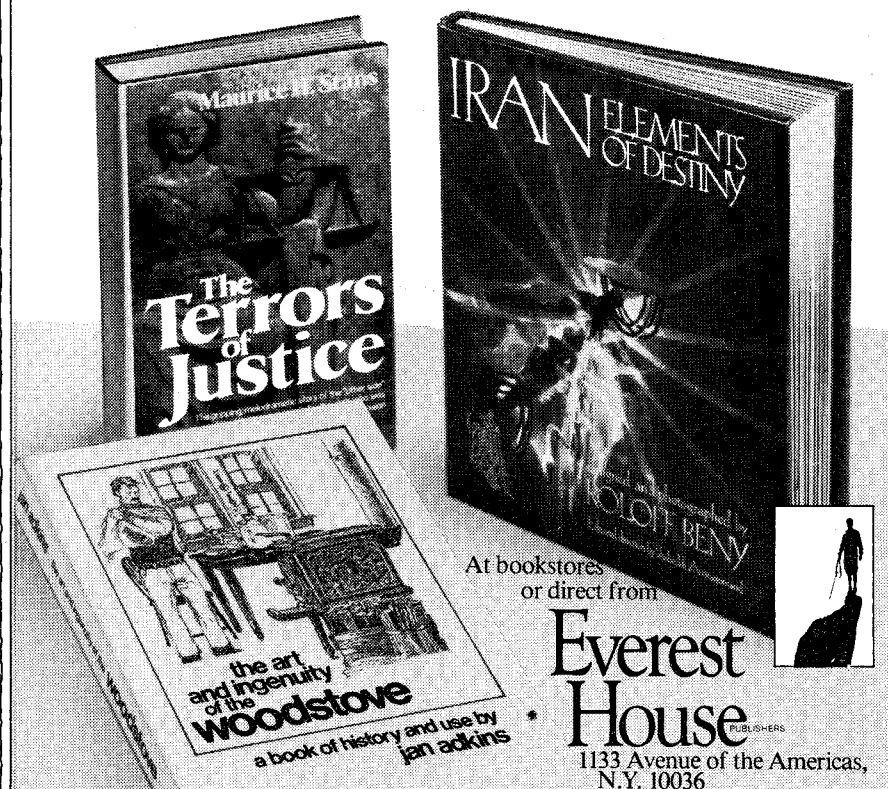
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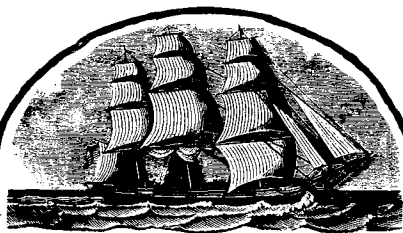
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ryshnikov, George Balanchine, Suzanne Farrell, and the New York City Ballet. "In"s and "out"s are a good game when the choices are guided by some underlying principle that we can guess at, but the lists that *W* puts together appear to be packs of names selected at random, as if it would be more amusing to have no underlying principle. The abdication of taste in our time is sometimes celebrated as morally regenerative, but at *W*, one feels, hollow rationales like that don't apply. Non-taste is just part of the fatigued atmosphere—fallout from the self-scandalization of the sixties—in which today's fashion flourishes. In this atmosphere, the process of inclusion/exclusion by which fashion has long set itself standards falls apart. There are no standards; it's just as outrageous—and as meaningless—to be on a list as off it. Even the fact that most of the designers that *W* designates as "in" turn out to be leading advertisers and most of the "in" people are their clients doesn't taint the bland equanimity of the choices with the clarity of commercialism: the choices would be the same whether commerce intervened or not. I suspect that life and art at the ballet will go on much as before. (American Ballet Theatre without Baryshnikov, *W* threatens, is "out." I doubt it.) A new costume show at the Metropolitan Museum reminds us that the world of fashionable society and the ballet have traditionally exercised a mutual fascination. In the first years of the Ballets Russes, Parisian dressmakers of high style took their cues from Diaghilev's designers. Later, Chanel, a patron of the ballet, became the first of the celebrated couturiers to design costumes. But the tradition seems to have confined itself to Paris, where Roland Petit was able to revive it after the Second World War. That period, lasting only a few years, now seems as remote as the Diaghilev era. The one vestige we have of it in New York is the categories in *W*, which rates Theatre, Film, and Dance People (along with just People) but not Opera or Concert People. Dress designers still care about ballet. Is Zubin Mehta "in" or "out"?

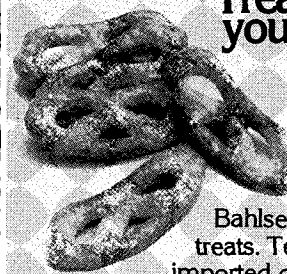
—ARLENE CROCE

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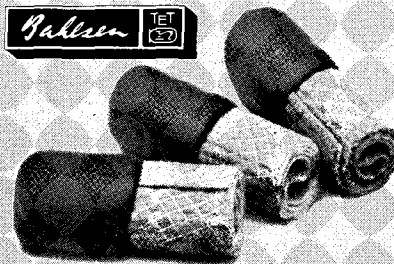
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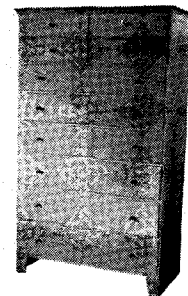


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PHOTOGRAPHY

Two Roads

Realistic, illusionist art had dissembled the medium, using art to conceal art. Modernism used art to call attention to art. The limitations that constitute the medium of painting—the flat surface, the shape of the support, the properties of pigment—were treated by the Old Masters as negative factors that could be acknowledged only implicitly or indirectly. Modernist painting has come to regard these same limitations as positive factors that are to be acknowledged openly. Manet's paintings became the first modernist ones by virtue of the frankness with which they declared the surfaces on which they were painted. The Impressionists, in Manet's wake, abjured underpainting and glazing, to leave the eye under no doubt as to the fact that the colors used were made of real paint that came from pots or tubes. . . .

Whereas one tends to see what is *in* an Old Master before seeing it as a picture, one sees a modernist painting as a picture first. —Clement Greenberg.

PHOTOGRAPHY went modernist not, as has been supposed, when it began to imitate modern abstract art but when it began to study snapshots. The photographic properties that art photographers had been struggling to conceal or eradicate or mitigate since the invention of the camera—and that the photographic avant-garde, belatedly jumping into the mainstream of twentieth-century art, now celebrates—have been on clear view for over half a century in the mammoth museum-without-walls of amateur and vernacular photography. In the artless relics of picnics past—in the images of squinting children, of faces distorted by eating or hollering, of badly fitting clothes, improbable gestures, impossible movements—the avant-garde photographer finds ready-made the self-reflexive style that the modernist painter had to invent. Robert Frank, the Manet of the New Photography, scrupulously shed all the pictorial values of his predecessors—composition, design, tonal balance, print quality—and produced pictures that look as if a kid had taken them while eating a Popsicle and then had had them developed and printed at the drugstore. In “The Americans,” Frank showed photography at its most nakedly photographic. Permitting the camera what no art photographer had ever hitherto let it get away with—all the accidents of light, the messy conjunctions of shape, the randomness of the framing, the disorderliness of the composition, the arbitrariness of gesture and expression, the blurriness and graininess of the printing—he showed America at its most depressing and pathetic. However, Frank has been overvalued as a social critic and undervalued as a photographic innovator, for what he revealed was something not about America but about photography. Taking his cue from the snapshot, he grasped that the camera is equipped as no other medium is to show us things in their worst possible aspect. The cam-

era's profound misanthropy, its willingness to go to unpleasant places where no one wants to venture, its nasty preference for precisely those facets of our nature that we most wish to disown (one is reminded of the diabolical mirror in Hans Christian Andersen's story “The Snow Queen,” in which “all good and great things became small and mean, while all bad things were magnified, and every flaw became apparent”) are the real subjects of Frank's pictures. Frank was hardly the first person to point out that our consumer society is vacuous and chaotic, but he was the first photographer to make a virtue out of—indeed, erect a style on—the fundamentally vacuous and chaotic appearance of photography.

Followers of Frank continued the movement away from the meretriciously “beautiful” photographs of the past. Simply by going with the camera instead of against it, they produced a body of work that looked as different from the photography of the past as Action Painting did from its predecessors. That this photography emerged shortly after the emergence of Action Painting is itself yet another indication of the close (if often secret) watch that photography keeps on developments in painting. Garry Winogrand's formulation “I photograph to see what something will look like photographed” surely derives from the moment in art when, as Harold Rosenberg analyzed it, “the canvas began to appear to one American painter after another as an arena in which to act—rather than as a space in which to reproduce, redesign, analyze, or ‘express’ an object, actual or imagined.” He continued, “What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event. The painter no longer approached his easel with an image in his mind; he went up to it with material in his hand to do something to that other piece of material in front of him. The image would be the result of this encounter.” Thus Winogrand, Lee Friedlander, Emmet Gowin, Henry Wessel, Jr., Mark Cohen, Tod Papageorge, and other “action” photog-



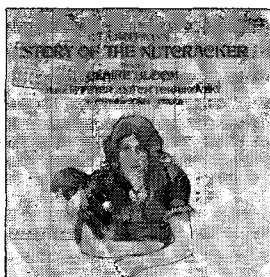


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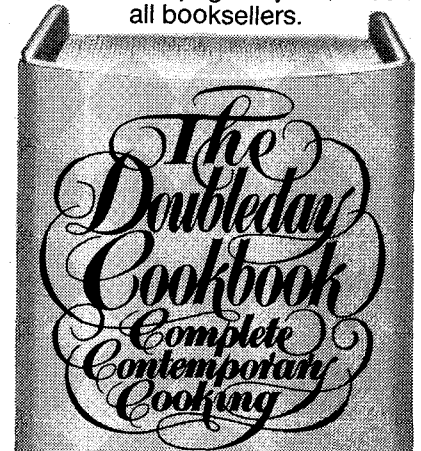
raphers followed people on the street, peered into suburban living rooms, hung around fast-food chains, and—with nothing in mind, with none of the elaborate previsualizations of traditional art photography—repeatedly clicked the shutters of their small cameras. Later, scanning contact sheets, they selected their pictures—decided what the "decisive moment" had been.

The emergence of this school of photography just at the time when the medium was entering a period of unprecedented critical attention and commercial exploitation created a complicated situation. It drove certain photographers, critics, publishers, and collectors, who had hitherto serenely considered themselves aesthetically advanced, into an uncomfortably retrograde position. These were the people who had worked for the acceptance of photography as an artistic medium, denying its mechanical nature and stressing its affinities with traditional art. From their point of view, the messy pictures of Winogrand and the others were an affront: photography had finally proved itself—was in its highest efflorescence of art and craftsmanship—and along come these guys to call the whole game off. What was even more galling to the traditionalists was that these radicals, these impudent pricklers of photography's pretensions, became overnight stars of the art establishment. John Szarkowski's photography department at the Museum of Modern Art fawned over them, the Guggenheim Foundation showered grants on them like confetti, universities hired them, the Light Gallery provided a permanent *salon des acceptés*. The recognition that modernist painters and sculptors (not to say photographers) had had to fight for was picked up like a welfare check by the post-modernist photographer. At the same time, the traditional pictorial photograph (boring though it was to Szarkowski) became one of the hottest commodities on the art market. What the traditionalists lost in the academy they retrieved in the marketplace. Never in the history of photography have photographs sold as they have sold in the past decade—photographs of the past, that is, and of the Stieglitz-Strand-Weston-derived present. Pictures by the Winogrand school never sold, or even became known outside the academy. The single member of that school whose work is collected as art and whose reputation has extended beyond photographic circles is Diane Arbus, and the reason is that she doesn't really belong to the school at all. Arbus's first exhibition, at

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MOMA in 1967, in a group show with Winogrand and Friedlander, established a false connection. Her charm for the public is not in the intransigence of her images of anxiety and sordidness but in their painterliness. She was an old-fashioned photographer (her apprenticeship had been served on fashion magazines), using traditional forms to examine old existential dilemmas. The only "modern" thing about her pictures is that her freaks and drag queens and unhappy housewives and inmates of mental institutions happen to be living in our day. The style of her photographs is the composed, static style of the nineteenth century; many of Arbus's pictures could have been taken by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron. It is precisely the disparity between her pictures' orderly formalism and the messy chaos of what they show that creates their fascinating horror. Photographers who have tried to follow and imitate Arbus have failed because they have not understood (and she herself was misleading about it) what she actually did. She is at once an anomaly and a bridge between the two camps that photography has polarized into.

Something unexpected is beginning to emerge from this polarization. As each side digs out its position—the avant-garde going deeper and deeper into its examination of the photographic, the old guard into the making of medium-transcending beautiful forms—the gap between them seems to be *narrowing* rather than widening. Two exhibitions here illustrated this paradox with special lucidity. One was a show of color photographs by the young avant-gardist Eve Sonneman, at Castelli Uptown, and the other was a show, also of color work, by the renowned master formalist Harry Callahan, at the Light Gallery. Sonneman takes one of the most radical and mordant attitudes toward photography on record. By the simple device of showing pictures in pairs—two slightly different or vastly different views of the same subject, set in a single frame—she attacks what even the most belligerent of the Winogrand school accepted as a core concept; namely, that there is such a thing as *the* picture of something. With her pairings, Sonneman argues that there is only *a* picture—that any photograph taken is inevitably arbitrary. In a typical Sonneman pairing, Picture No. 1 shows an arrangement of objects on a red blanket spread out on the large gray pebbles of a Greek beach, including a panama hat, a pair of sunglasses, a Sony tape recorder, a Penguin paperback edition of Philostratus'

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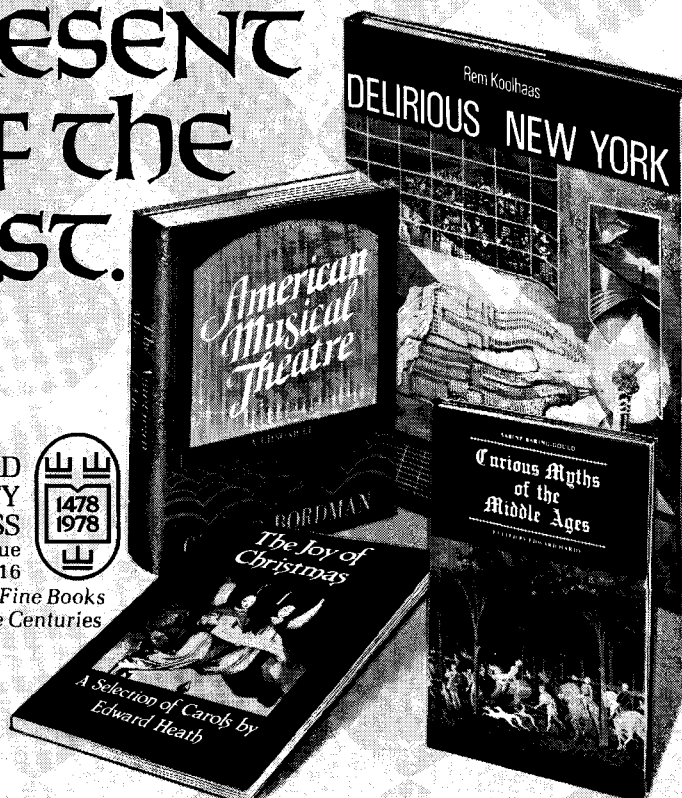
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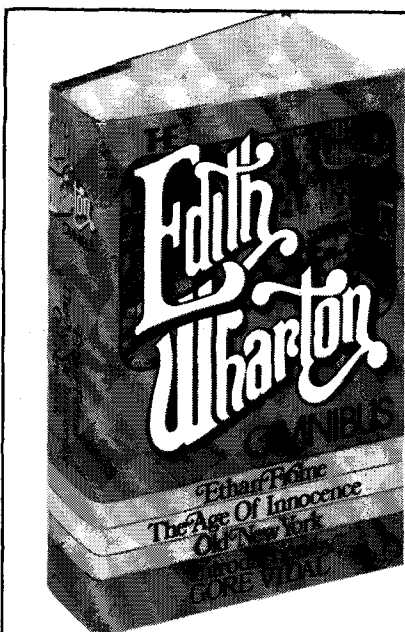
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"Life of Apollonius," illustrated with a picture of a Greek nude male statue, and a copy of "The Selected Poems of Frank O'Hara," illustrated with Larry Rivers' drawing of O'Hara, nude except for his black socks; Picture No. 2 shows the same blanket and objects and pebbles, except that they are a bit smaller, because the photographer has stepped back a little in order to include, at the top of the static photograph, an exciting glimpse of pounding surf. This boring and fascinating pairing (which also touches on and mocks the portentous significance that details assume under the camera's aimlessly scrutinizing eye) spells out the fundamental inability of the camera to tell the whole truth. If a painter wants to show large objects and surf, this can be arranged: he has only to get himself the right-size canvas. He is the monarch of all he surveys. The photographer, on the other hand, is the slave of his range finder. He has to make choices: he is always giving up something, he is always lying a little.

Another Sonneman pairing ponders another facet of photographic untruth. Picture No. 1 presents the Parthenon as every contemporary photographer is obliged to present it: as the backdrop for a satiric study of the jet-age tourist. The second picture (deviating from the majority of the pictures in the show) changes location and shows what appears to be a small provincial airline terminal. Officials and tourists are briskly walking in and out of the low, nondescript building. It is a picture almost entirely without interest—something that might have been taken by a child trying out his new Instamatic as his mother tugs and drags him to the check-in counter. But then, suddenly, one sees something in the left-hand corner that causes one to sit up and take notice: a man is walking into the picture with his arms raised over his head, as if there were a gunman behind him. One realizes that the picture is about a hijacking. But is it? How can it be? Everyone else in the picture is going about his business calmly. But then why does the man have his hands up? One concludes, finally, that it must be one of those accidents of photography—one of those "mistakes" the camera makes when it shows a tree growing out of a man's head or causes a person to look tragic when he is merely scratching his ear. In a third series, Picture No. 1 shows a man sitting at a

table near an open window that looks out on a formal garden; he is reading a map, holding it up so that his face is obliterated. In Picture No. 2, the man himself is obliterated; the photographer has moved in to take a closeup of the window, but the light has changed (or Sonneman has changed her camera settings), so that the garden, though now dominant, is also recessive, because of the washed-out effect of overexposure. In a book of Sonneman's work in black-and-white called "Real Time," there is a memorable series showing

four people pushing a car. In Picture No. 1, they are seen from one perspective and in No. 2 from another, while the car itself appears not to have moved. The second picture thwarts the viewer's expectation of forward movement; the movement it does show is in

another direction and in another time—the photographer's, not the subject's.

The sense of paradox within the Sonneman pairs is accompanied by an external paradox: each member of the pair devaluates and discredits photographic values of the other, but together the two become something more than a critique of photography—they form an object. Singly, Sonneman's pictures are without interest; conjointly, they are respectable works of avant-garde art. Like conceptual works, earthworks, and other manifestations of what Rosenberg called "de-aesthetized art," the Sonneman works retain (gain) an aesthetic residue. They follow what seems to be an invariable principle of avant-garde art: if a critique of art (or even a statement of anti-art) is made honestly, fiercely, disinterestedly, and cleverly enough, it begins to partake of the appearance of art. Duchamp's found objects first established this peculiar principle. An equally peculiar corollary is that when imitators come along and cynically and mindlessly copy the original—sometimes without even grasping its intellectual point—the result still looks like art. Serial photography, accordingly, is becoming an avant-garde fashion.

Harry Callahan has produced some of the purest and most austere abstract photography of our time. His career is one of those monuments to dedication and work and care and belief in self that command respect even where they do not induce love. His spare abstractions of marsh grasses, telephone wires, and weeds in snow which look like



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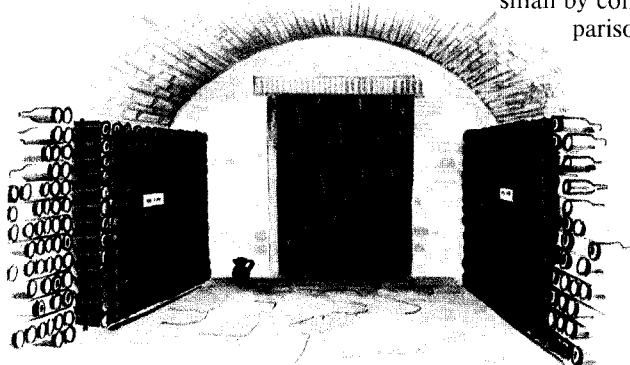
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nervous-lined modern drawings; his photographs of architectural façades which look like Mondrians; his surrealist superimposition of his wife's nude torso on grassy fields; his abstract closeups of the anxious faces of people on the streets of Chicago—all have established his reputation in modern-art circles and reflect his connection with the painterly tradition of photography. (An even blunter example of an old-fashioned photographer mistaken for a modernist is Aaron Siskind, a colleague of Callahan's at the Rhode Island School of Design, who is believed to be a photographic Action Painter. But the Kline-like and de Kooning-like abstractions that Siskind extracts from graffiti-covered walls and rubble-strewn gutters are created in a manner and spirit inimical to the manner and spirit of Action Painting. Their beauty and profundity derive from the sense of awe and humility they reflect: awe before the supremacy of painting, and humility before the difficulties of photographic craftsmanship—something very different from the arrogant self-involvement of the Action Painter. This said, it is necessary to introduce the muddying complication of a photograph, cited by Thomas Hess in his introduction to a book of Siskind's photographs, that looks like a de Kooning, was done before de Kooning painted like that, and is owned by de Kooning. Photography's mired relationship to painting is forever throwing up such chicken-or-egg dilemmas.) Callahan's photographs are stylistically of a piece, marked by a kind of exquisite dryness, a quietness and evenness of tone, and a quality of muted restraint, almost grudgingness. He is a sort of harpsichordist of the camera; with a few exceptions (one such is a picture of his wife, Eleanor, lying nude on a towel in a landscape of sumacs), his pictures do not leap out at the viewer and demand attention. His work is hard to respond to, the way a quiet, drab-looking person at a party is hard to go up and talk to. In his introduction to a collection of Callahan's photographs, Szarkowski (after noting of Callahan personally that he is "a tongue-tied and defensive man of action, as tightly closed, when sober, as a good vault, except when photographing") expresses with acuteness and tact what it is about them that pushes one away:

One of the distinctive characteristics of Callahan's work (some might say a limitation of it) is its consistent lack of vulgarity—using that word in a merely descriptive rather than a pejorative sense,

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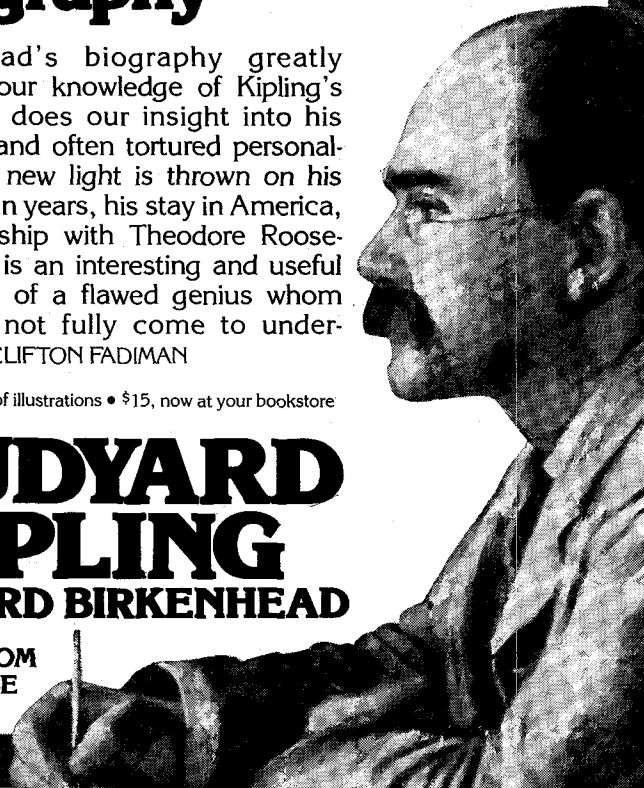
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to identify the presence in a work of art of those humanistic referents that have not been wholly subjugated to the interior requirements and rhythms of the work, and which leave a slightly gritty precipitate, extraneous to the solution of the artistic problem. The formal purity of Callahan's pictures expunges the idiosyncratic local color of real life, to give us something better but cooler. His nudes do not propose lust; his forests are free of insects; the pedestrians on his city sidewalks suffer not as you and I, but as the saints and warriors that are seen in old museums.

Callahan's show at the Light Gallery, of photographs of frame houses in Providence (houses that he had already photographed in 1963), was marked by a characteristic formalism, deliberation, and single-mindedness, and by a typical continuing obsession with a subject. But, uncharacteristically, the pictures were in color. I think it was this "vulgar" touch, this concession to the childish (human) craving for pleasure, that broke down my resistance to Callahan and permitted me to experience one of those rare moments of aesthetic joy (akin to the well-being one actively feels on recovering from an illness) that arrive when one is suddenly able to appreciate, understand, and enjoy what has hitherto been thwarting, boring, off-putting. Looking at these pictures, I felt the greatness that I once merely accepted other people's word for.

The pictures are portraits. The houses (one or two of them) sit there before the viewer like people who have come to a photographer's studio to have a likeness made; they are elderly, mildly shabby, respectable lower-middle-class houses of plain rectangularity, painted pastel colors, with contrasting trim. They are of the period and partake of the plain vernacular beauty of Walker Evans' photography of the thirties. But small, subtle details—TV antennas, plastic garbage bags, red-and-white "NO PARKING" signs, a printed sheet in a grocery-store window reading "FAMILY PAC ICE CREAM HALF GAL. 99¢"—tell us that we are in the seventies, not the thirties. These color pictures are handsome painterly abstractions, but they are also poignantly evocative. They have taken on an emotional color as well—one that is lacking in the black-and-white versions. They evoke what we see when we drive through small New England towns. They exude a Hopper-like sense of the loneliness and emptiness of such places (there are no people here, as in the comparable Hoppers), of the small-town willingness to accept the wistfulness and unfulfillment that underlie

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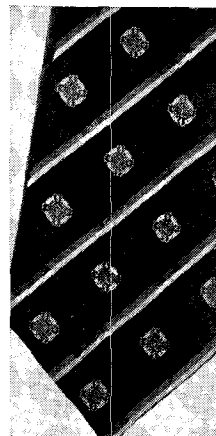
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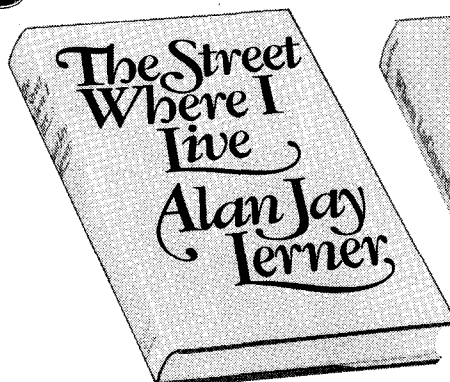
provincial peace and security. There is a marvellous interplay between the abstract form and the emotional content of the pictures: they are not less truthful because the photographer has sought to make them beautiful; they express the more comprehensive, if not higher, truth of art. It is the absence of this kind of ordering that makes itself felt in the work of avant-garde photographers like Eggleston and Shore and that makes so much of their realism look like triviality.

Another element must be considered in accounting for the immense power and presence of these pictures of Callahan's. It is that they were taken with an exceptionally wide-angle lens, which has great depth of field and produces a profound distortion. The pictures, consequently, are not normal: their perspective is strange, and the houses loom and threaten, as if they had been taken from the vantage point of a recumbent drunk. Their extreme unnatural angles are like those of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari;" their atmosphere of suppressed menace is like that of Magritte. As one restudies the pictures in terms of this "abnormality," one realizes that it is from a photographic exigency that the painterliness of the works derives. Callahan uses a mechanical limitation as a stylistic expansion: what Hopper achieved with drawing, Callahan achieves with optical laws. And in this he is doing conspicuously what other painterly photographers—Weston, Strand, Evans, Kertész—have done more covertly. For if you scratch a great photograph you find two things: a painting and a photograph. It is the *photographic means* with which photography imitates painting that produce a photograph's uniqueness and aliveness.

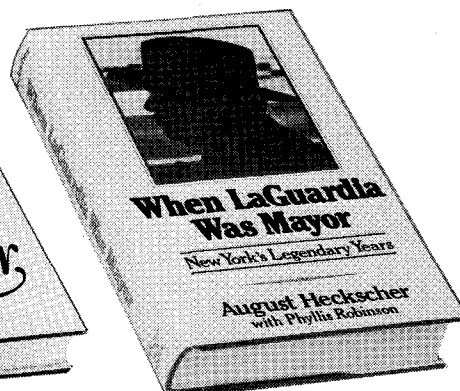
The exhibition of Stieglitz's photography collection at the Metropolitan Museum last summer vividly illustrated this fact, by negative example. The exhibition included works by nineteenth-century European and American photographers which simply tried (and often succeeded, to maddeningly boring effect) to look like etchings or reproductions of paintings. The Photo-Secession works, in contrast, always looked like photographs, even though their point of reference was Symbolist, Pre-Raphaelite, or Impressionist painting. They reflected the realization that the art of black-and-white photography is the solving of special problems of design through manipulation—not of negatives and prints with chemicals but of light. Although the Photo-Secessionist photographers went on messing



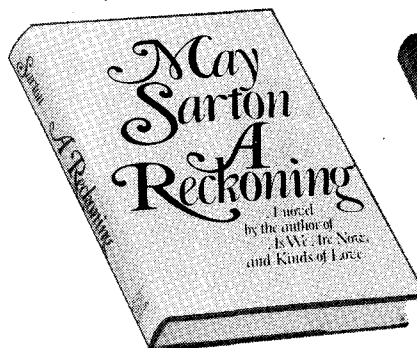
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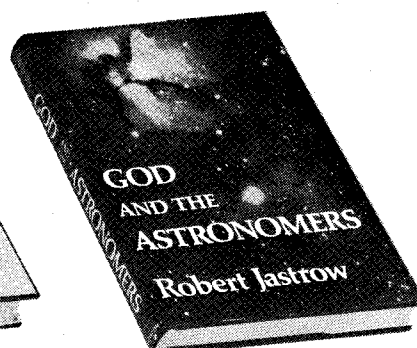
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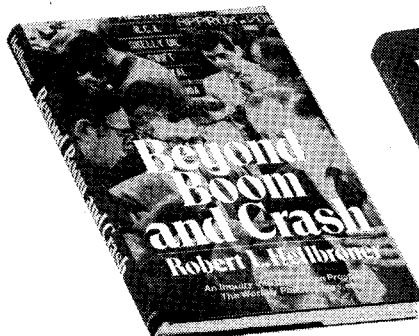
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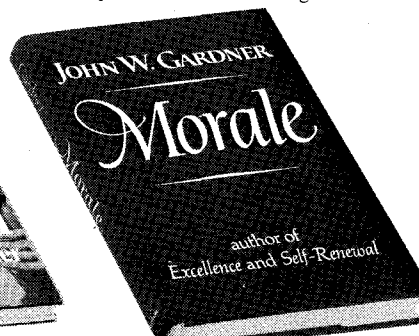
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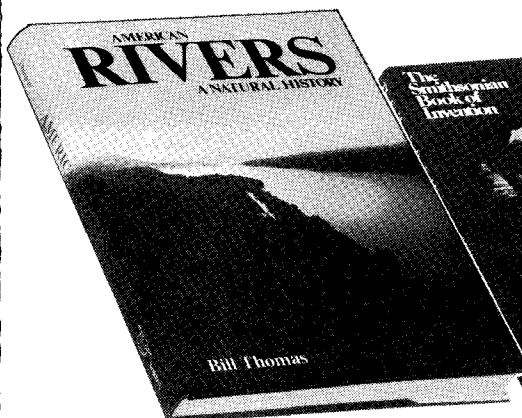
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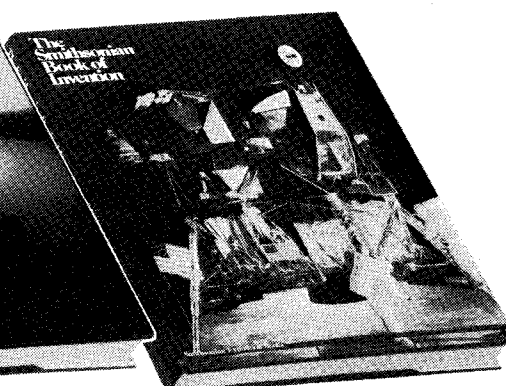
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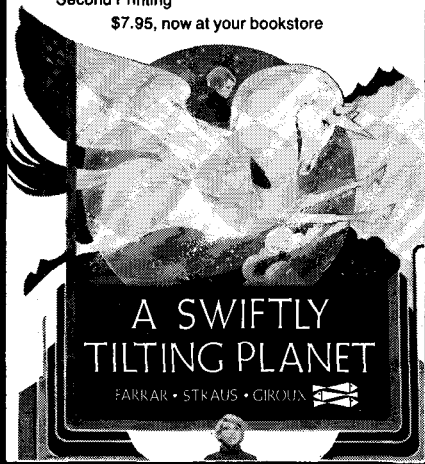
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with gum-bichromate and other painterly printing devices, the distinction, the difference, in their work lies in its strong design, in its disciplined contrast of tones, in its stylization, which is similar to that of the various Art Nouveau styles but is achieved by photographic stratagems. In this sense—in their involvement with photography's processes—Stieglitz, Steichen, White, Käsebier, and the others foreshadowed the modernism of Frank by a good fifty years.

Indeed, since photography's earliest days its practitioners have been suspiciously examining their medium and asking themselves what it is. The modernist preoccupation with the form rather than with the content of art is photography's native, inherent preoccupation. When Szarkowski observed that "whatever else a photograph may be about, it is inevitably about photography," he was stating the special metaphoric connection of photography to modernism—a connection that Stieglitz must have sensed when (giving other reasons) he began to show avant-garde painting and sculpture together with Photo-Secession photographs. It must have felt right to do so; the fundamental modernism of the Photo-Secession works transcended the older painting styles of the nominal models, and made them part of the world of Picasso, Brancusi, Rodin, Marin, Dove, O'Keeffe. Similarly, the apparent differences between today's photographic avant-garde and the old guard are not as great as the hidden affinities. We have seen that Callahan's pictures "call attention to art" no less insistently than Sonneman's. The two of them arrive at different conclusions about the nature of photography, but they ask the same questions, and questions are what matter, of course.

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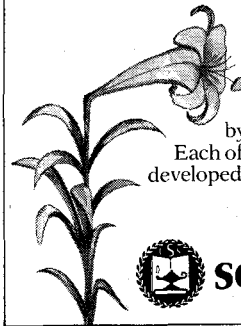
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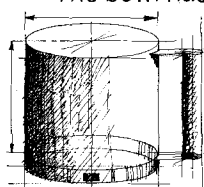
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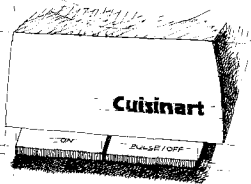
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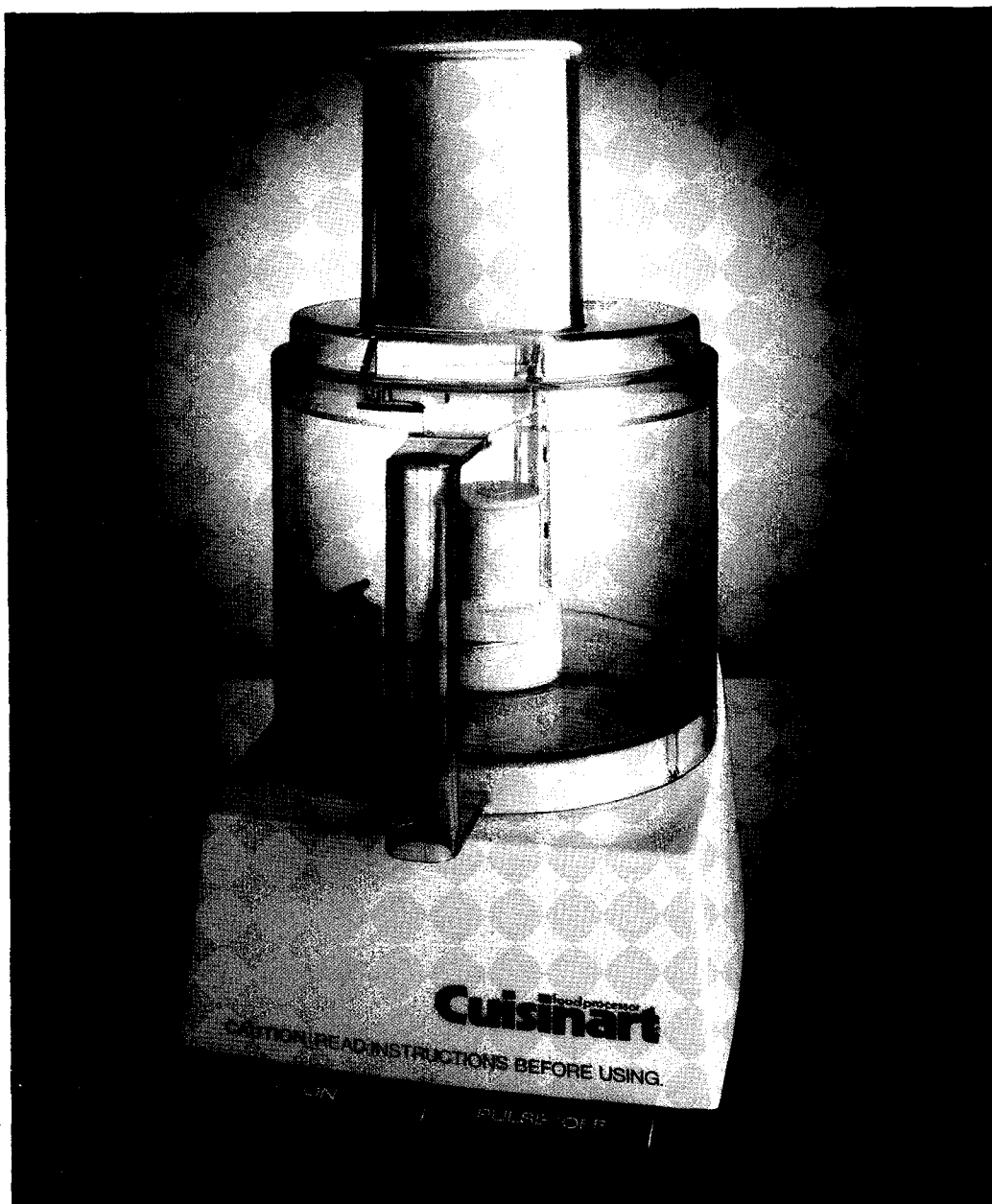
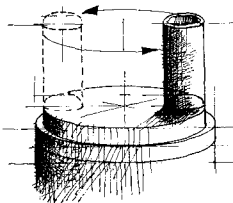
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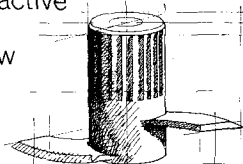


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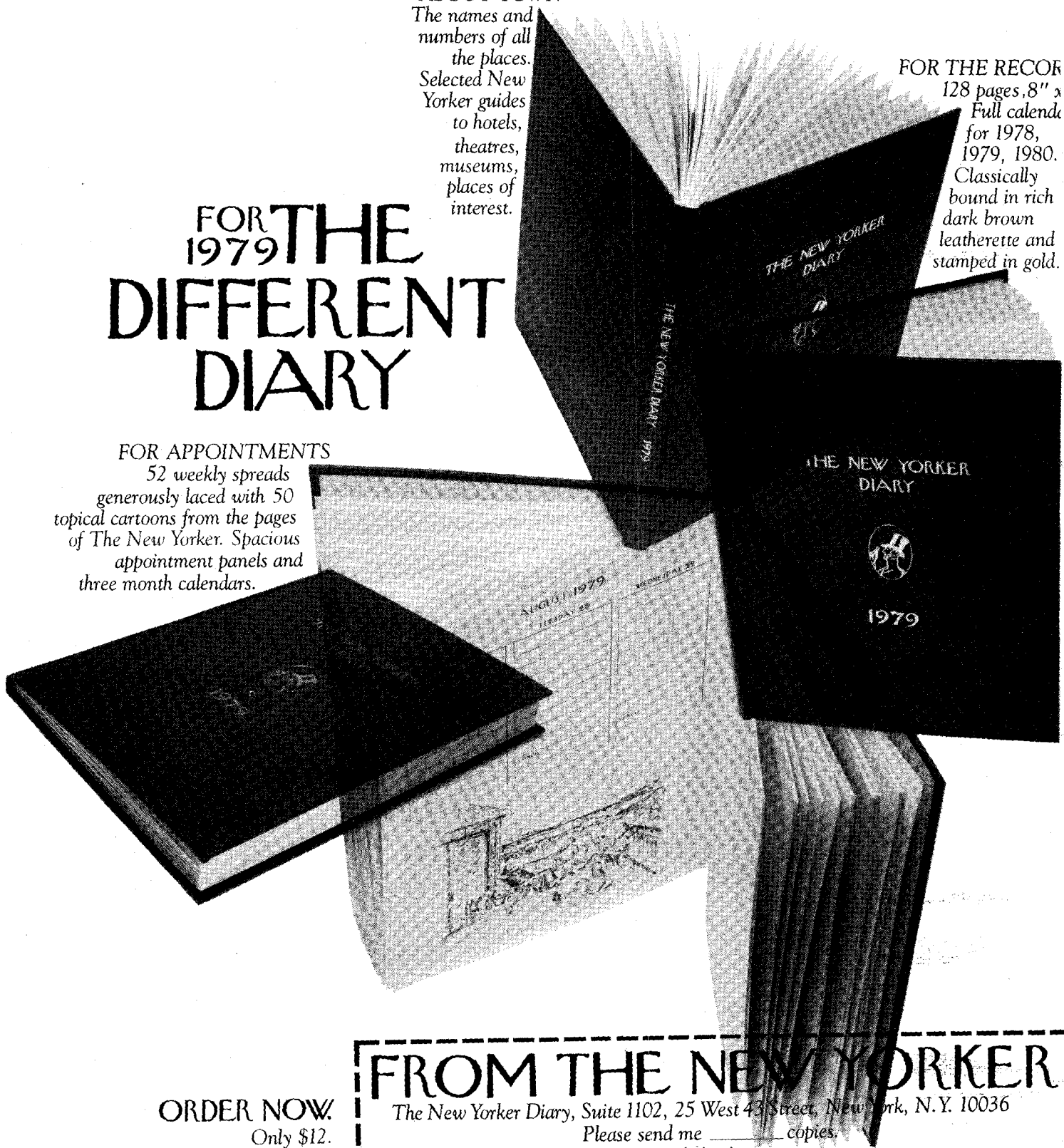
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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HOUSEMAN'S TALE, by Colin Douglas (Taplinger; \$8.95). A finely crafted English novel about a "houseman," or hospital interne, named David Campbell, during his year of duty at the Royal Charitable Institute for the Care of the Indigent Sick, in Edinburgh. Campbell's days and nights are a patchwork of checkups, emergencies, false alarms, and attempts at entertainment, or at least oblivion, in the dormitories and the local pubs; his electronic "bleeper" alerts him to a coronary just as he is drifting off to sleep in the arms of an amiable nurse, or he finds himself obliged, after a night of parties and naps, to amputate a blue and dying toe. Despite chronic discomfort, all the internes and nurses share a cheerful resilience that amounts at times to heroism. In recalling "The Canterbury Tales," the title is not misleading: like Chaucer, Colin Douglas has assembled a delightful company bound for all sorts of adventures as they progress through the year with a mixture of selfish and idealistic motives.

THE SUICIDE'S WIFE, by David Madden (Bobbs-Merrill; \$8.95). A woman named Ann and her husband, a professor of English, are paying a farewell visit to his family's house (it is for sale) in upstate New York. As the story begins, Ann wakes up and sees her husband looking out the window. She falls asleep; when she wakes up again, she is alone. Five days later, still alone, she flies home (to West Virginia), where her sister-in-law telephones to say that she has found Ann's husband in an obscure corner of the yard, dead, with a gun near his body. Ann tries to cope, but everything and everyone seem to gang up on her: neighbors and college associates whom she has never met offer condolences that degenerate into gibes; bills pile up; household appliances break down. In time, Ann comes to realize that she never really knew her husband, and she resents all the more her role as "the suicide's wife." By the end of the novel, nothing much has come of a great deal of melodrama, and the reader is left to sort out some tired

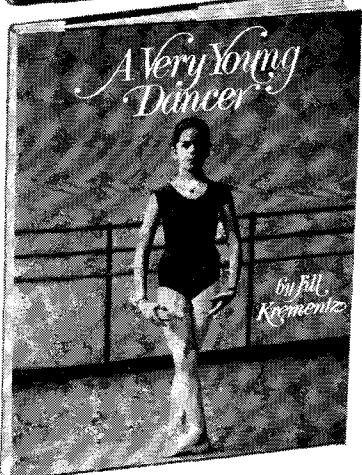
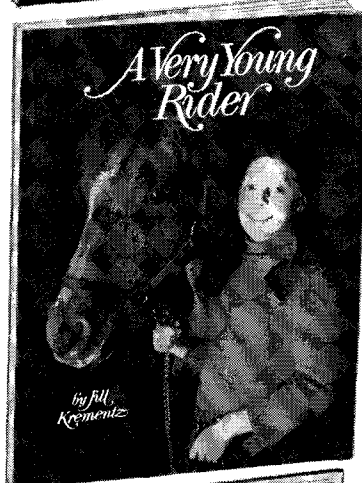
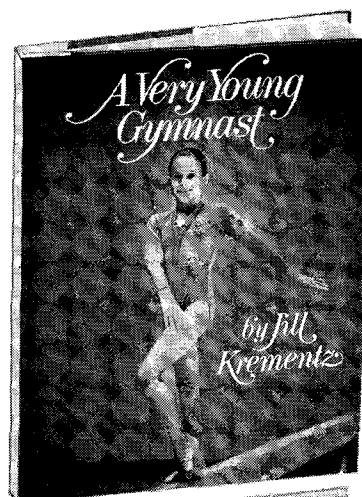
ideas about widowhood and helplessness.

GENERAL

THE SECRET BETRAYAL: 1944-47, by Nikolai Tolstoy (Scribners; \$14.95). A meticulous account of an enormous tragedy. During the Second World War, millions of Russians—most of them legal citizens of the Soviet Union—were moved or were driven all over the map of Europe. These unfortunates included men and women, soldiers and civilians, people of different pasts, religions, ethnic backgrounds, and levels of education. When the fighting stopped, the Western Allies returned more than two million of them to the Soviet Union, where, it is estimated, fewer than a fifth were sent back to their homes; the rest were executed or dispatched to various forms of slave-labor camp, which amounted to the same thing. The Western public knew little about the entire business, which was hushed up as long as possible; the author thinks that the most blameworthy person was the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden. Tolstoy discusses and rejects subsequent efforts to justify Allied policy, and he tells us of one country that played absolutely fair, allowing those Russians who wished to return to do so and offering the rest asylum. The Soviet government fulminated but did nothing. The country was Liechtenstein.

FAIRY TALES AND AFTER: FROM SNOW WHITE TO E. B. WHITE, by Roger Sale (Harvard; \$11). The title is a bit of a misnomer, because, although the author gives us a sense of the power of the old, anonymous fairy tales and fables, and provides us with a handy guide to how they were transformed by later writers, his real interest is in the "and After" of his title—which is children's literature. What he most wants to do is to describe why certain books that we have read—or come to think we have read—as children stay alive and can be reread, and others now seem a little limp or trivial and have faded away. Mr. Sale is a snappy, invigorating, commonsensical writer, eager to tell us if a book or a personality strikes him as boring or wonderful or smug, and exactly why. He has fresh, often

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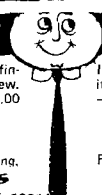
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unexpected observations on everything from Dr. Seuss to the Babar books of Jean de Brunhoff, but he concentrates on what he calls the "classic successes": Lewis Carroll, Beatrix Potter, Kenneth Grahame's "The Wind in the Willows," Kipling's "Kim," L. Frank Baum's Oz series, White's "Charlotte's Web," and the Freddy stories of Walter R. Brooks. About these authors and books he has written essays that are a near-perfect blend of literary criticism and psychological portraiture. The essays on Potter, Grahame, and Carroll are especially full—it is hard to imagine that there will be better introductions to the life and art of any of these three.

MAGIC, SCIENCE, AND CIVILIZATION, by Jacob Bronowski (Columbia; \$6.95). This book, adapted from lectures that the late Jacob Bronowski gave at Columbia, show him doing what he did best—communicating the scientific world view. Bronowski was not a great scientist but rather a polymath who was at home nearly everywhere in the sciences and the humanities. He made science appear to be the most natural and fitting of all human preoccupations, and, when properly practiced, one of the most decent.

DIARY OF A CENTURY, by Jacques Henri Lartigue (Viking, \$19.95; Penguin, \$9.95). For most of his adult life, Lartigue was a well-to-do French painter of the second rank and, like almost everyone else in the world, an amateur snapshooter. Then, in the early sixties, he was "discovered" to be one of the great primitives of photography: snapshots he had taken as a boy in the early years of the century at his parents' country estate and in Paris were plucked from family albums and exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art, reproduced in *Life*, and published in two books. The first edition, published in 1970, of the book under review triumphantly completed the process of converting Lartigue's artless pictures into a kind of photographic Readymade, and displaying it as one of the glories, anomalies, and embarrassments (since some of the best pictures were taken by a boy of seven) of photography. It also brought Lartigue himself into view as one of the most attractive personalities who ever lived (or invented himself). The selections from Lartigue's journal that accompany the photographs reflect a person who was as privileged in his character as

he was in his economic circumstance, blessed with one of those rare open and easy temperaments, and with a capacity for happiness much larger than most people's. "Happiness is not an elusive bird, perched high near the ceiling, which, with the help of more or less complicated ladders, you have to work to catch. Happiness is an element, which, like air, is *everywhere*," he wrote in boyhood and has continued to feel throughout

his by no means unshadowed life. This beguiling chronicle, edited by Richard Avedon and designed by Bea Feitler, was one of the masterpieces and treasures of the picture-book genre. We say "was," because the present edition is a travesty of the original, with photographs so wretchedly reproduced that they give no sense whatever of Lartigue's claim to distinction and interest. They utterly unmake the Readymade.

HAWLEY TRUAX

HAWLEY TRUAX, who died last week at the age of eighty-nine, was an old-fashioned man, in the sense that he was a conjunction of all those qualities—honor, prudence, integrity, determination, thrift, perseverance, good manners—with which one generation invariably endows an earlier one. In fact, one could almost say that he was born old-fashioned; and it was *The New Yorker's* good fortune that this was so, for when he came here, in 1942, those qualities were exactly what were needed. As a classmate of Alexander Woollcott at Hamilton College, and an old, old friend of both Harold Ross and Raoul Fleischmann, who founded *The New Yorker*, he had served more or less as the magazine's godfather during its early days. He gave freely of his time, advice, money, and worry, even as he was earning his living as a lawyer and a real-estate entrepreneur, putting up apartment houses in Long Island City. But by 1942 the magazine had become something very different from the irreverent, lighthearted, gadfly weekly it had been at its start—the war had seen to that—and it was no longer enough for Truax to advise and worry from the wings; the magazine needed his stability and his unswerving sense of direction full time and in full view. And he, for his part, felt a sense of duty toward this publication he had known so well since its birth. (To those old-fashioned qualities above we can add "sense of duty.") So he came to work here, and it was one of the best things that have ever happened in these halls. Hawley Truax was a lawyer and a businessman, but he was also an intellectual, a connoisseur of writing, a poet. He had an unerring critical faculty, whether it was applied to a balance sheet or a Profile. He had a rigorousness of mind that found few equals on the staff, yet he was a funny

man, a marvellous anecdotist, a deft player on words, a masterly parenthesis (he could open a parenthesis, insert an entire history of the Molly Maguires in the Pennsylvania coalfields, and, ten minutes later, close it seamlessly, without a stitch showing), a man of many surprises ("Can you let me have a quarter for a sandwich?" a boozy vagrant once asked him on the street. "No quarter, but here's a sandwich," Truax said, pulling one out of his pocket. It was his lunch, brought from home that morning, which he had forgotten to eat), an unwavering francophile (more particularly a parisophile; once, at a party, the conversation turned to the number of avenues that led into the Place de l'Étoile, as it was then, and Truax named all twelve of them as fast as he could recite them), a crotchety scholar (at his death, he was well launched on a translation of Dante into Chaucerian English; it never occurred to him to wonder if the world needed a Chaucerian version of Dante), and a stoic (in his last years he was immobilized by arthritis, which he pretended didn't exist). He endured much suffering in his life, without a word of complaint or an instant of self-pity. Indeed, to all those old-fashioned qualities there should be added one more, the governing one—indomitableness. It was indomitableness that caused him to write, late in life:

Settle for peddling in a pinwheel chair,
forever seated, in my hand a stick,
before I take no turns about and sip
the last time from too long a stirrup cup?
No! Fistfuls of balloons shall bear me up!

And balloons did bear him up, to the delight and admiration of all of us who were his friends. It was a sight we shall never forget.

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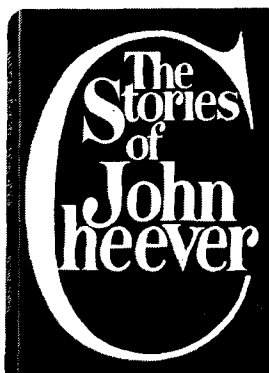
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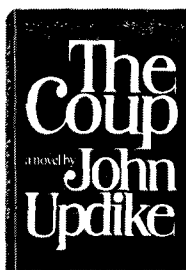


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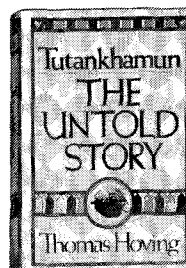
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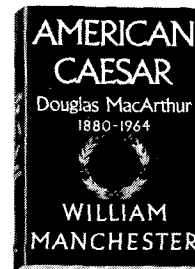
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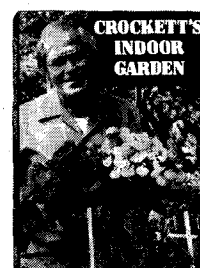


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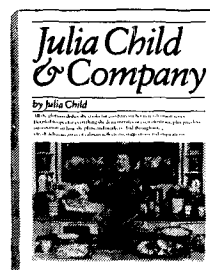
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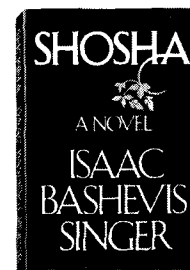
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